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February 12, 1938

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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arthur crouch

CASTLE SINISTER

A NEW NOVEL

BY J. P. MARQUAND

MRS J O MAJOR
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FEB. 12, 1938

Jack Drucker, Chicago professional

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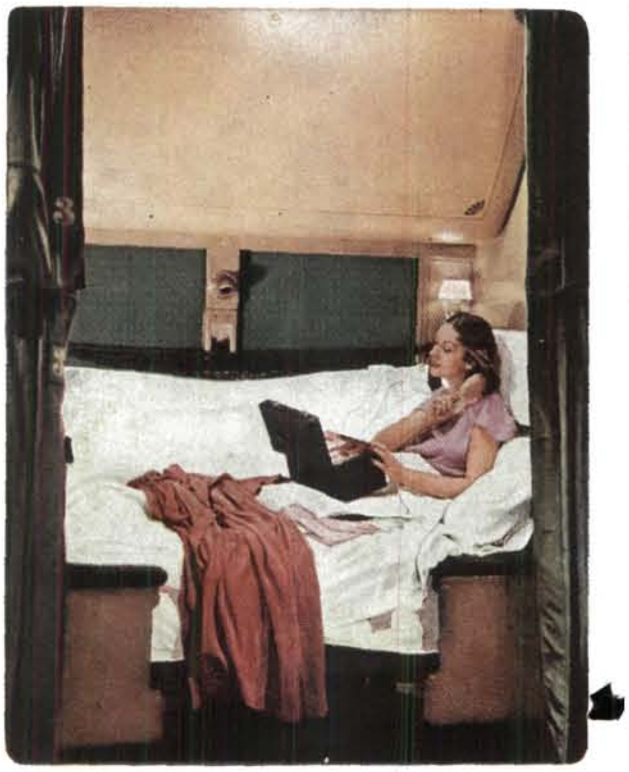

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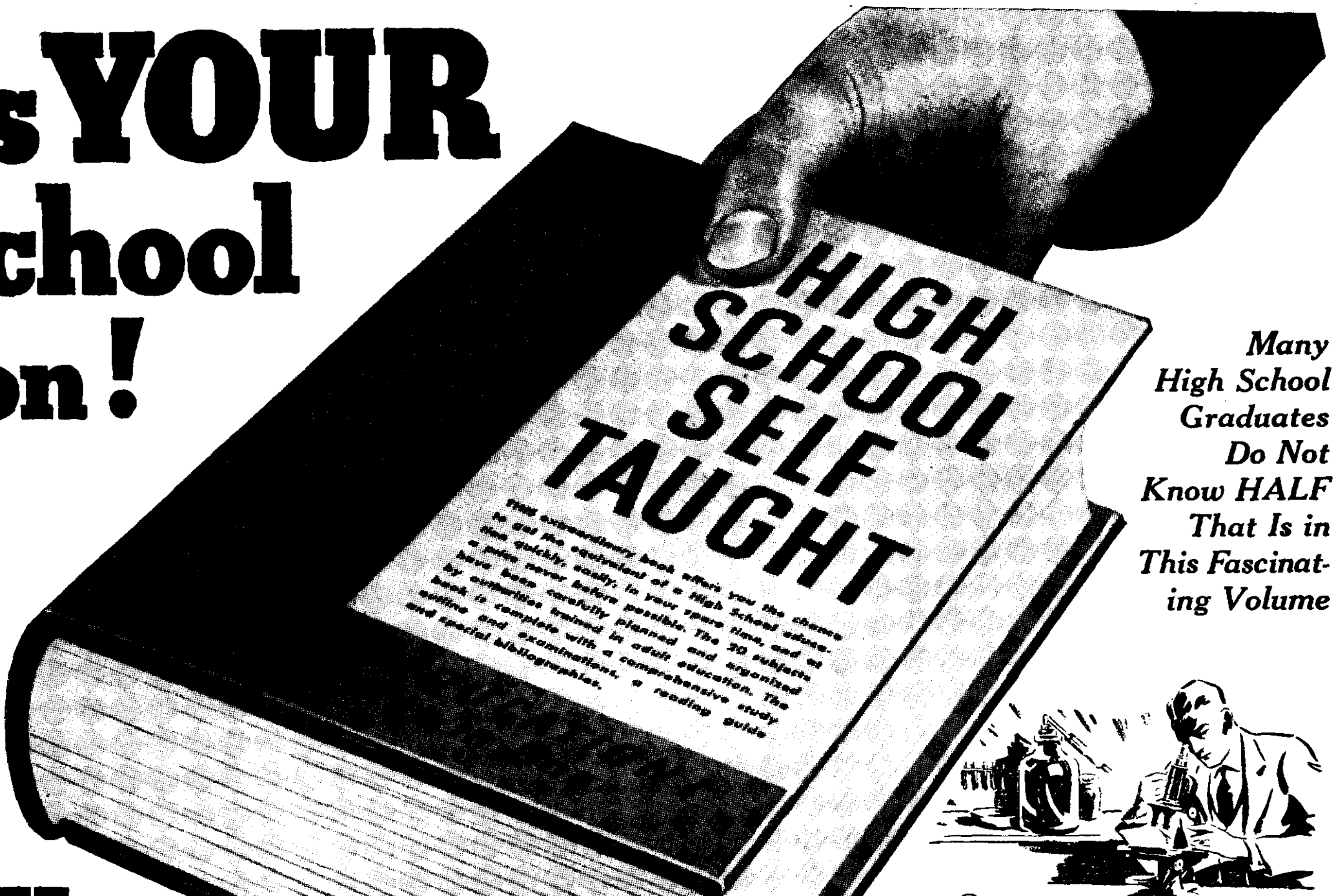
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Collier's

February 12, 1938

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KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN	
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art		Associate Editors

Next Week

IN 1833 there was a magnificent and terrifying display of meteors throughout the Southern states. That was the year "the stars fell." A young Negro slave, thinking the end of the world had come, asked her master, Joseph Emory Davis, how old she was. He replied that she was nineteen. That woman is still alive.

Last year Harris Dickson found her in a cabin that was being slowly flooded by the rising waters of the Mississippi. He moved her into safer quarters and painstakingly set down and pieced together her memories of the Old South and of her master's younger brother, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy. From this living record has come a unique contribution to history, the informal story of the Davis men before and during the Civil War. The first of Mr. Dickson's articles appears next week.

WHEN old Vaughn died he divided his property evenly between Dennis, his respectable son, and Eva Carroll, Dennis' cousin, in order, as he said in his will, to bring together the two remaining decent members of his family. To Black Vaughn, his notorious younger son, he left his guns. In a swift and violent romance of the South Sea islands Albert Richard Wetjen shows you how the old man's plans worked out.

"THE cyclone cellar for the taxweary." That's the name they give to the new Nevada that is slowly taking shape out of the wild and ruddy remnants of the old. The careworn millionaire can now find refuge: he will be greeted with open arms. Frank J. Taylor gives the picture.

WHEN they gave Chuck Masters the River Street beat, everyone knew it was a test. If a rookie survived River Street he could take anything. No one knew, of course, that Sari Hartz would be mixed up in it. Beautiful and unpredictable and married to a killer, she was more than any cop should be asked to face. Leslie T. White tells how Chuck made out.

DRIVING a load of badly packed sodium over a flooded road is a short cut to suicide. We only ask you to make the ride because Steve Johnson and the Arkansas Traveler are out on an errand of mercy. The story is by James Street.

JEROME WEIDMAN, Budd Wilson Schulberg, Arthur J. Daley, J. P. Marquand, Katharine Roberts, Octavus Roy Cohen and others contribute stories and articles. Watch for them.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

W. T. BISSELL
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WILL F. JENKINS
Message from the Countess. Intrigue under the eyes of the police. Page 18

JACLAND MARMUR
The Port of Pilgrims. A sailor's ticket must be clean. Page 20

WILLIAM MacHARG
Too Clever. Is O'Malley infallible? Page 21

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Heads Make Brains, by Walter Duranty. Page 50

SERIAL STORIES

J. P. MARQUAND
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OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
East of Broadway, Part VIII. Linda speaks out. Page 17

ARTICLES

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WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
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J. D. RATCLIFF
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JANET LANE
What Are You Mad About? Snap out of it. Page 44

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. New stuff. Page 6

EDITORIAL
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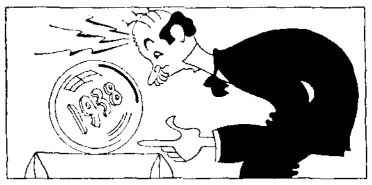
COVER ARTHUR CROUCH

Any Week

IT WOULD be very bad business to give you (and particularly our competitors) the name of the gentleman who writes this one. You can see for yourself: "Poor dear sir," says he, "I come to you to save and not destroy like others. In my boyhood I predicted the destroy of our battleship Maine with war also. Not yet a man, I foretold the assassination of McKinley the President in dreadful truth. All this in the bosom of my family. When young I advise Teddy Roosevelt by United States mail and am visited by government secret service to learn the secret of my powers. I also predict the World War in two years. Et Ceteria. I forecast to the very hour Lindbergh, the North Pole, the depression. I have done what I could free of charge to humanity. From now on a price. For this price which I will predict for you I shall give you benefit of all future. If you know what I see for 1939 you will not wait. For myself I say privately there is nothing to do. Publicly, however, I am very reassuring in interests of general peace of mind. I shall call when least expected in secret public interest. Otherwise, I take the genius otherwhere."

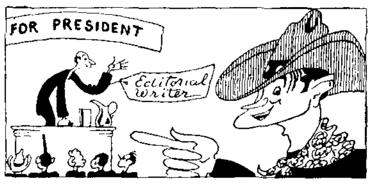


BUT maybe we'd do better to listen to direct actionists like Mr. Fred G. Huntington of Billings, Montana. Anyway, Mr. Huntington says: "I advocate the immediate withdrawal of our fleet from China and anchoring it in the Potomac for the protection of Congress. I would also bring back the Marines to chop down these dangerous Japanese cherry trees in Washington. Then we could hire Sergeant Batista from Cuba and let him put us on a sound self-governing basis. This might be a pretty screwy procedure but in the light of what's been going on for the past few months nobody would notice it."

OR PERHAPS we'd better stick to our customary realism and look forward to the future with cold resignation. See things as they are. Like Mr. R. W. Sibley of Conway, Arkansas. Upon reading Owen P. White's "Devil in De Cotton," Mr. Sibley took pen in hand. Among other things, he says: "The physically and mentally unfit have one refuge in the South—the cotton farms, where they at least have some sort of succor from what is called a landlord. In many cases, these derelicts of society are allowed to stop out of humanity's sake on the landlord's lands. The landlord did not want them but charity governed his motives as much as anything else. . . . God Almighty created these people and no social or political scheme of the most devilish politician or demagogue can change it to a very great extent."

WE THINK enviously of the luck of Mr. Paul D. Torrey of Houston, Texas. He has met the Widow Duck. Even better, he has also met Giles, Mamie T and several more of the wise, earthy crew whom common folks like us know only in Roark Bradford's stories. Moreover, Mr. Torrey was with them long enough to take their photographs. He sends us a set. "Few, perhaps, realize," he writes, "that Little Bee plantation actually exists in Bossier Parish, Louisiana, and that Mr. Bradford's characters are real individuals. The widow asks me to tell you that she's enjoying good health and to thank her white folks for remembering her at Christmas with chewing tobacco, snuff and white likker."

EVERYTHING was progressing nicely in this office—an almost smug calm enfolding us—until the following jolt arrived from Mr. H. M. Keeling of Dallas, Texas. Says Mr. Keeling with admirable candor: "I see that you are continuing your attacks on our President and our present administration, via your editorials, and also through articles which you publish under the names of various writers. These men (the writers) seem to be learned and also seem to be getting money from some other source than Collier's, but, I want to ask you, if they are so smart, why don't they try to run for something on their own platforms and see if they can get elected to something? If you are so smart, why don't you try it? In my opinion you haven't the guts to assert your own individual opinions but are voicing the opinions of your banker bosses. And how do you like that, you Paid-off Pundits?"



SWELL.

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Smiles sparkle when you wake a "*Drowsy Mouth*"

Fight Acid WHEN YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH

IT ISN'T DIFFICULT to understand why a smile can be brighter and more charming when your mouth feels refreshed and vigorous.

To have this fresh and vigorous feeling, ordinary brushing is not enough. You should *fight acid* when you brush your teeth!

For acids are present wherever food particles ferment. These are the acids that are a common factor in tooth decay. Also such fermentation may cause a disagreeable taste and mar the freshness of the breath.

Squibb Dental Cream has as a principal ingredient an antacid that is known to be pure, reliable and safe. When it comes into contact with acids in the mouth, it neutralizes them — thus alkalizing and "freshening" as it cleanses.

Get a tube of Squibb Dental Cream at your drug store — use it at least twice a day to brush your teeth and massage your gums.

And never forget that, by adequate professional service and proper daily care, *most tooth decay can be prevented.*

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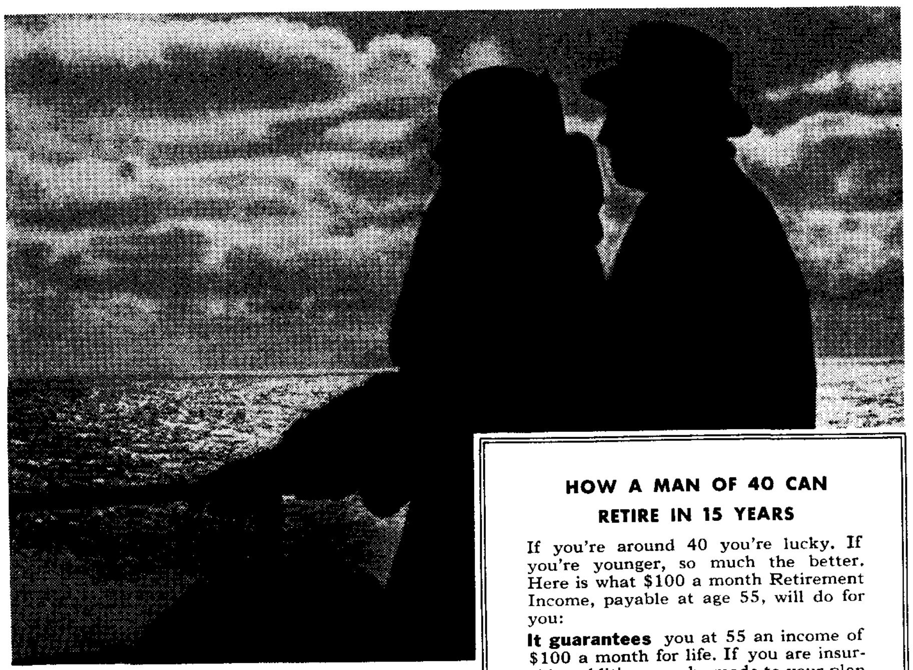

HOW A MAN OF 40 CAN RETIRE IN 15 YEARS

If you're around 40 you're lucky. If you're younger, so much the better. Here is what $100 a month Retirement Income, payable at age 55, will do for you:

It guarantees you at 55 an income of $100 a month for life. If you are insurable, additions can be made to your plan by which—

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It guarantees in the event of permanent total disability before age 55, a Monthly Income for you.

The Plan is not limited to men of 40, nor the income to $100 a month. And you can retire at 55, 60, or 65.

Mail coupon below for free illustrated booklet.

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"How can you manage it?" asked another man.

"It's easy," said the first man. "I'm buying a Retirement Income on the installment plan. My income of $200 a month begins when I reach retirement age, and it's guaranteed for life. And I get it whether I quit work or not.

"What's more, if I should drop out of the picture *before* my retirement age, my wife would get a regular monthly income for the rest of her life."

"That sounds good," said the other, "but what if you're totally disabled, and can't make your payments?"

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"Fine. Can you tell me how much this new Retirement Income Plan would cost me?"

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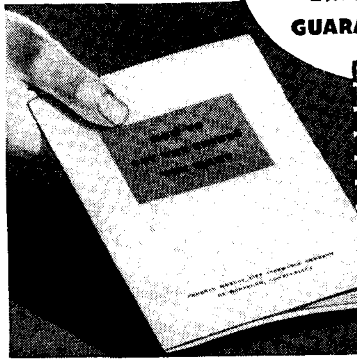

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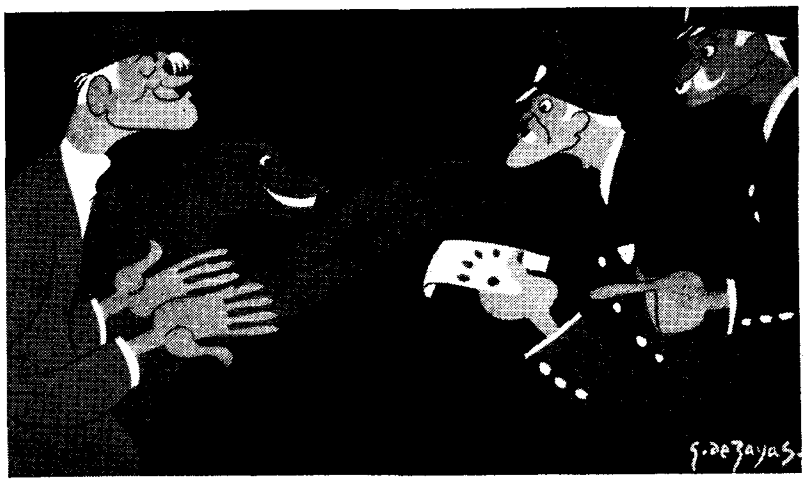

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Fingerprints of apes very closely resemble those of human beings. Not long ago a roll thumbprint of a four-year-old orangutan, placed beside that of a man, puzzled even the experts of the police department of New York City.

Many rivers of China have currents so strong that junks traveling upstream sometimes can make only two or three miles a day, even when towed, from the bank, by as many as two hundred coolies.

The abdication of Edward VIII upset the entire table of British social precedence by changing the official ranking of thousands of members of royalty, the peerage, baronetage and knightage. Consequently, the latest edition of Burke's Peerage contains 26,500 corrections and additions, a year's work which required the checking of 950,000 genealogical and heraldic records.

The first set of photographs ever made inside a wrecked vessel, while it lay on the bottom of the ocean, was taken recently by a newspaperman at Scapa Flow when he descended an airlock to inspect the salvage work in progress in the great German battleship "Grosser Kurfurst," which was scuttled, with the rest of the German fleet, on June 21, 1919.

Sea gulls sometimes "adopt" a ship and follow it from port to port, even on trips across the Atlantic Ocean. At dusk they settle down on the waves and sleep. At daybreak they resume their journey, catching up with the vessel in time for breakfast.

The women's prison in Haguenau, France, employs an unusual method to maintain discipline. All those whose conduct has been good during the period between "Memory Sundays" are allowed, on these alternate Sabbaths, to have their package of family photographs and letters for an hour, during which they may relive happier days.

Many large ocean liners that transport live fish for use in aquariums have been obliged to install special equipment, such as tanks, pumps, air and water hose and electric heating devices, that has cost, in some cases, as much as $500,000.

Carbon dioxide has a far greater effect than oxygen on the human respiratory system. If the carbon dioxide in a man's blood is increased by three per cent, his rate of breathing is doubled. If it is decreased by three per cent, his breathing stops completely. Considerable oxygen lack has its effects, but they are not comparable with those of the slightest change in carbon dioxide.—*By Clifford Anderson, Fort Myers, Florida.*

Mute eloquence of a mother's fidelity is her carved effigy, dressed in her own clothes, which stands in an open window of a house in Bruges, Belgium. When her son went to war in 1914, she promised to watch for his return at this window. Refusing to believe reports that he had been killed, she continued her vigil until bedridden, when she had the effigy put in her place. For many years, she and her son have been dead, but the silent figure still watches the road leading to Liége.

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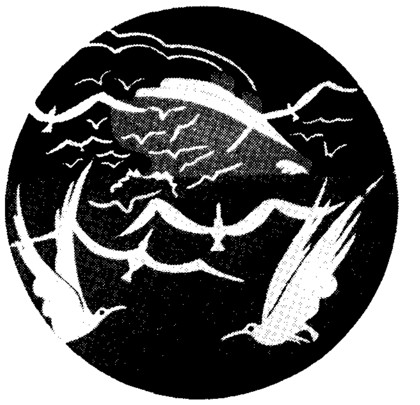

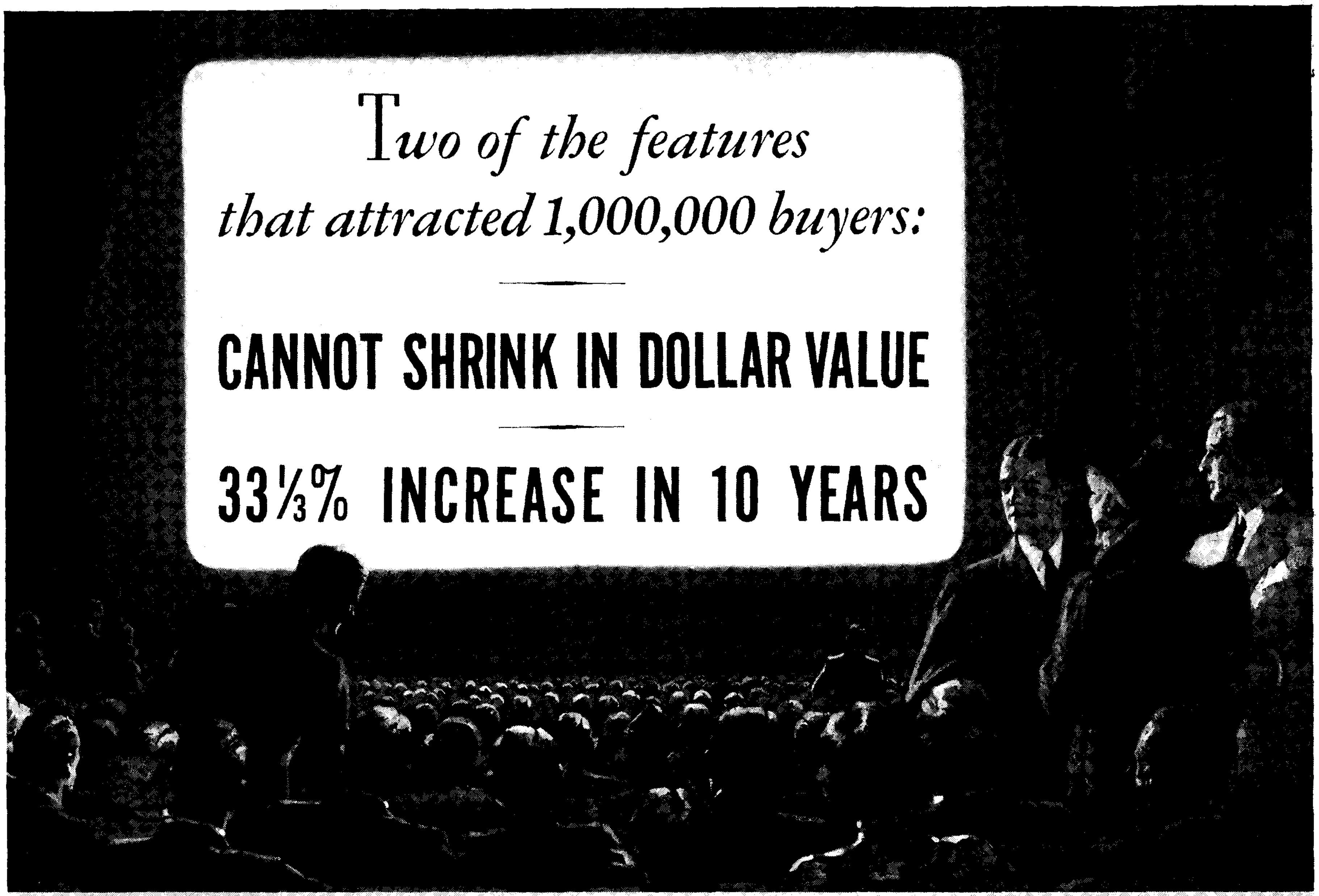
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AMOUNT YOU INVEST Each Month for as Many Months as Bonds are Purchased	PAYABLE EACH MONTH Starting in 10 Years for as Many Months as You Invest
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$93.75	$125.00
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☐ Send me the following bonds for which I enclose check, draft or money order.

NUMBER			
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....	$50 United States Savings Bonds at	$37.50	$.............
....	$100 United States Savings Bonds at	$75.00	$.............
....	$500 United States Savings Bonds at	$375.00	$.............
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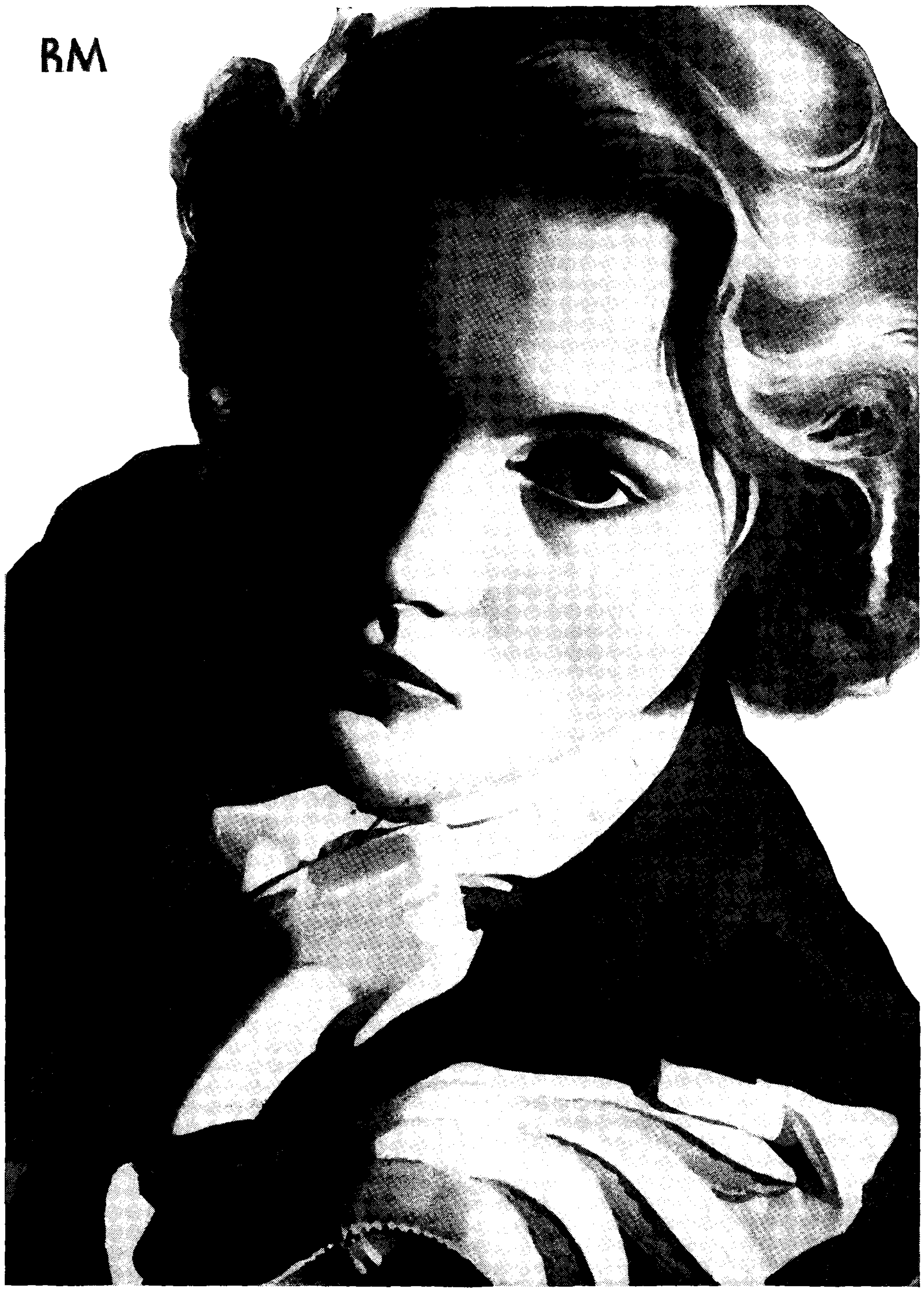
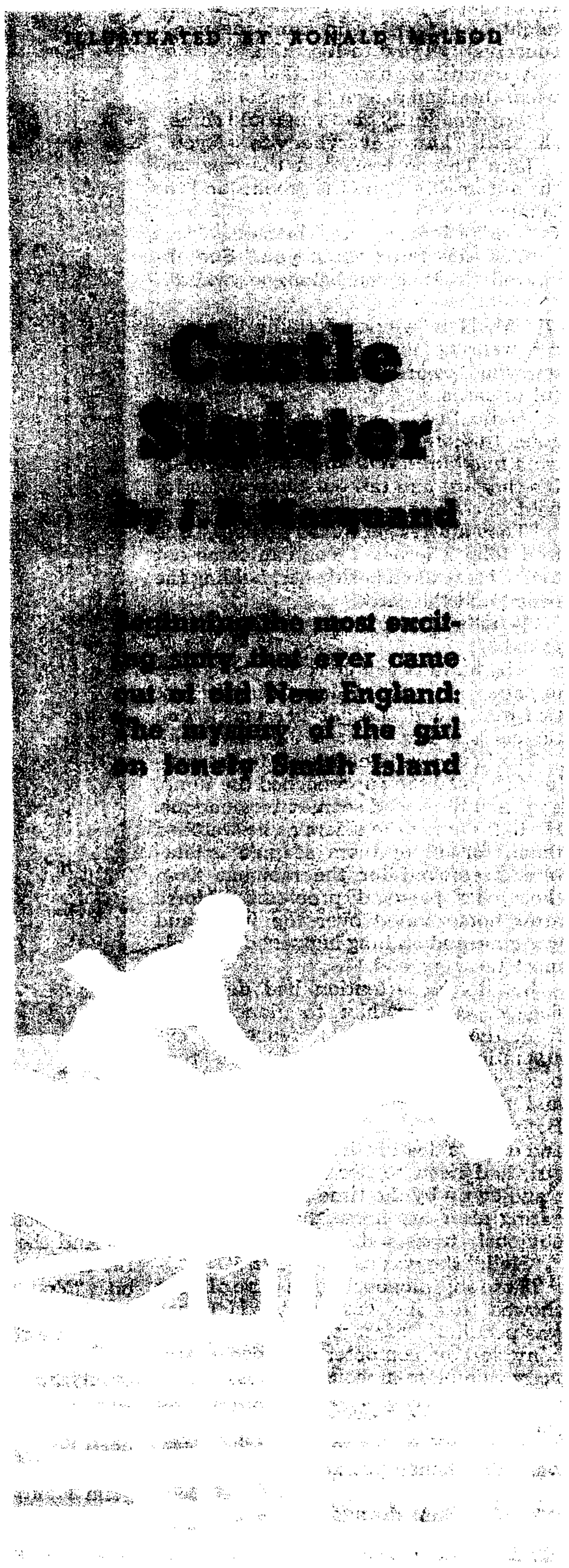
Collier's The National Weekly for February 12, 1938





ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

Castle Sinister

By J. P. Marquand

Unquestionably the most exciting story that ever came out of old New England: The mystery of the girl on lonely Smith Island

The girl's face was peculiarly expressionless. It had a bony sort of competence and a seemingly unconsciousness of its own attractiveness

WHEN Sullivan jerked his finger at a visor cap and came forward to pick up John Thorne's bag, it seemed to Thorne that the Brindox chauffeur gave him a peculiar and appraising look, such as might have indicated that Sullivan had seen them all, all the bright young men, all the silver experts and the porcelain experts and the artists whom Mr. Godfrey Brindox customarily entertained of a summer. It was sometimes a shock to John Thorne to realize that circumstances placed him in that same precious category. Whether he liked it or not, that was how he earned his living—as an expert in early Americana and a connoisseur of paneling.

It did not add to his peace of mind that Sue Brindox seemed to like him. He knew that he got along well with the Brindox family because he was never obsequious, because he was not afraid to contradict, and because he nearly always told the truth. Still, though he knew Sue found him amusing, he was surprised to see her waiting in the family car. She shook hands with him in a quick, efficient way, and as she did so he could not help thinking that she would have been a plain girl if it had not been for the Brindox money.

"You're coming with me to the horse show this afternoon," Sue said. "Remember, you're not going to sit and talk with Father and Mr. Greer. I suppose you know what Father wants and why Mr. Greer is here? It's their new American wing. They're looking for a dining room."

John Thorne did not have to answer. She was talking about the horse show again, which was not to be bad. Someone was going to ride one of her own horses in the Open Hunters Class. He sat listening, looking at the back of Sullivan's neck.

THE Brindox house stood on a salt lagoon with a fine view of the sea from its front terrace. Mr. Godfrey Brindox himself came into the hall to meet him. He smoked cigars with the persistency of Ulysses Grant, and he might have looked like Grant if he had not been smooth-shaven.

"Hello, Thorne," he said. "I'm glad you came down so early. Jim Greer's in the room next yours. Call him as soon as you're ready and we can go into the library and start talking."

Sue Brindox interrupted before John Thorne could answer.

"No, you don't, Pa," she said. "John's going with me to the horse show this afternoon."

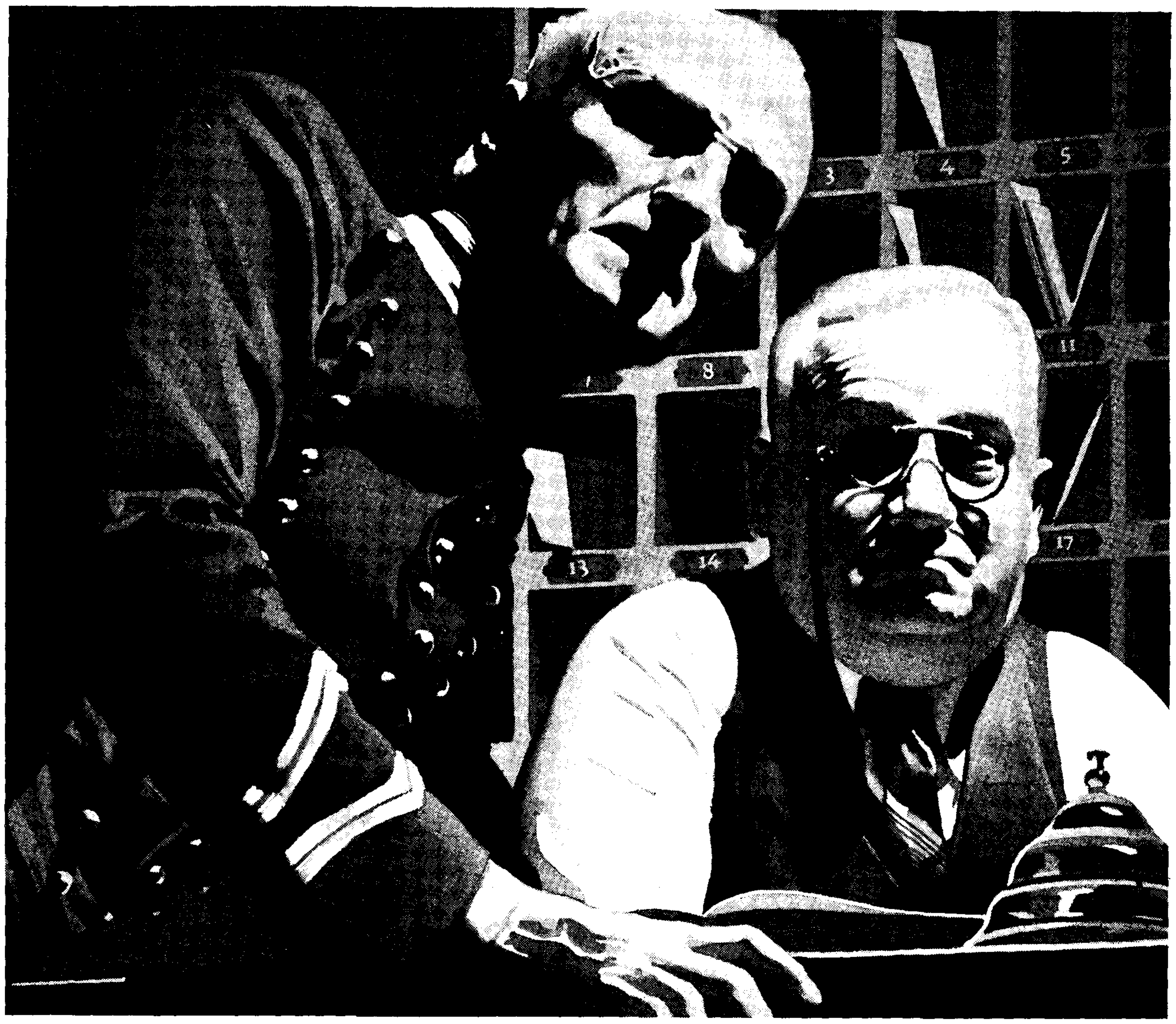
The man was unpacking his bag upstairs and Thorne walked into Jim Greer's room to speak to him. Mr. Greer was an architect well past middle age, who could adapt himself to an expensive environment without the slightest effort.

"So you're going to the horse show, eh?" said Mr. Greer. "Well, that's very nice."

"How do you mean, very nice?" John Thorne asked.

"I mean you've gone a long, long way," said Mr. Greer, "since I first saw you verdant from a freshwater university. Sue's been asking questions about you. I've never known Sue to ask a question, and Brindox likes you ever since you found that trestle table. Need I say any more?"

Mr. Greer's implication had been clear enough.



Joe Bodger continued in a theatrical whisper: "There's something ain't right about that fellow in Number Twelve"

John Thorne was not as cynical as Jim Greer, yet now that he came to think of it, perhaps Jim Greer was right; she might be interested in him; she might conceivably grow to like him.

A remark of hers startled him later when they had driven to the horse show.

"I'm dreadfully glad you could come," she said. "I want everybody to see you."

John Thorne looked at the ring and the automobiles and the grooms and the horses.

"I don't belong here," he said.

"The nice thing about you," Sue answered, "is that you belong anywhere."

A MAN in whipcord riding breeches, wearing an official's badge, was hurrying toward them holding a handful of cards.

"Hello, Sue," he said. "Someone was going to score at the seventh jump and I can't find him. Will you take care of it? It's the post and rail out there in the far field."

"They always get mixed up here," Sue told John Thorne. "You can come out too." He walked beside her, holding the pencil and the cards.

"What's going to happen now?" he asked.

"The hunters will go round the course in pairs," she said. "Here come the first two now," and she got her pencil and the cards ready.

The horses did not appear to be moving fast until they approached the jump, and then the speed seemed tremendous. He half envied the riders as he watched them, for all of them seemed exhilarated, removed for the moment from their own personal problems. Horse after horse sailed over the jump and was gone and nothing happened until almost the very end.

Just as his attention had definitely flagged, causing him to glance away from the post and rail fence, an exclamation from Sue made him turn back, and he saw that a horse was down, *and the rider had been thrown clear.* Before he could move, the horse was up and off at a dead gallop, and the rider, a girl, had risen to her knees. She was standing up by the time he reached her, gazing after her horse, speaking softly, obviously to herself.

"Hell," she was saying, "hell!"

Those soft monosyllables were all that showed that she was angry. Her face was peculiarly expressionless. It had a bony sort of competence and a seemingly complete unconsciousness of its own attractiveness. Her silk hat had fallen off, and her hair, which must have been twisted up under its high crown, was in an unkempt mat, almost golden, almost titian red.

"Hell," she said again. John Thorne handed her her hat. She took it without bothering to thank him.

"Are you all right?" he asked. She did not appear to have been aware of him until that moment. Her eyes had a misty blue color and they were as steady as her face. She was turning away from him as she spoke.

"Yes," she said, "I'm all right, thanks." And then she walked away with calm, unhurried steps.

John Thorne remembered wishing that he were sure that he could have behaved as well.

"Who was that?" he asked Sue Brindox.

"Doris Brooke," she said. "Wasn't it too bad? I'd have spoken to her, but she never wants any help. Poor Doris!"

"What's the matter with her?" John Thorne asked.

"Poor darling, she used to have everything, and now the Brookes just haven't. Her father was Mitford Brooke, of course. And now they're just hanging on. She rides other people's horses now. They even pay her traveling expenses. Poor Doris, she doesn't have much to do with her old friends. She doesn't want any sympathy."

"No," John Thorne agreed. "She doesn't look it."

"And they say she goes around with the most awful crowd now," Sue went on. "You know, the people we used to see in the speak-easies and the night clubs before repeal. They say she goes out with people who might be gunmen, or anything. I saw her at Belmont Park with the queerest man you ever saw. Her face was just like ice. She didn't even bow."

"I don't suppose it pays to be proud," John Thorne said. She touched his arm and laughed.

"You're proud enough," she answered.

THE plans for the museum of Mr. Godfrey Brindox were out on the library table after dinner. After Sue had left them, Mr. James Greer did most of the talking.

"Keep them interested," he had told John once. "Pull another idea out of the bag before they get tired of the first one, and never give them time to think."

Mr. Brindox sat smoking while James Greer talked, nodding now and then, but John Thorne was only half attentive. He was thinking of a sentence of Sue's that he had heard that afternoon, which had been cruel because of its unconsciousness.

"They're just hanging on," she had said.

That was exactly what he and Jim Greer were doing—hanging on.

"There must be some examples of good Federalist rooms left," Mr. Greer said. "The country has been searched, but only superficially. We only need someone to make a study, someone with more background than Murphy. It may take a lot of time and much traveling."

"I wouldn't travel," John Thorne said. "I'd spend some weeks in the library first, on the literature of old houses. I should pick out the houses that seem likely out of local histories and then by a process of elimination see if any of them are standing. You could go a long way by sitting in New York."

"Find it any way you like," said Mr. Brindox. "I want a Federalist room."

John Thorne pushed back his chair.

"I just made the suggestion for someone else," he said. "I don't want to do it, Mr. Brindox."

"You don't?" said Mr. Brindox. "Why not?"

"Because I want to get into some other form of business," John Thorne said. "Something that's based on something. I guess you know what I mean." Mr. Brindox looked shocked for a moment.

"Aren't you getting enough out of it?" he asked.

"Plenty," John Thorne said. "I'm just tired of Americana."

Mr. Brindox lighted a fresh cigar.

"You find me that room and I'll get you a job," he said, "a good one. That's a promise."

"You mean I won't have to do this any more?" John Thorne asked.

"I'll tell you the details tomorrow," said Mr. Brindox. "The room must be Federalist period, the very best Federalist."

He found Sue on the terrace. It occurred to him that he had never *felt* so happy. He was entering a new secure world where he would not be hanging on.

"Your father's going to give me a job," he said.

"On the dining room?" she asked.

"No," he said, "a job in his office where there won't be any butterfly tables or pine cupboards, or cranes, or pot hooks, or ox yokes, or Chippendale, not anything."

"Why, John," she said, and he remembered thinking perversely that he wished that she had not been quite so pleased. Her voice had a new security in it that was almost possessive. Everything seemed almost too secure. "Why, John, I'm awfully glad."

WHEN John Thorne entered the recently renovated reception room of "The Southdown Tavern, J. Guffey, Prop." nearly five weeks later, he overheard Mr. Guffey himself speaking to an elderly man in buttons, who, he found out subsequently after consulting the brochure explaining the advantages of that local hostelry, was known as "Joe Bodger, an employee of the house for half a century, a guide, philosopher and friend for every guest."

"Mr. Guffey," the old man was saying, "there's something ain't right about the fellow up in Number Twelve. I knew as soon as I seen him. He's too quiet and he don't stay in his room at night. Tom, he didn't see him come in yesterday night, but Tom, he generally gets to sleep around two in the morning. You should make Tom drink black coffee, Mr. Guffey. It don't look good having a night clerk sleeping in the lobby, not in the busy season. And I want to tell you something more, Mr. Guffey."

Joe Bodger leaned across the stained pine reception desk and continued in a theatrical whisper:

"There's something ain't right about that fellow in Number Twelve."

Neither of the two had noticed Thorne. Most of the lights had been turned out because it was late evening, but the electric candelabra was on full above the pine counter, so that the two figures stood out very clearly. He amused himself by forming a theory about them, for people always interested him.

The Tavern was one of those refurnished, modernized inns that were designed to cater to passing motorists who wished to recapture something that was rapidly vanishing—the old flavor of the New England coast. John Thorne had witnessed the appearance of similar establishments all the way from Greenwich, Connecticut, to Bar Harbor, Maine.

SOMEONE would buy an old building along the road, preferably one of those highway taverns that had served travelers in the stagecoach days. There would be a few antiques and a great many reproductions and a great many objects known in the antique trade as "American crudes," such as cobbler's benches, oxbows, pestles and mortars and trenchers. These objects would be scattered about in the main room and in the hallways to give atmosphere, and the result would be a modern hostelry as stereotyped as a form letter.

Such efforts, and there were so many of them, made John Thorne weary of his own profession when he realized that he had been responsible for uncovering a great many bake ovens and old chimneys and for getting the plaster off a great deal of old wood. He had even invented a method of turning old churns into cocktail shakers. Recently he had come to wince whenever he saw one of his inventions.

Mr. Guffey behind the desk was exactly the sort of person who would like one of those churns. Mr. Guffey's broad, pale face had a publican's enthusiasm; good-fellowship and co-operativeness glinted from his pince-nez glasses, but he glanced at his employee wearily.

"Yes, Mr. Guffey," Joe Bodger said again, "there's something puzzles me about that fellow in Number Twelve."

"Luella looked through his bags, didn't she?" Mr. Guffey asked.

"Yes, sir," Joe Bodger said, "but Luella ain't always so bright. I seen a lot of guests run out of here, Mr. Guffey, hundreds of 'em before your time."

"He looks all right to me," Mr. Guffey said. "You mustn't be so nosy, Joe."

"I ain't nosy, Mr. Guffey," Joe Bodger said. "If I was to tell some of the things that has gone on here, lots of people on Upper Street wouldn't dare show their faces. I should say that fellow in Number Twelve was a bootlegger."

"There aren't any bootleggers," Mr. Guffey said, "not any more."

"WELL, there must be something like bootleggers still," Joe Bodger answered. "Mr. Guffey—" He lowered his voice again to a stage whisper. "That fellow in Number Twelve ain't got a single laundry mark nor a single maker's mark on his clothes either, nor no letters, nor lodge cards, nor anything. Now that ain't right, Mr. Guffey."

"I'm going up to bed, Joe," Mr. Guffey said.

"You can go up to bed, sir, Mr. Guffey," Joe Bodger answered, "and sleep as long as you've a mind to, but that fellow in Number Twelve ain't in bed yet. He went out for a walk at sundown and he didn't eat no supper. He asked where Smith Island was. Now that ain't right."

It was the first time that John Thorne was surprised, because he had been about to ask where Smith Island was himself. Mr. Guffey's professional good nature was leaving him.

"Look here, Joe," he said. "I can't stay here and listen to you talk all night. And I don't want you to talk the head off of guests either. Joe, I believe you could talk the head off a brass monkey."

"My godfrey, Mr. Guffey," Joe Bodger said, "I don't hardly talk at all."

John Thorne walked toward the desk.

"Good evening," he said. "I wonder if you've got a room. I'd like a quiet room in back, and I'd like your rates by the week."

"Joe," said Mr. Guffey. "Joe!" Joe Bodger straightened himself. His blue uniform and buttons made him look like one of the patriots of the American Revolution.

"You got any bags, mister?" Joe Bodger asked.

"They're in my car outside," John Thorne said. "Two suitcases and a drawing board."

"Well now," Joe Bodger said, "I want to know. This is a great place for artists, mister."

"Go out and get the gentleman's bags, Joe," Mr. Guffey said, and he watched Joe walking to the door and smiled brightly and winked.

"Joe's quite a card," Mr. Guffey said. "He's worked in the tavern for fifty years. My wife and I took him on when we took over the place. He gives us atmosphere. Some of the natives here are pretty funny. You know how they get in a small town."

"So you don't come from here?"

"Oh, goodness no," said Mr. Guffey. "I come from New York. I was in the interior decorating business before I took this up." He looked down at the card which his guest had signed.

"So we're both New Yorkers," he said. "It must be dreadfully hot in New York now."

"Yes," said John Thorne, "very hot. Is there a telephone here that I might use?"

"The booth is beneath the stairs," said Mr. Guffey. "It was so unsightly that it had to be tucked away somewhere."

The telephone booth was restfully quiet. The bell tinkled merrily as he dropped in his coin and called a local number. Through the receiver poised at his ear, he could hear the ringing on the line, and at the second ring a click indicated that the party on the other end had taken the receiver down.

"Don't you jump so, Lancelot." A querulous, distant voice, an old woman's voice, was speaking to someone just as the receiver had been removed. "Like as not it's him now, about the room on the island. . . . Hello, hello."

"Is this Miss Symphorosa Savage's house?" John Thorne asked.

"It is." The voice rang high and metallic in his ear. "And this is Miss Symphorosa Savage speaking. Who be you?"

THE homely nasal twang made John Thorne smile.

"My name is Thorne," he said. "John Thorne. I've been sent down by Mr. Godfrey Brindox."

"Who?"

"Brindox, Godfrey Brindox. He's been writing to you regarding the purchase of the woodwork in a room in a house known as the Budge place on Smith Island. Mr. Brindox sent me down to see it."

"Well now," Miss Symphorosa's voice answered, "if it's business, I can git down to the Island any time tomorrow."

"I'd like to look at it myself in the morning and make some measurements," John Thorne said. "Will there be any trouble getting in?"

After an instant's pause Miss Symphorosa's voice answered garrulously; everyone in the neighborhood seemed anxious to talk.

"You be the fellow who's been making drawings, be you? Well now, I want to know."

"Yes," John Thorne answered. "Will there be any trouble about getting in?"

"None I know of," the thin voice answered. "The young woman who bought the house is there. Jest you tell her what you want."

"Thank you," John Thorne said. "Could you meet me there at three tomorrow afternoon?"

"Three o'clock, hey? Yes, mister, I'll be there. You shut up now, Lancelot."

Mr. Guffey was waiting for him when he stepped out of the telephone booth.

"What an attractive place you have," John Thorne said.

"It is rather nice, isn't it?" said Mr. Guffey. "So many people comment on it. It's rewarding when Mrs. Guffey and I worked so hard to get it this way. We both made up our minds to have something a little different. We wish this to be more like a club than an inn, and I begin to feel we're achieving it. Southdown has so much to offer—the best Federalist architecture in America. You had a glimpse of the main street?"

"Yes," John Thorne said, "yes, I saw it."

"Well, here comes Joe," said Mr. Guffey. "Take Mr. Thorne up to Number Fourteen, Joe. Joe will see that you are comfortable, Mr. Thorne. Happy dreams! Oh, by the way, here's a little brochure we've prepared for the guests. Mrs. Guffey wrote it herself. It just touches upon the history of Southdown."

JOHN THORNE followed Joe Bodger upstairs to the wide hallway. Room Number Fourteen was in the southeast corner of the house. The spread on the bed was chintz, like the curtains, with a design of sailing ships and whales. The furniture was of maple reproductions.

"You've got the bathroom to yourself," Joe Bodger said. "The fellow in Number Twelve don't want to share it."

"It certainly is quaint up here," John Thorne said.

"Yes, sir," Joe Bodger said. "It certainly does beat hell what Mr. Guffey done to this place. You should have seen it before he took holt."

"If you open that suitcase over there," John Thorne said, "you'll find a bottle of whisky, and if you can find two glasses we might have a drink."

"Well now," said Joe Bodger, "I don't mind if I do. It's been pretty proper here since Mr. Guffey took it over."

"Didn't this place use to be proper?" John Thorne asked.

"Say," said Joe Bodger, "when court used to set downtown there used to be some doings. And back in prohibition, when the boys was running rum. Frankly I think Mr. Guffey's kind of innocent. Now take for instance, I was just telling him before you came in about this fellow—" He lowered his voice tactfully—"this fellow in Number Twelve, and Guffey, he just shut me up."

"I'm afraid I'm going to shut you up, too," John Thorne said. And he gave him half a dollar.

John Thorne put away his whisky bottle and picked up the little brochure and read the first few sentences.

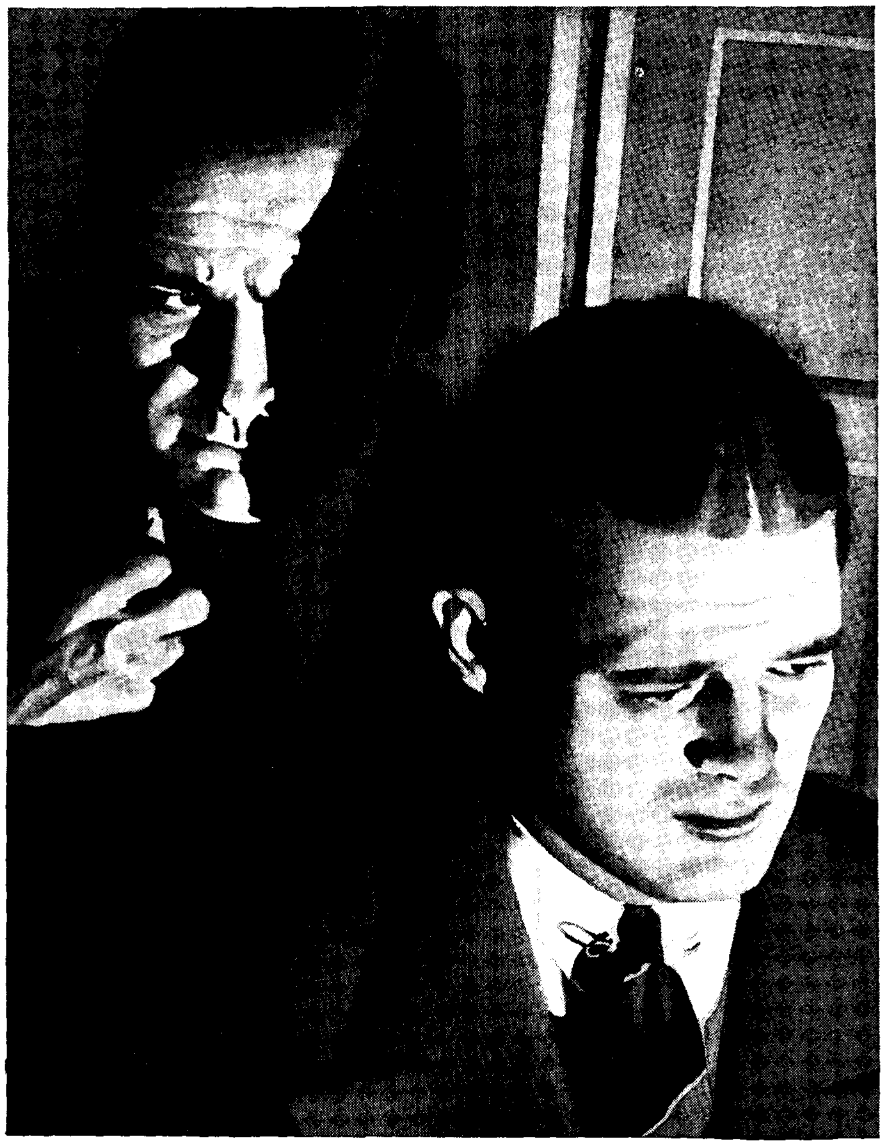
"Cradled by the sand dunes of the blue Atlantic," he read, "lies the little seaport town of Southdown. Southdown has been dreaming of its past for well nigh a century, undisturbed and unchanged by the hurly-burly of the present."

John Thorne shuddered slightly. He turned the pages listlessly until he saw a heading, "Smith Island," which made him pause.

"Rearing itself up midst the ever-changing hues of the salt marsh," he read, "lies Smith Island with its fine square Federalist house and the traces of the gardens laid out by the eccentric who once owned it—a veritable treasure-trove, now embalmed in song and story."

John Thorne paused and groaned.

(Continued on page 56)



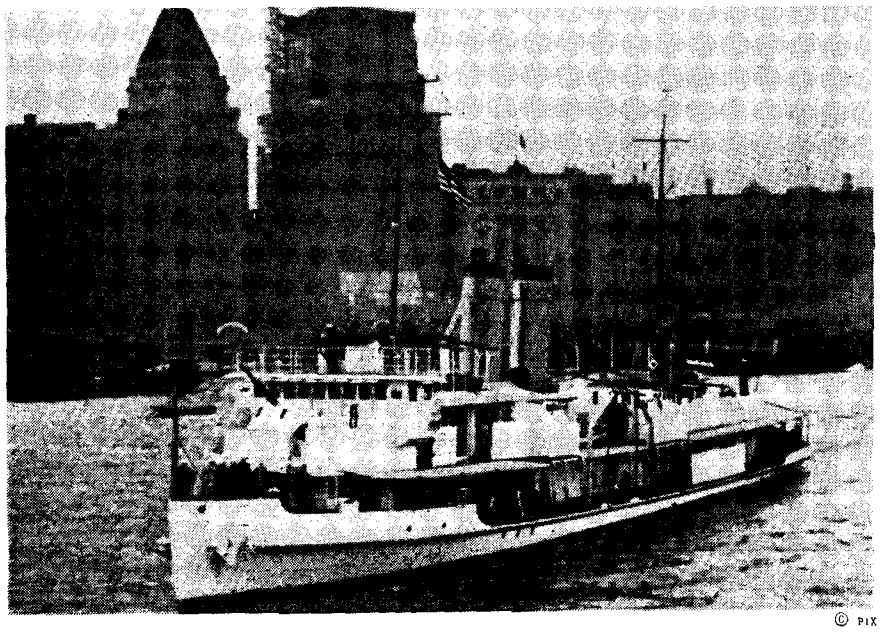
A man was behind him, a pale man, with eyes that stared out of a haggard face

Jim Felt Lucky

By Norman Alley

Aboard the Panay when death roared out of the sky were Jim Marshall and Norman Alley, Universal Pictures cameraman. While Jim was waiting for the ship to stop shaking so he could light his pipe, Mr. Alley took pictures. This is what he saw

NORMAN ALLEY



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THE only bar that was open in Nanking was the one at the Navy Club. It wasn't a very big club but the beer there was cool. I was there one afternoon when I noticed a lanky kid in a sailor's uniform eying me. He was a bashful-looking kid and I could sense that he was trying to muster up courage to say something.

Finally he came over to where I was sitting and he said, "Excuse me, but aren't you Jim Marshall?"

I said that I wasn't Jim Marshall and the kid's face dropped.

"I've been wanting to meet him," he said. "I read all of his articles in Collier's and I think they're great. I'd give anything to meet Marshall."

"Well, that's easy. I'm waiting here for him now. He'll be in soon."

The kid's face lit up and just then Jim walked in. I introduced Jim to the kid, who had told me that his name was John Hodge and that he was a seaman on the U. S. S. Panay. The kid was so awed at meeting Marshall that he couldn't say a word. Jim has very big friendly eyes, the biggest eyes I ever saw, and he could see that here was a nice, decent kid. He made the boy sit down and have a glass of beer with us and then he talked to him. He talked about China and Japan and then he talked about Seattle, where he came from, and he got the kid to talking.

When the kid left he said very earnestly, "Mr. Marshall, this has been a great treat for me. I hope some day I'll be able to pay you back."

He did pay Jim back. He paid him back three days later. He saved Jim Marshall's life. He found Jim badly wounded, lying on the shore 25 miles above Nanking. He set off with Jim to Wuhu, seventeen miles away. Most of the time he had to carry Marshall. He found a Japanese doctor and he made the doctor cauterize Jim's wounds. Then he finally got Jim to the American hospital at Wuhu. Yes, he paid Jim back all right.

Jim Marshall and I didn't know each other when we stepped on board the clipper at San Francisco bound for China. By the time we arrived at Shanghai we knew each other, all right. Two weeks later we had become great friends. Neither of us had ever heard of a 191-foot boat called the Panay. Neither of us ever thought that we'd stand on the deck of that ship and watch men die.

Shanghai was getting rather dull from a picture point of view. I was tired of filming Japanese soldiers marching through the city. There were reports that Nanking was being bombed. I thought a trip there might be worth while. I talked it over with Jim and Mrs. Marshall.

"I might go with you," Jim said thoughtfully, "if Peg will stay here."

I knew darned well that Peg wouldn't stay behind so I made up my mind to go alone. The next morning I packed and was ready to leave when Peg popped into my room.

"Jim is going with you," she said.

That was all she said. She knew that there was plenty of danger from bombs in Nanking but she was a good soldier.

Eight Days to Nanking

Now the trip from Shanghai to Nanking is ordinarily a rather pleasant voyage. You get aboard a steamer and you go 250 miles up the river and there you are. But it wasn't so easy with the country overrun with both Japanese and Chinese soldiers whose aim was very bad. Even in an undeclared war bullets fall upon soldiers and civilians alike. Bombs, too, have a bad way of hitting everyone except those they are intended to hit. It took us eight days to reach Nanking and the trip wasn't much fun. We were stopped a dozen times by patrols. Once things looked bad. A group of Japanese soldiers stopped our boat and we could see that they were all for confiscating it. Finally I got a bright idea. I took out my wallet and showed my Chicago police card to the officer in charge. It was a year old and it was pretty faded, but it looked mighty official somehow. He looked at it gravely and then I pointed to the name "James Allman" signed to it.

His face fell and he shrugged his shoulders. Then Jim took out an old Seattle police card he'd carried when he was a newspaperman there, and that completely broke the morale of our Japanese friend. He bowed very gravely and we were allowed to proceed.

We went to the American Embassy, which was filled with refugees. Rather than sleep on the floor there, we checked into the more dangerous but more comfortable Metropolitan Hotel. We stayed there one night and decided that we'd better check out. Bombs were dropping too close to us. We went to the Italian Embassy and stayed there four days.

Above: Jim Marshall, Collier's staff writer in the Orient, in the doorway of the improvised press quarters on the Panay. Inset: Seaman John Hodge of the Panay, friend and admirer of Mr. Marshall, who, following the bombing, led the badly injured writer to safety and medical care at Wuhu. Below: The U. S. S. Oahu arriving at Shanghai with part of the Panay survivors

Jim Marshall and Commander James Hughes on the bridge of the Panay. Note the large American flag displayed overhead. Center: On the foredeck of the cruiser Augusta, Admiral Harry Yarnell, American Consul General Clarence Gauss and Brig. Gen. John C. Beaumont awaiting Panay victims. Below, Norman Alley with the life preserver that brought him ashore

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They made us comfortable enough and we met two fine men, Sandro Sandri and Luigi Barzini, both correspondents for Italian papers. Sandri couldn't talk English and Luigi always acted as his interpreter. We became great friends and we used to kid Sandri about his not knowing English. I stood beside him two days later and when a bomb tore half of his side out and he fell against me he said, "I'm hit." It was the only time I ever heard him speak English.

Then came the day when we first knew that there was such a ship as the Panay. I don't know why, but it is pronounced Pan-eye. Orders came from the American Embassy to evacuate the city. So we boarded the Panay. The Panay was nothing but a flat-bottomed gunboat designed especially for work in inland waters. It drew only five feet of water. The crew was a great bunch and they made us feel right at home. The first one we saw as we boarded the boat was tall, lanky John Hodge, grinning all over. He took Jim Marshall under his wing.

I said to Jim, laughing, a little later, "That kid has adopted you."

Jim turned to me and he wasn't laughing. He said quietly, "I'm thinking of adopting him."

Jim's son had died several months before while Jim was in the Far East.

He meant it and I wouldn't be surprised if he does adopt the kid. Well, they'd make a great pair all right. I can see Jim and Peg and the kid bouncing around the world with the kid looking out for them. Jim, Peg and John Hodge—that's a great parlay, all right.

Safe and Comfortable

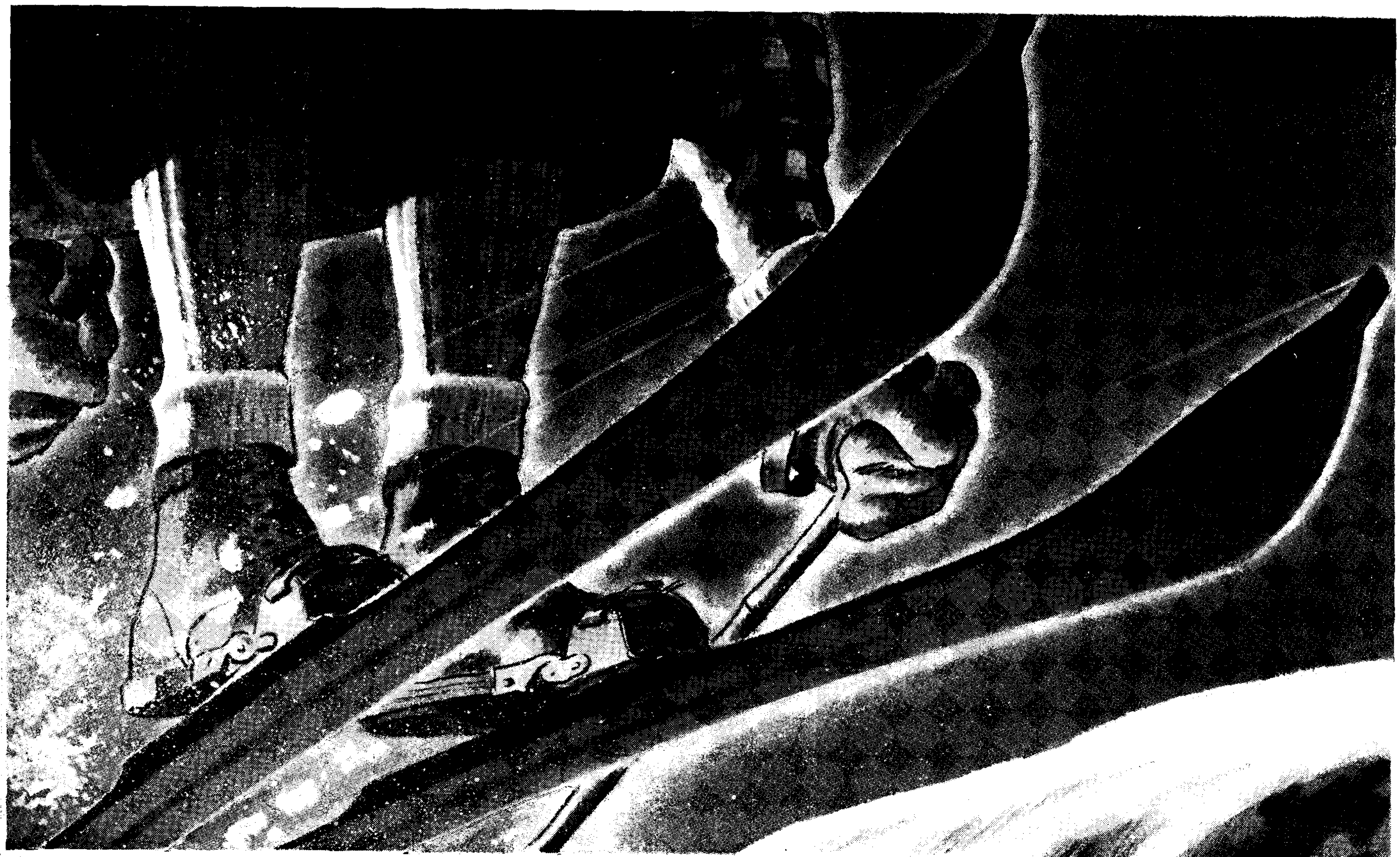
Anyhow, we steamed up the river away from Nanking. We steamed up the river to safety. It was pleasant on the Panay. Commander James Hughes made us comfortable. We liked him and his chief executive officer, Lieutenant Arthur Anders. Lieutenant Geist, the watch officer; Lieutenant Grazier, the medical officer, and Lieutenant Bierse were all nice fellows. We didn't know then that they'd be great heroes in a little while.

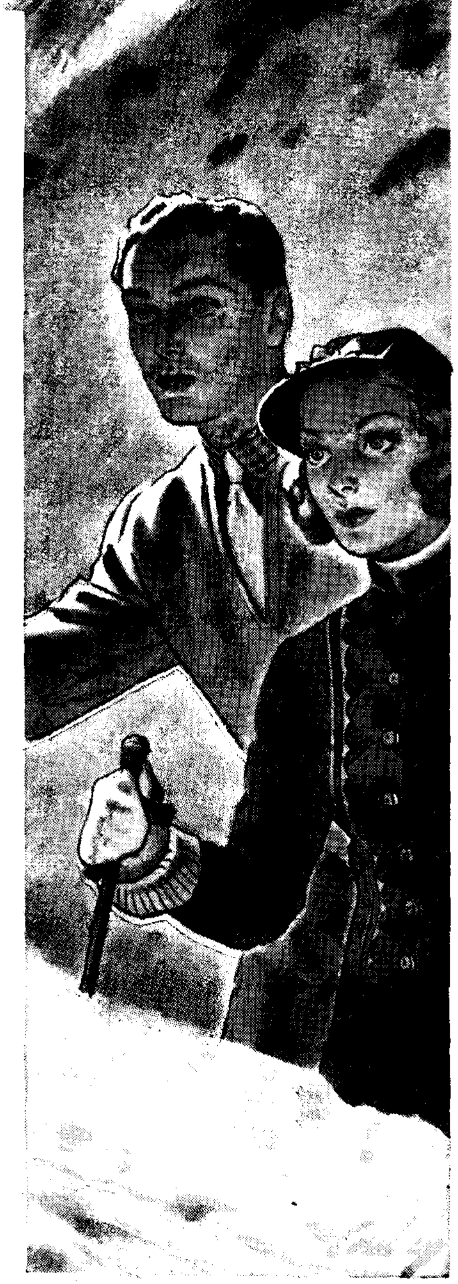
December 12th broke just like any other day. It was a beautiful day, almost cloudless, and the weather was just about right. We were sitting around the messroom talking of this and that and then I suggested that we play a little poker.

"That's all right with me," Marshall said; "I feel lucky."

Sixty minutes later none of us felt very lucky. Jim and I walked out on deck and then we heard the droning of the planes. We looked up and there was a squadron of twin-motored bombers directly over us at an altitude of about seven thousand feet. Then we heard a whistling noise, which was followed by a

(Continued on page 52)





I knew that I couldn't watch another and still go through with it

Big Thrill

By W. T. Bissell

Feel like skiing? No? Well, here's the next best thing. Stir up the old fire. Make yourself comfortable. Get going!

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

THERE were four hundred people in the train, and I probably would never have discovered her if it had not been for my friend, Henry deWitt Buck.

After standing my skis and ski poles up between a couple of seats I sat down to wait for him. Four hours ago I had last seen him at the party with a diminishing highball at his lips, and I was afraid he had overslept—or merely forgotten about our proposed excursion. Still, I wasn't sure, even after the train had pulled out; he might have made it at the last minute.

So I started back through the coaches. They were dry, overheated, crowded. In the next car I found a major traffic obstruction.

The glare of a flashlight burst among those jammed in the middle of the car. I poked my way through as far as the photographer, a little man with a great big camera aimed at this girl and her friend.

She had very white skin, deep-set eyes of dark blue, a decisive small jaw. I recognized these, and I recognized even the way she sat with her shoulders tilted against a pair of skis. She was looking out of the window; beside her reclined a dark youth with a mustache the size of an eyebrow.

"Mr. Kane, kindly smile if you will," piped the cameraman.

Mr. Kane executed a synthetic early-morning grin. The photographer held his reflector high and snapped them. When the girl turned, I caught her eye and stared so hard that she finally nodded and gave me a half-smile.

I had seen her before, all right, and I wanted to sit right down and begin wherever we had left off. But I couldn't think who she was. Even in the harsh gray light from the window she looked appetizing. Her figure would give me something nice to concentrate on all day, I said to myself. Something besides skiing, which was not at all my specialty.

I found Henry occupying four seats in the next car. He was lying diagonally across them—under an overcoat, with a black felt hat over one eye, silk socks and pumps on his feet, the ends of a white tie protruding from his pleated chin.

When I poked a toe into him he opened his free eye and said, "Well, if it isn't Jack Goodrich at last!"

I helped him to move over. "You can't ski in that outfit, fellow," I said. "What you got in the bag?"

"Scotch," he said with a stertorous chuckle. "You can always hire a costume and skis on the train, can't you? But you can't be sure about whisky."

He laughed feebly and went back to sleep. So did I, after I had retrieved my stuff from the other car. We didn't wake up until a waiter came by shouting "Coffee!" We drank some of it out of shaking paper cups.

"You better rent some skis before they're all gone," I said to Henry. He went to the baggage car.

In a few minutes he returned dressed in a grayish collection of too-small woolen garments. He had bought some ski wax and proceeded to put a coat of it on my runners. Then he told me he had found out about a race that was scheduled for the afternoon—a straight downhill run and the prize was five hundred dollars in cash or a trip to Norway. He announced furthermore that he would not only enter the race but win it. He didn't need the cash but he'd always wanted to see a fjord.

AT ELEVEN o'clock the train stopped on a siding among the Berkshires. We all piled out, stacked our skis in a big truck, and made for the busses that were to take us to the cleared ski slopes. The packed snow crunched like rubber under our shoes.

"Wait a minute," I said to Henry.

My girl was being photographed again, beside the train. She was better dressed than most of the other females, I noticed—in loose-fitting trousers, snug jacket, long-visored cap, white mittens.

I hung around until I saw which bus she was taking and got in beside her. I told her my name, saying it was so long since we had met that I was afraid she might not remember me.

"No, I don't. I'm sorry," she said in a smooth contralto voice. "Have you met Mr. Kane?"

We shook hands. Henry said, "How are you?" to both of them.

"What sort of wax are you using?" Kane asked me with a whiff of made-in-America British accent.

I said I hadn't given the matter much thought.

"Makes all the difference, you know," he told us. "I've put some Ostbye Mix on Maude's skis—quite good enough for practice work."

Maude explained that Howard, who had done big-time skiing in the Tirol, always carried five kinds—one for soft snow, one for hard, one for going uphill, one for cross country, one for racing.

"How about you?" I asked her. "Are you an expert too?"

"I can stand up—some of the time."

"You must be famous for something, with all these cameramen!" observed Henry.

She laughed. "I guess it's just my clothes."

The bus jolted along a narrow road, throwing us half out of our seats at each bump. After a while Henry asked Kane if he was entered in the race, and Kane said he was.

I didn't like his mustache, so I told him: "Maybe Henry will give you some competition!"

Mr. Kane frowned. "Simpson's Run is a trifle dangerous for beginners. Fast turns, bit of jumping, trees and all that. That is, I take it you are a beginner?"

Henry said he had learned how to ski when he was six. "Jack's going to race too," he added.

"Really?" said Maude.

I laughed and said, "Sure thing!"

THEY let us out at the brink of a deep little valley, with its whole bottom and most of its sides clear of trees and glistening in the sun. The skiers who had arrived before us swarmed everywhere —slow-moving dots in the distance, like so many ants. Across the valley loomed a small mountain with trees on top and a big open space running up into them.

"There's Simpson's Run," Kane said.

Henry and I strapped on our equipment and started out, behind the others. New-fallen snow had made a fine powdery surface a few inches thick, on top of the crust. It felt smooth and slow while we were on the level, but at the first descent I fell down. The wax on my skis made them go faster than I did.

"Bend your knees and keep one foot in front of the other and lean forward," Henry advised me. "When you want to turn, swing your tail around."

"I know."

He looked at me anxiously for a few minutes and then suggested I get in touch with an instructor. He said he himself would have a look at the course.

"You better get some pointers if you're gonna beat that guy this afternoon," he said.

"I can't lose," I assured him, wiping the snow off my pants; and he slid off toward the race course.

I went to an easy practice slope where the novices were sprawling and taking lessons. I joined a class and in a little while I was getting the feel of the skis and even rehearsing turns. What little I had known before came back to me—under the guidance of my professor.

Pretty soon I thought that maybe I really would get into the race. If anybody with a voice and mustache like Mr. Kane's could do it, certainly I could.

I decided to go over and have a look at Simpson's Run. At the foot of it snorted a one-lung gasoline engine, and from the engine to the trees ran a long loop of rope used to haul skiers to the take-off. The hill did look steep: it looked so steep I wondered how the snow could stick to it.

"I'm thinking of entering the race," I said to the man on the donkey engine. "It doesn't look hard."

"That's only the finish," he said.

"What do you mean, the finish?"

"The steep part is way up there." He pointed at the trees on top of the mountain. "If you wait a minute you may see someone come down."

I couldn't see any opening in the trees.

"There's a narrow track you can't see from here, and two right-angle turns where they come out of the woods—if they can," he explained. "Followed by a ditch. They have to jump the ditch after making the turns."

PEOPLE were standing around the place he indicated. All at once I saw them scrambling to get clear of the track; they stood still and stiff as statues, watching.

Out of the woods shot a bundle of clothes and skis traveling fast about ten feet off the ground. Not a neat job: the skis went up over the skier's head and he twisted around as he fell with his arms swinging. Then he rolled over and over down the steep slope—just a mess of skis and legs, arms and poles. He lay still while the snow he had stirred up settled around him.

I got up there as fast as I could, but two men with a stretcher reached the boy first. As they carried him by, I had a good look. He was at least temporarily dead to the world—his mouth ajar, his head rolling from side to side with each jerk of the stretcher.

That cured me—no racing!

Just then Maude came downhill with her skis wide apart and turned in, stemming to slow herself. She drew up beside me and brushed the fluffy brown hair out of her eyes.

"He hit a tree—you could hear it for miles," she said.

Her face was even paler than usual. She pointed her skis downhill and coasted away, with her shoulders squared, her bent knees taking the bumps like shock absorbers.

I caught up with her at the bottom. Would she let me buy her lunch?

No. But she needed a drink.

That fitted in with plans exactly, I said.

Arm in arm we invaded the inn. The dining room was gay as a fairyground, with bright costumes and pink-cheeked girls and the tinkle of ice in the glasses. One crowd stood at the bar, another in front of a bulletin board across the room. I ordered a couple of highballs for Maude and myself. She had promised to lunch with Howard Kane, she said, but I told her that he was probably out practicing on the hills.

Henry deWitt Buck elbowed his way through the crowd.

"Some spill, wasn't it?" he said.

I asked him if he'd withdrawn from the race yet.

"No, sir!" he assured us. "It's as safe as a church."

WHEREUPON Howard Kane breezed up and asked if we'd seen the program. "I find that you're rather experienced after all, Goodrich," he said, pointing at the bulletin board.

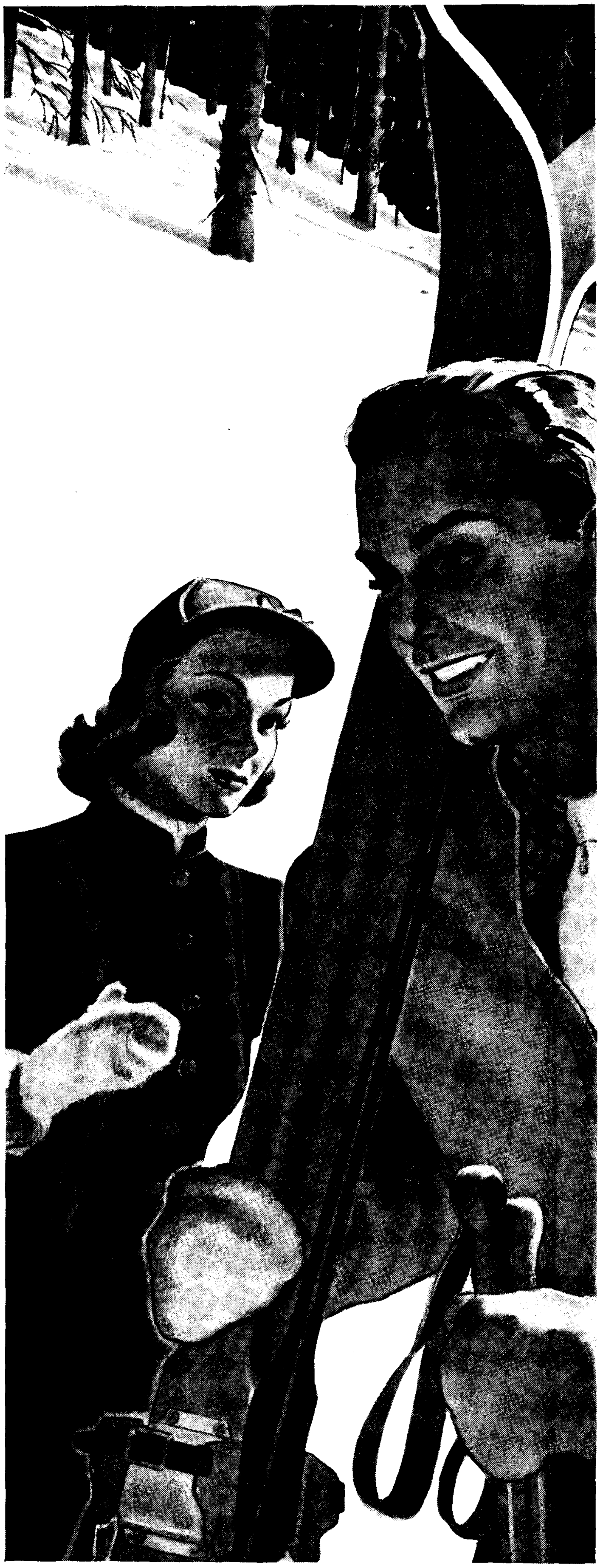
I turned on Henry and he said, "Go take a look!"

Alone I marched over to the board.

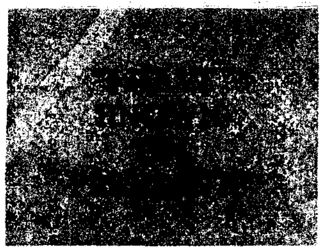
Pinned to it was a tall poster announcing the names of those who would race down Simpson's Run. There were eighteen of them—sixteen printed, the last two drawn in big block letters: "John Goodrich — Alpine, Royal Canadian, and Imperial Rangoon Ski Clubs . . . H. deWitt Buck—Central Park Ski-Runners Association."

I returned to the bar and told the

(Continued on page 53)



"Listen, Champ," she said, "don't overdo it. A joke's a joke"



It's been a Great Show

By William Allen White

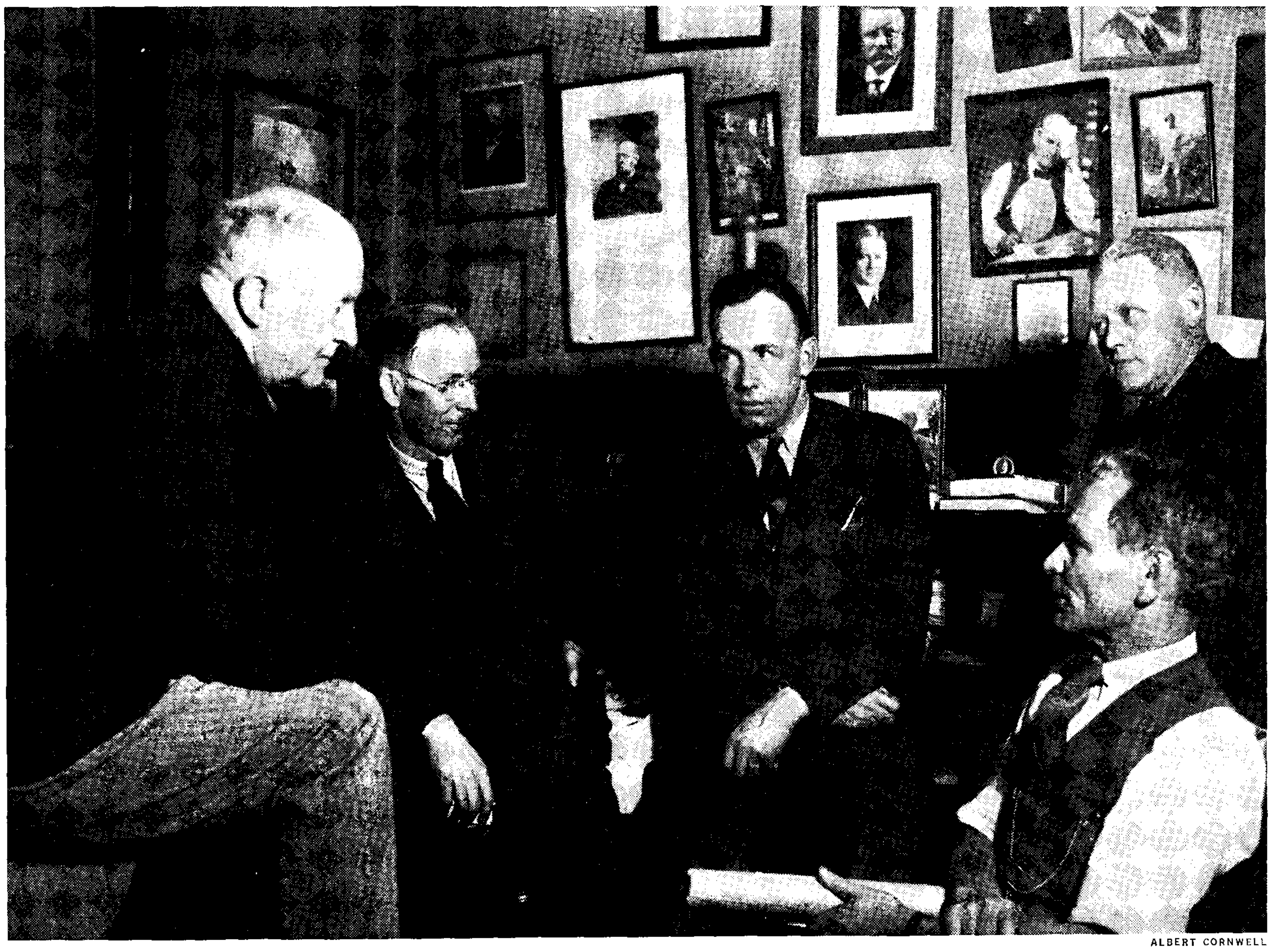
ON FEBRUARY 10 of this blessed year, the Lord and the doctors being willing, I shall be seventy years old—the time of man, threescore years and ten. It is unbelievable. In my twenties I thought of a man of seventy as an old, old, old man. In my forties he was still an old man, very old. In my fifties he was just an old man at seventy, and for the last decade I have been regarding seventy as merely an uncomfortable milestone to pass in a happy journey.

But here it is upon me now, the calamity of the years. Yet it's funny that I do not feel the shock of the catastrophe. Instead, I am exhilarated when I think of the spectacle I have witnessed. What a show I have seen, what a grand show!

I was born in Kansas. Kansas lies west and south of the Missouri River in the geographic center of our continental United States. Seventy years ago the Indians were moving out of Kansas. I played in the woods along the sluggish prairie streams where, a decade before, boys of the stone age had fished and trapped and hunted. When I moved in, they still haunted the streams and prairies and rocky ravines. I mean I picked up the flint arrowheads that these boys had dropped. I often found the fireplaces that their families had tended. I had a playmate, a little white boy stolen by the Indians and reared among them until he was ten—a stone-age boy who knew Indian lore. He was glum and silent. When we were alone sometimes, he told me little odd things about his Indian infancy and childhood. Thus I peered back into the stone age. My father had come in a covered wagon into the prairie, where I grew up. His father, my grandfather, had trekked out of Massachusetts in the first decade of the nineteenth century into Ohio in an ox-drawn cart. In that cart he had only two essential things that Abraham did not have three thousand years before when he left the land of Ur. Those two things were a printed book and gunpowder, if one omits the steel tires on his wheels. But all the rest of the kit and accouterments of my grandfather—who, by the way, was born during the Revolutionary War — the spinning wheel and family loom, the blacksmith's tools, the lever, the cog, the wheel, the pulley and the little forge, man had known and used for three thousand years. Then suddenly in my lifetime I saw unfolding before me the magnificent vision that humanity had been gestating since man came out of the forests—the golden age of applied science—all in seventy years, my seventy years. Why should I mourn the fact that I have come to the end of my length of days when in my day and time,

(Continued on page 63)

The staff of the Emporia, Kansas, Gazette. Left to right: William Allen White, editor; E. T. Lowther, advertising manager; K. W. Davidson, business manager; Frank C. Clough, managing editor, and, seated, John H. Schottler



ALBERT CORNWELL

ROOSEVELT
1933

HOOVER
1929

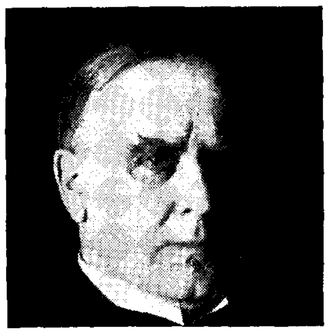
COOLIDGE
1923

HARDING
1921

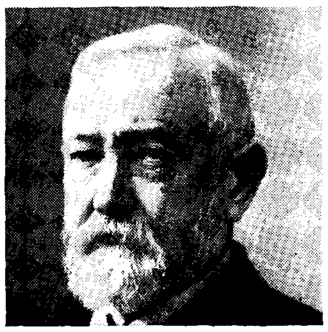
WILSON
1913

TAFT
1909

ROOSEVELT
1901



McKINLEY
1897



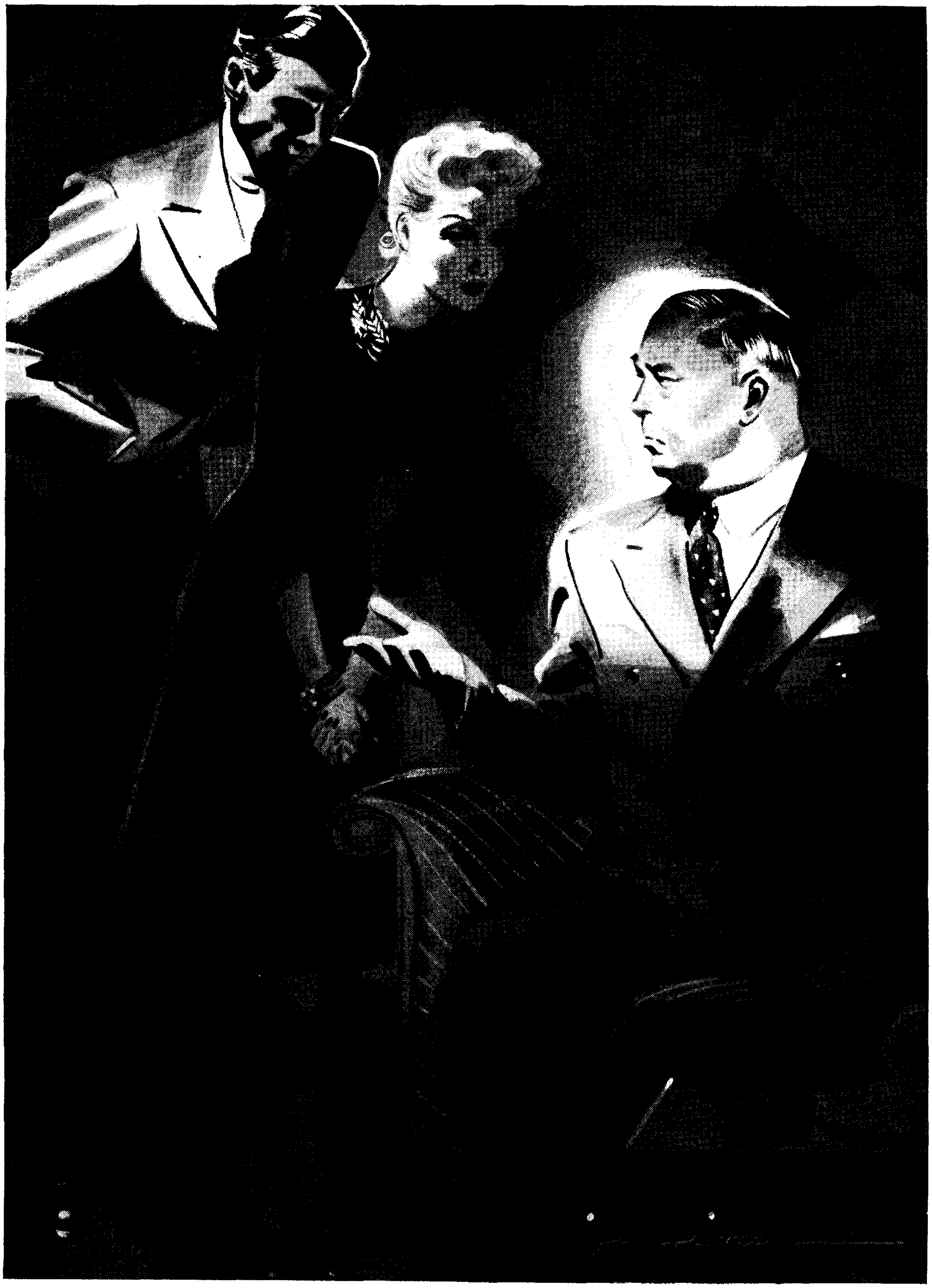
HARRISON
1889

CLEVELAND
1885

East of Broadway

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



North said: "You're figuring I couldn't have helped you anyway. Okay. But grab this—I can hurt you"

The Story Thus Far:

STRANDED in a small Southern town, Eddie Lawson, a professional dancer, meets a girl, Linda Waring, whose voice has Broadway possibilities. He is eager to take her to New York, manage her. But how can he do it, without arousing the gossips? The problem is solved by a "platonic" marriage. After which, the newlyweds—accompanied by Eddie's old friend, Tiny Martin, a musician—go to New York.

Eddie gets a job as master of ceremonies at a tough night club. Linda, a success from the start, works her way up to the Skytop Room, the most popular club in the city. Through a curious concatenation of circumstances, the person who gives her the strongest boost upward is Eddie Lawson's bitter enemy: Vernon Gregg, a noted master of ceremonies.

Meanwhile, Andrew North, a racketeer, has learned an interesting secret: "Eddie Lawson" (whose real name is Oscar Blunt) is, unknown to himself, the owner of stock worth more than a quarter of a million dollars! Having extracted that secret from a lawyer—Morton L. Bemis—North has murdered his informant, and made his plans for stealing young Lawson's fortune!

North's first step is easy—he meets Eddie and Linda, and succeeds in winning their friendship. Two of Eddie's friends—Honey Reardon, a night-club hostess, and her brother, Danny, a member of the New York police force—warn them to beware of Andrew North. But they cannot believe the ugly stories Danny tells them.

In the course of a party given by North in his apartment, Vernon Gregg, intoxicated, insults Linda. Eddie promptly knocks Gregg down. Whereupon, Gregg retaliates by seeing to it that Eddie loses his job. Then—having learned that Linda is to visit Gregg at ten o'clock that evening, to discuss the situation—Andrew North prepares to strike. He steals Gregg's revolver; he steals a master key with which he can let himself into a vacant apartment adjoining Gregg's. . . .

Ten o'clock. Linda and Gregg are deep in talk. North enters the vacant apartment, slips through it. He steals out on a terrace. He shoots through a window, kills Gregg. He drops the revolver, and sneaks away.

Terrified, Linda hurries to Eddie, who convinces her of his innocence. Andrew North joins them, tells them that Linda is in peril. Then: "Suppose you were rich, Eddie. How much would it be worth to you to get Linda out of this mess?" Eddie shrugs. "Why waste your breath?" Then Andrew North calmly announces that Oscar Blunt—"Eddie Lawson"—is worth more than a quarter of a million dollars!

VIII

LESS than fifteen minutes after Andrew North's departure, the buzzer sounded again and Eddie admitted Honey Reardon and Tiny Martin. Honey looked concerned, and Tiny exceedingly worried. Honey put her lips close to his ear, and whispered, "Now remember, Nitwit—keep it light. If they ever see us scared, it'll be Katy-bar-the-door."

The mountainous young man collapsed into a chair and sighed resignedly. He said, "All right, Little Sunshine—strut your stuff."

Honey had been regarding Linda steadily. She said, with some hint of hope in her voice, "You don't look exactly prostrated."

Tiny said, "Be definite, Honey. Leave out the 'exactly.' Tell her simply that she don't look prostrated and be done with it."

"Mamma's little helper." Miss Reardon turned her attention back to Linda. "You haven't happened to see the morning papers, have you?"

"Yes. We've seen them."

"I suppose you read the weather report and the account of the war in China and about Vernon Gregg being killed?"

"Yes."

Honey said, "Good Lord! And six months ago you were a simple little rustic. Or anyway, rustic."

Linda said, "I know what you-all are thinkin'—"

Honey took two steps forward and put her hand on Linda's shoulder. "You don't happen to be looking for a nice, comfortable feminine bosom to cry on, do you?"

Tiny said, "*I'm* feeling a bit weepy."

Linda was strangely calm. "You think I did it, don't you, Honey?"

"I don't know what to think. I thought I'd find you in hysterics."

"I was. Last night."

"Why didn't you call me?"

"Eddie was here," Linda said simply.

"Nicer and nicer. Now look, Linda—we're here to help if you want help. And if you don't, you're a bigger sap than I thought."

"But I *do!* I knew I could count on you and Tiny. I did—sho' 'nough."

"Why not talk it out?"

Eddie nodded. "Why not, Linda? Lord knows we can trust Honey and Tiny."

"That's apparently all I'm good for in the world," moaned Tiny. "Being trusted."

Linda sensed the genuineness of their

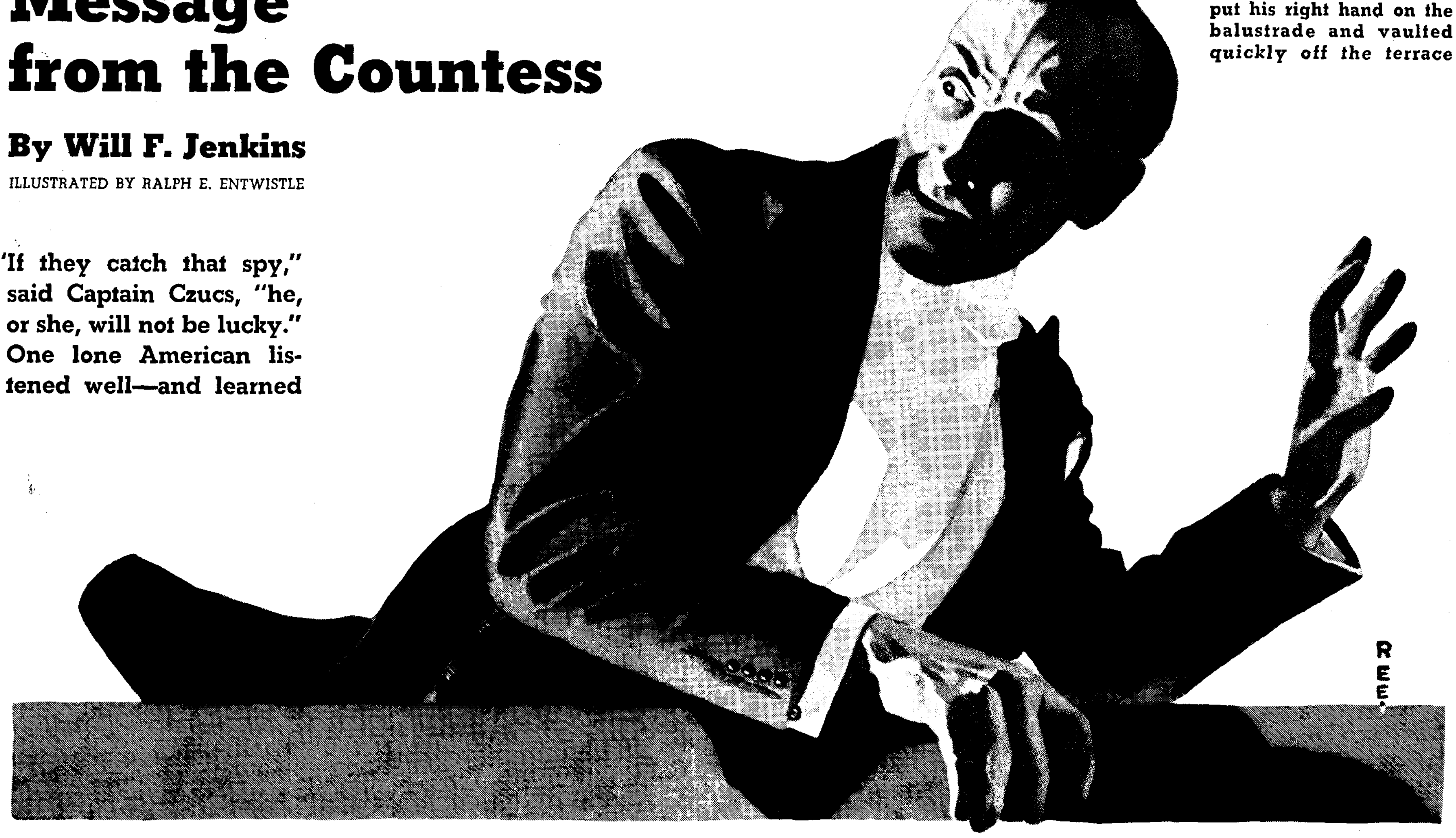
(Continued on page 28)

Message from the Countess

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH E. ENTWISTLE

"If they catch that spy," said Captain Czucs, "he, or she, will not be lucky." One lone American listened well—and learned



The man in evening dress put his right hand on the balustrade and vaulted quickly off the terrace

THE orchestra in the Café Hrodny played American jazz, though the Danube lay below all silvered in the moonlight. There were brightly dressed ladies, and there were softly shaded lights, and there was a faint murmuring sound from the city, all blended in with motor horns and the clop-clop-clopping of cab-horse hoofs upon the pavements. Also there was a very sedate and gentle sort of breeze which blew restrainedly upon the terrace. The Café Hrodny was a charming place. Very charming. But not all the people in it were happy. The Reverend Giles Blaine was perhaps especially unhappy, sitting embarrassedly at the eighth table.

But there was a girl at the first table whose lips twisted bitterly. The man with her had said he would not be such a fool as to do as she wished. And a man sat alone at the second table and fingered certain coins in his pocket, and reflected unpleasantly that there were no more where these had come from. And at the third table one man said guardedly to another that in an affair like this one shouldn't take risks, and so-and-so was not to be trusted. And at yet another table there was a little man who looked like a cashier, and also looked frightened, and at another a woman with hard, defiant eyes. And at the fifth or sixth table there was a very pretty girl who said under her breath to her companion:

"He has not recognized me yet. It is delayed. That is all. No one would suspect a funny-looking man with a priest's collar. I shall get it as soon as he is alone."

And at the eighth table the Reverend Giles Blaine talked uncomfortably to Captain Czucs. He was acutely embarrassed in this place, and therefore his cheeks were pinker than usual and he spoke with more than necessary emphasis.

"I have made a careful survey," said the Reverend Giles Blaine. "A most careful survey! And I am convinced that the union of church and state is disastrous, especially to the church."

"So?" said Captain Czucs amiably.

He proceeded politely with his dinner. He was comfortably stout, where the Reverend Mr. Blaine was ascetically lean, but he listened blandly and plied his soupspoon delicately as he listened. He did not hint by the flicker of an eyelash that it was strange that the American clergyman should come uneasily into the Café Hrodny, look around in mingled wistfulness and terror, and then brush aside the headwaiter to come over and greet him with a pathetic cordiality. Captain Czucs seemed to feel that if this American priest of some outlandish faith chose to visit a café of dubious political—and other—reputation, it was none of his business. If, in addition, he chose to claim close friendship on the ground of an absent-minded introduction at a tedious American Embassy tea, why, that was of no importance either. Besides, Captain Czucs was at dinner.

A WOMAN at the tenth table said brightly to her companion that something or other would cost only four hundred crowns. A waiter at the twelfth table made a discreet suggestion of an entrée. Two policemen came suddenly into view at the entrance of the café. The clergymen went on with continued overemphasis.

"The interest of the church in politics is inevitable, but it should take no part in administration. Because there is certainly a temptation—"

The plump proprietor of the Café Hrodny went uneasily to the two policemen. They spoke politely to him, and remained in view. The man at the second table continued to finger the coins in his pocket, and grimly debated whether he should make this last meal before poverty a good one, or whether he should begin the process of half-starvation at once. The man at the fifth or sixth table—with the pretty girl—saw the police. He did not change color, but his eyes altered remarkably. The girl said quickly:

"What is it? Police?"

The man said between rigid lips:

"Yes. And if you have betrayed me and the rest—"

He rose gracefully and without finishing the threat. He made an easy gesture to indicate that he was about to speak to someone at another table. He walked toward a group of diners at the very edge of the terrace, where the moonlit Danube and the spreading lights of the city were at their most romantic. One of the policemen moved forward, rather quickly.

"Yes," said the Reverend Giles Blaine, firmly, "there is undoubtedly a temptation for individual clerics to curry favor with the government which pays their salaries, by activities outside their—ah—proper confessional functions. Do you not think so?"

"I do not bother my head about it," said Captain Czucs comfortably. He used his napkin and eased his belt a trifle.

The two men at the third table became aware of the police. They devoted themselves with marvelous attention to their meal. But their eyes were wary and guarded and active. A woman who sat alone suddenly looked even harder and more defiant. A little man who looked like a cashier turned pale. The man who had risen from his table suddenly swerved from the direct way to his chosen group of diners. The policeman moving from the door now shouted suddenly. The man in evening dress put his right hand on the balustrade and vaulted quickly off the terrace. It was at least a ten-foot drop into the darkness below. Possibly fifteen. There came a crashing noise below, audible even above the blaring American jazz. The policemen reached the balustrade and stood there, shouting angrily. The orchestra stopped abruptly.

There were crashings and rustlings below. Suddenly, there was a shot. It was astounding. A moment's dead silence. Then voices, down in the dense shrubbery beneath. The Reverend Giles Blaine turned white.

"What—what has happened?"

"An arrest," said Captain Czucs placidly. "The Café Hrodny is—perhaps I had better say that politics is sometimes talked here. The policemen came in the door just now. That man thought they came for him. Perhaps they did. Perhaps not. In any case he tried to run away and he has been caught. That is all."

The Reverend Mr. Blaine stared about him. Shaded lights. A faint murmuring sound from the city, blended of motor horns and the sound of cab-horse hoofs and the myriad small noises a city makes at night. A sedate, gentle breeze. Voices down in the shrubbery. An astounding, unanimous lack of curiosity among those in the Café Hrodny. Voices began again. Low-toned voices. Guarded voices. No one rose to look down. The policeman by the entrance turned his head to look outside for a moment.

The Reverend Mr. Blaine fidgeted, straining his ears. Murmurs still came from below.

"What—what will they do with that man?" he asked.

"It depends on why he ran away," said Captain Czucs. He shrugged. "It might have been anything. It might even have been a mistake."

THE clergyman sat quite still. Then six more policemen came into the café. One of them, in epaulets, spoke quietly to the proprietor. The stout man expostulated, sweating. The police officer was polite but very firm.

"It appears," said Captain Czucs mildly, "that it was a mistake. Whatever the police look for, that man did not have."

The police officer spoke politely to the man at the first table. The man who had told his companion that he would not be such a fool. He listened, and frowned, and then shrugged and stood up with a word to the girl. She bit her lips. Then she, also, stood up. Her face grew hard, and the spots of rouge on her cheeks grew extremely vivid against the chalk-white skin beneath. Man and girl went out, a policeman with them. The proprietor of the Café Hrodny wrung his hands.

"Are they arrested also?" asked the American clergyman uneasily.

"Not yet," said Captain Czucs. He delicately extracted a fishbone from between his lips. "I can only guess, but it is known that the police are looking urgently for something. At a venture," he added unemotionally, "it might be the document about which there is so much talk, though the newspapers are forbidden to mention it. It is café gossip, but I happen to know that it is true." Then he said almost apologetically, "My uncle is Minister of War, and I have another uncle who is the Metropolitan—what you would call an archbishop, I suppose. So I sometimes hear things. And it seems to be true that some spy has stolen the official text of a recent treaty made by our government with a certain great power. It is a rather serious matter."

He surveyed his plate interestedly, his fork hovering.

"The police would search every human being in the city," he added matter-of-factly, "if they thought such a search would recover it. And if they catch that spy he, or she, will not be lucky."

The Reverend Giles Blaine looked across the café with a certain uneasiness. He saw a girl who was now unaccompanied. She sat at the fifth or sixth table. He saw her moisten her lips. The Reverend Giles Blaine seemed to tense a little. He became somewhat paler than before.

"Those two people who went out," he said uncertainly, "they will be searched? Without a warrant?"

"A warrant?" said Captain Czucs, uncomprehending. "But yes. They are being searched now. There is a woman, of course, for the girl."

The clergyman looked fixedly at the tablecloth before him. His lips compressed.

"Will—everyone who is in the café be searched?"

CAPTAIN CZUCS shrugged. He broke off a fragment of roll and absorbedly sopped up a remaining trace of sauce.

"Will I?" asked the clergyman, in a certain restrained alarm.

"I do not know the orders of the police," said Captain Czucs. He lifted the morsel to his lips. "Possibly. Even probably." He savored the flavor of the tidbit pleasurably. "But I will identify you," he added reassuringly, "as an American priest whom I met at the American Embassy. And my uncle is the Minister of War so that I can at least assure you of every courtesy if the orders of the police are strict. It is regrettable, but—"

A waiter deftly removed Captain Czucs' plate and replaced it with another.

The Reverend Giles Blaine looked across the café. The girl at the fifth or sixth table moistened her lips again. He was not sure, but it seemed to him that she had a hunted, even a desperate look. He caught her eye and strove to convey reassurance—a benign and priestly reassurance—with a glance. But his thoughts went unhappily back to his wife at the hotel. She was undoubtedly sleeping with all the vigor of a tranquil conscience, her mouth open, upon a really good imitation of an American mattress, upon which the Reverend Giles Blaine also longed to rest his limbs. But there was an urgent matter ahead.

Captain Czucs lifted the cover of the dish, transferred some of its contents to his plate.

"Captain Czucs!" said the Reverend Mr. Blaine. His voice trembled. "I am in a dilemma in which I—I do not know what to do. My honor as a clergyman is involved—and the affair is not mine."

Captain Czucs lifted his fork to his lips, put it down again, and hesitated. Then he said resolutely, "I do not wish to pry," and resolutely put the forkful into his mouth.

The Reverend Giles Blaine moistened his lips. The man and girl from the first table returned. The man's face was expressionless. The girl's face showed a dark, hot rage. Tears of pure hatred started in her eyes as she reseated herself. The officer in command of the police went to the second table, where a man dined alone. The man smiled sardonically at him. He went out with an air of braggadocio, jangling the few coins in his pockets. The woman at the tenth table said coaxingly that something or other would cost only four hundred crowns, and considering. . . . A waiter served an entrée at the twelfth table. The girl—now alone—at the fifth or sixth table made up her lips. But she was shockingly pale. She looked furtively at the Reverend Giles Blaine.

"Listen to me, Captain Czucs," said the clergyman abruptly, in a rather harsh tone. "I shall confide in you as to another clergyman. But I ask your word—"

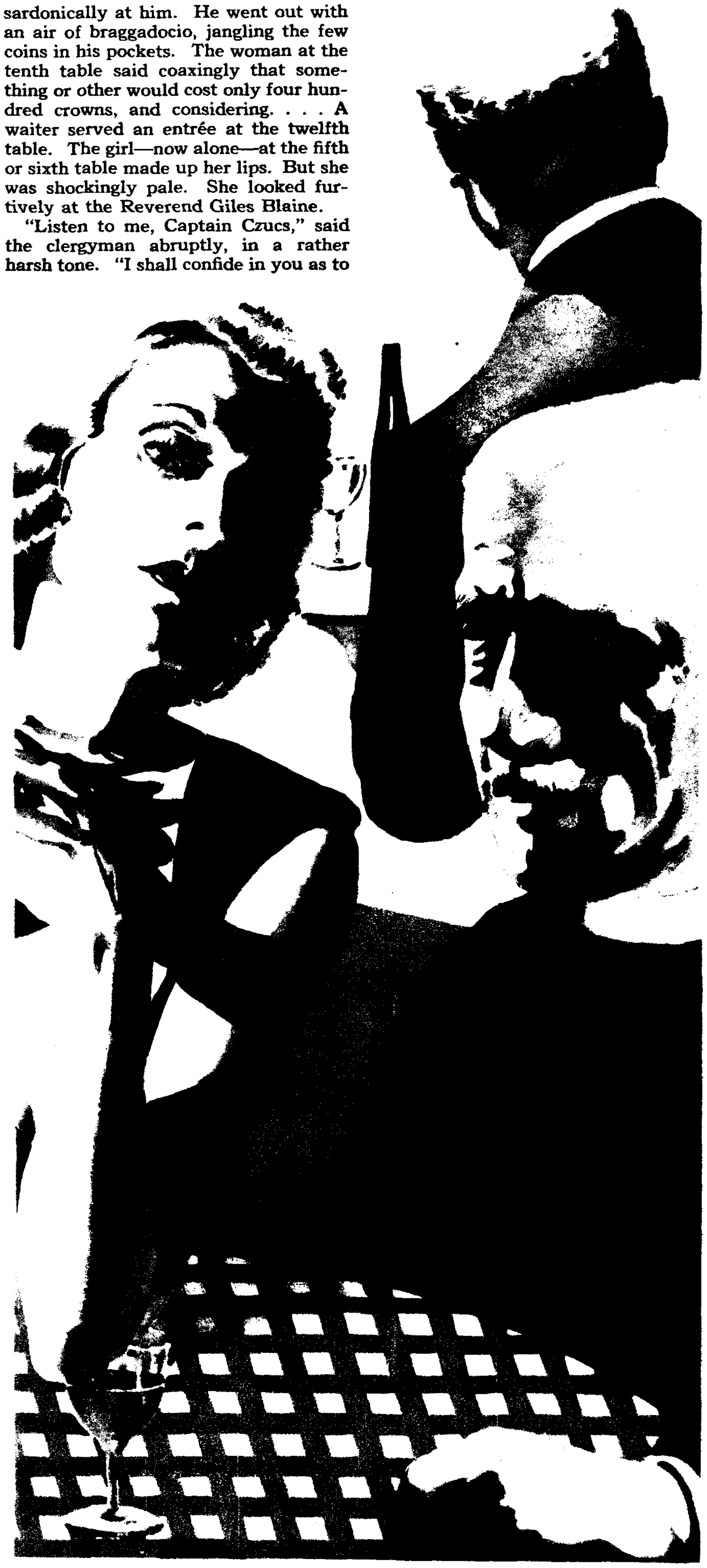
Captain Czucs nodded and shrugged. "But I do not wish to pry!"

"I—I have had a privileged communication made to me," said the Reverend Giles Blaine urgently. He clasped his hands together. His knuckles were white. "A woman in this city—a noblewoman, I may say, of your highest aristocracy—has appealed to me in despair to enable her to ease her conscience. And I am here tonight upon an errand which a priest of your national church should rather have undertaken. And my errand is—is menaced."

Captain Czucs paused with his fork before his lips to say:

"So?"

"If I am searched," said the Reverend Giles Blaine desperately, "and—and a letter upon my person is read, the confidence of a despairing woman in my honor as a clergyman will be betrayed. A happy home will be destroyed. And I may say that an honorable name will be disgraced because of political advantage to be gained by that disgrace."



"She loves you," he said, "and she hopes you will be very happy"

CAPTAIN CZUCS opened his mouth to speak, and then refrained. He filled it again, instead.

"An ancient family disgraced," said the clergyman bitterly, "because a woman, desperate to right a wrong, has trusted in my cloth. Because of her desire to—expiate a sin. It is horrible, Captain Czucs," he said desperately, "that so truly Christian a repentance should be the cause of the ruin of a noble family! She has suffered tortures for years, not daring to unburden her conscience, not daring to approach her God, because—"

Captain Czucs put down his fork.

"It must have been a baby," he observed, "because nothing else that a woman can do will bother her very long."

The Reverend Mr. Blaine compressed his lips.

"It is. And the child has grown—"

"And it is a girl," said Captain Czucs, with the air of one stating a melancholy but incontrovertible fact.

"Yes. It is a girl. And the poor girl, desperate, has threatened to enter upon a life—"

"She must be a pretty girl," said Captain Czucs.

The Reverend Giles Blaine looked at him in a sudden confused suspicion.

"I—I have seen only a picture," he said uncomfortably.

A MAN at the third table chewed steadfastly, while his companion watched him anxiously. The chewing man swallowed convulsively. Then both men looked relieved. A woman who sat alone tried to repair her complexion, and failed. A waiter served a sweet. Another waiter absorbedly mixed a salad before the eyes—not very intent—of those who were to eat it. The proprietor agitatedly sent a message to the orchestra leader and the musicians halfheartedly resumed their blaring American jazz, which floated out over the moonlit Danube. The girl at the fifth or sixth table tried to dine alone, but her hands trembled visibly. The partly empty plate left by the man now in the hands of the police below the terrace was itself a mute accusation. And once she met the Reverend Giles Blaine's eyes, and such stark terror lay in hers that he was moved to intense compassion.

"The police, you tell me," he said urgently to Captain Czucs, "have been ordered to look for a certain stolen document. In their quest, if they search me, they will find this means of bringing disgrace upon a noble family and a truly repentant woman."

Captain Czucs frowned. He used his knife and fork with finesse.

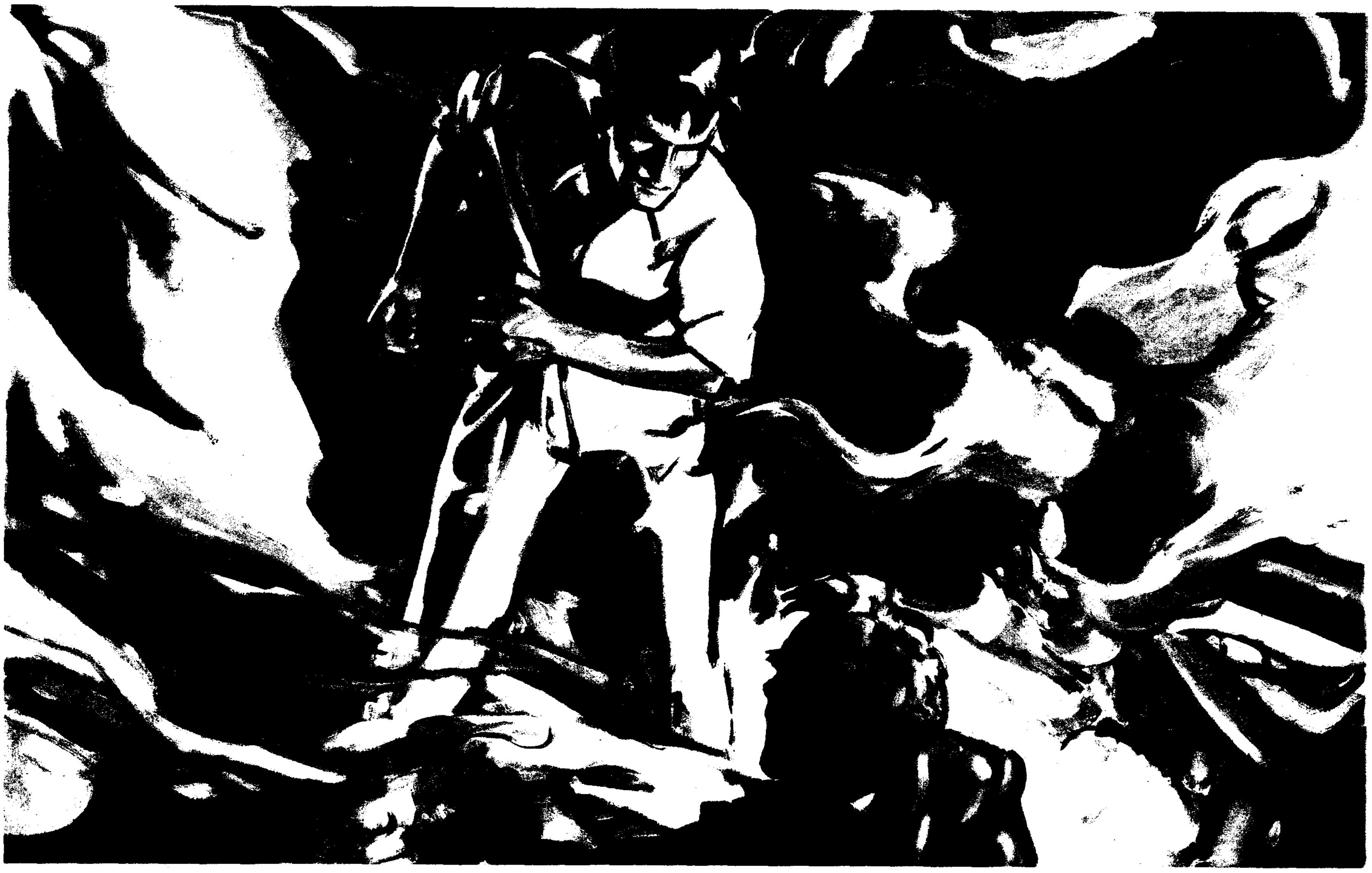
"And I saw the letter! It is only a letter, with banknotes to provide the means for an honest livelihood and marriage for the poor girl. I saw the envelope sealed! On my honor as a clergyman, Captain Czucs—"

Captain Czucs said without looking up:

"On your honor as a clergyman—what?"

The officer in command of the police

(Continued on page 48)



Those two seemed arguing, like two insane men quarreling in a circle of flame. Then we saw Raglin's fist move

The Port of Pilgrims

A sailor's ticket ought to be kept clean. This is the story of Jubal Raglin's search for the port that most of us miss

By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

JUBAL RAGLIN'S story long was common property in all the Eastern Islands, from Java Head clear to Sibuyan and the Bernardino Strait. In the middle watches you would hear a junior, too troubled with tropic heat for sleep, whispering in your ear about him by the fluttering canvas dodger, while the ship ghosted past a dark headland of ancient Malaysia. It was that sort of tale; to be murmured idly with half a smile of disbelief, as though his questing were a thing far too fantastic ever to trouble successful men, and the hint of his sorrow no more than the pain of a ghostly shade. We knew he was there, searching the islands with his burning eyes; but that was all. Just as we knew the temple bells were there because we often heard their bronze tocsin tolling in the night. But we didn't really believe in either one. And I never expected actually to be shipmates with him, and to have him come padding aloft to relieve the bridge with his shambling gait and with his hand-rolled cigarette limp in the corner of his mouth. Because we always thought of him more as a myth than a flesh-and-blood fellow officer of the craft. Until in Balikpapan, at the Punchar Wharves, he joined our ship: and then I knew he was very real.

He came aboard toward sunset, while the western sky still flamed against the cone of Tokong Hill. He had a soiled deep-water sea-bag slung across one shoulder, and under his other arm a fiddle case, as he dragged his cadaverous frame along the deck to where I stood.

"I'm Jubal Raglin," he said flatly, with his twisted smile, "your new third mate. Jubal was the son of Lamech and the father of all such as handle the harp and organ. They call me 'Fiddler Jube.' They say I fiddled while the Asiatic burned. Like Nero, you know. It's a lie. . . . Good night, Mister Mate."

I confess he left me speechless, gaping with astonishment. All I got, looking after him before he disappeared beneath the bridge, was a sight of his trousers flapping against his shanks, the hump of his sea-bag hiding his back, and the end of that bizarre fiddle case sticking under his arm. But I remembered his eyes. They were real enough.

That's how he joined the Lombok. It brought back to me all the distant sights of him and all the scornful raillery. I remember coming into the Boni Gulf on a hot, still day. We lifted a trepang schooner, becalmed and pencil-sharp against the sky, barely heaving on a lead-gray sea. From her, rich music sang, and I listened astonished to a single violin playing the dance of the *Valse Triste* in that empty waste of sea. Till, our leadsman, lifted smiling eyes of mockery.

"There's Fiddler Jube over there!" he said to me.

But if you've been in the Eastern Islands at all, you will know all that. And it's quite likely you have seen him distantly yourself, stalking some rotting copra quay, waving his lanky arms to Minna—the woman he married—who looks up at him with such wide eyes and sadly nods her head to all his talk. They say that even she can't believe the half of his crazy tale. I don't know about that. Belief isn't quite so important to some women who have that singular quality of faith. Strange stories get about concerning a fellow like Jubal Raglin and his woman. They say she's the daughter of a Bugis princess and a whaling master out of the Vineyard from way back home. I don't know about that, either. For myself, I think she is white all through.

She was there in Balikpapan the night he joined our ship, for she followed him wherever he went. When the sunset drained the sky of light and the bells began to toll and the lamps started scintillating over toward Glandesan way, she just stood on the wharf, waiting for him. I saw how she took his hand and walked with him when he came down the plank to join her. Because we were sailing with early dawn, and they went off in the shadows, talking. If she had Bugis blood in her, surely it did her no harm.

IT DIDN'T take our crowd long to find out we had Fiddler Jube aboard. Gregory MacVicar, our chief, just mopped his big red neck with a pluck of cotton waste when he heard. "Aye," he said, coming heavily to rest on the bunker hatch. "I know."

The second mate chuckled in the darkness somewhere. "Go have a look at his paper, Mac. He's got it hung in the chartroom frame. Fourth issue of a chief mate's ticket. And here he is, still sailing third. What's the matter with a fellow like that?"

"You go ask him," the chief murmured into the heady night. "Or go coasting southern Arabia and have a look at the black bones of his old ship, the Asiatic. If she's still there, that is, and not smashed to bits by the sea. It'll tell you more than his ticket will."

"Pilgrim ship, wasn't she?"

"Aye. With nine hundred-odd souls aboard when she burned in the Arabian Sea and they drove her ashore too late."

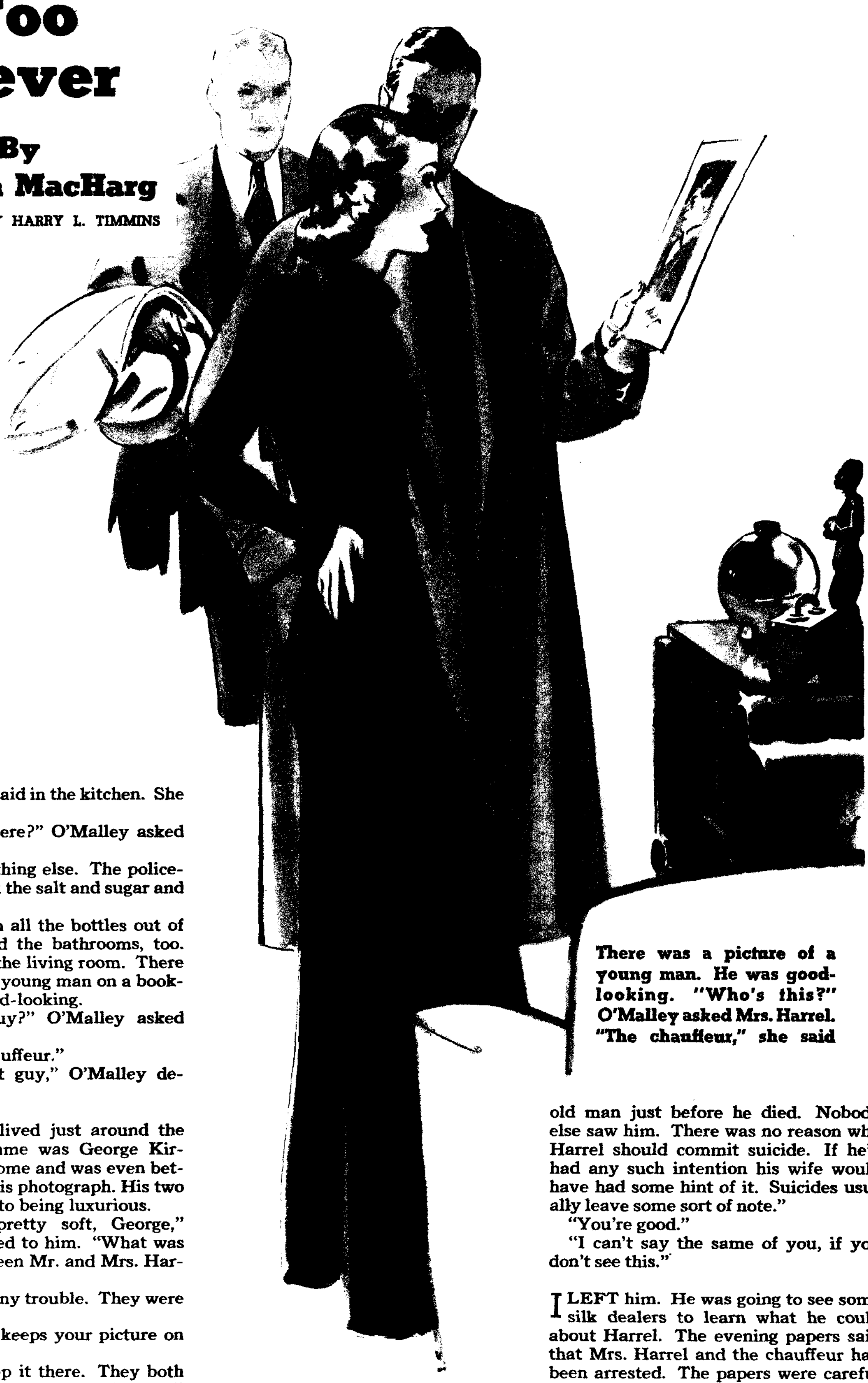
"Bound for Jiddah, wasn't she?"

(Continued on page 24)

Too Clever

By William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS



There was a picture of a young man. He was good-looking. "Who's this?" O'Malley asked Mrs. Harrel. "The chauffeur," she said

Detective O'Malley wasted no time hunting for clues on this homicide. Instead, he called in a fortuneteller

"THEY put me on a poison case," O'Malley said. "It might be suicide or it might be murder—they don't know what. This dead guy was named Peter Harrel. He was in the silk business and he got well off, so he retired. Him and his wife had a maid and a chauffeur. Then his wife died, so he got him a housekeeper. He was pretty near seventy years old and he married his housekeeper. Now he kicked off."

"What was the poison?" I inquired.

"The laboratory says potassium cyanide. I don't know nothing about this kind of case. Still, I got to work on it. Here's where he lived."

It was a handsomely furnished apartment. A cop was in the dining room. The wife was in the living room and she wasn't more than thirty and was rather pretty. She hadn't been crying and I wondered about it.

"Tell us about your husband," O'Malley invited her.

"I don't know what happened. He was going downtown about some business; then he decided he wouldn't. The maid was out, so I got some lunch for us. He was eating and he stopped and looked awful, so I called up the doctor. The doctor couldn't do anything and he called the police."

"Was you here all the time alone with him?"

"Yes."

"There didn't nobody else come here?"

"Only the chauffeur. He brought the car around, but my husband told him he wasn't going to use it, so he went away again."

"Why didn't your husband go downtown?"

"He just decided he wouldn't. I was glad he didn't do any business because the day wasn't favorable for it. He wouldn't have been fortunate."

"He don't seem to have been no more fortunate by staying at home."

We examined the apartment.

"You won't find nothing here," the cop informed us. "The laboratory officers took away all that lunch."

We found the maid in the kitchen. She was quite young.

"You just sit here?" O'Malley asked her.

"I can't do anything else. The policemen took away all the salt and sugar and everything."

They had taken all the bottles out of the bedrooms and the bathrooms, too. We went back in the living room. There was a picture of a young man on a bookcase. He was good-looking.

"Who's this guy?" O'Malley asked Mrs. Harrel.

"That's the chauffeur."

"We'll see that guy," O'Malley decided.

THE chauffeur lived just around the corner. His name was George Kirman. He was at home and was even better-looking than his photograph. His two rooms came near to being luxurious.

"You got it pretty soft, George," O'Malley remarked to him. "What was that trouble between Mr. and Mrs. Harrel?"

"There wasn't any trouble. They were very happy."

"That why she keeps your picture on her bookcase?"

"She didn't keep it there. They both did. You cops don't understand how all this was. I drove a car for Mr. Harrel almost ever since I was a kid. He treated me like I was a member of the family. He kept giving me things and we played cards together and I was in and out of his home—"

"We know. You was in there a few minutes before the old boy kicked off. Well, his wife says it wasn't going to be no lucky day for him. How did she know that?"

"I suppose some fortuneteller told her what his lucky and unlucky days were. She went to those people. There wasn't any harm in it, but she hasn't gone to them lately."

"I expect you figure the old guy left you a nice piece of his dough."

"I don't know anything about that."

"You're not going to find much mystery in this case, O'Malley," I remarked, when we were on the street again.

"You got it figured so quick?"

"It conforms to a well-known pattern. It's not suicide—it's murder. Here's a man sixty-nine years old, married to a quite beautiful, untutored woman not half his age. A young man of her own age is about the place continually. She sees him, talks with him, and what people call 'the inevitable' happens. She falls in love with him and her husband is in the way."

"You think she bumped the old guy off?"

"She did. Perhaps they conspired to do it together. That poison acts within just a few moments. They both saw the old man just before he died. Nobody else saw him. There was no reason why Harrel should commit suicide. If he'd had any such intention his wife would have had some hint of it. Suicides usually leave some sort of note."

"You're good."

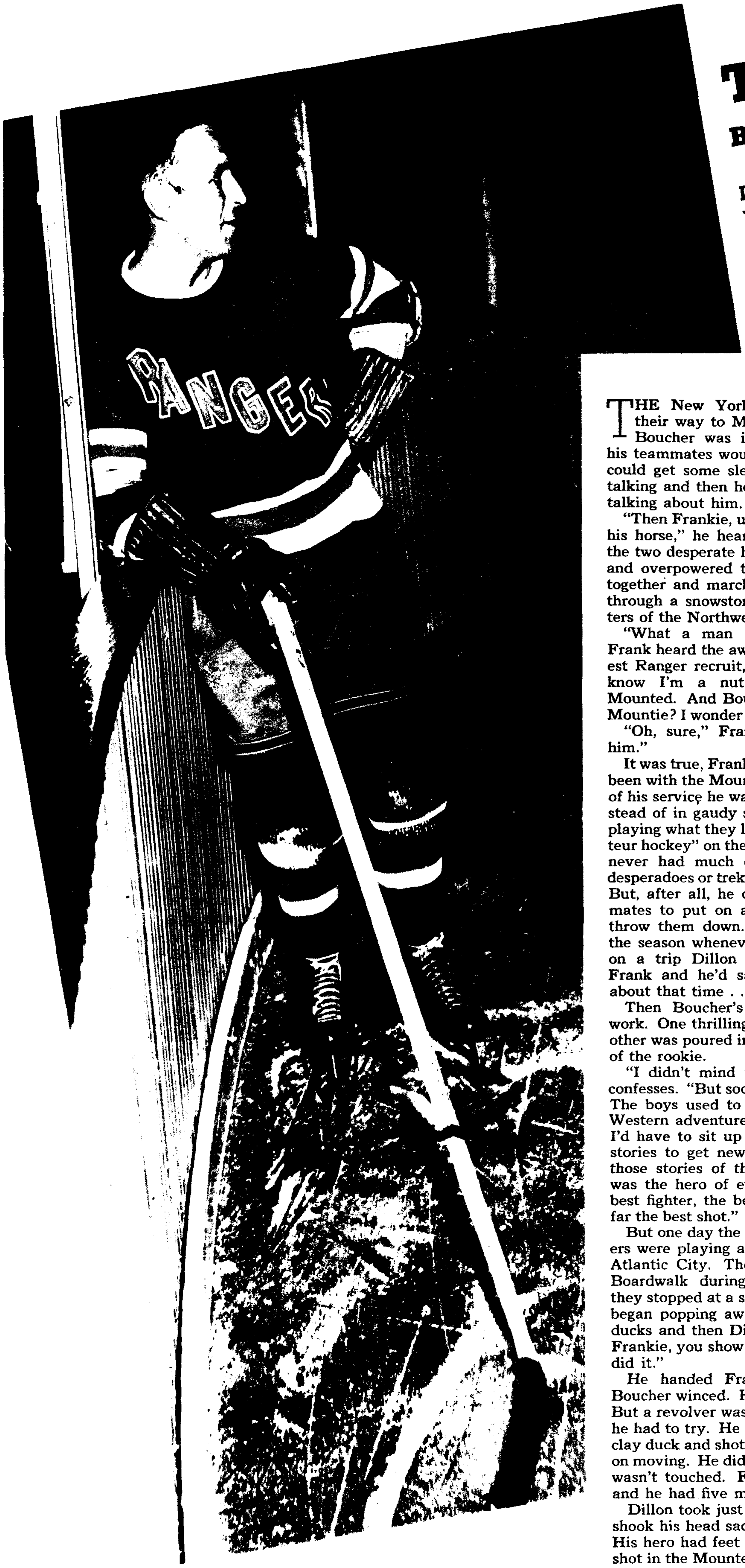
"I can't say the same of you, if you don't see this."

I LEFT him. He was going to see some silk dealers to learn what he could about Harrel. The evening papers said that Mrs. Harrel and the chauffeur had been arrested. The papers were careful to say that they were "being held for questioning" but it was generally known that one or both of them would be charged with the murder. I met O'Malley next day.

"You see, I had that case right," I exulted.

"Them cops think you did. It was murder, all right. I don't know no more about it than that. There wasn't no poison in any of them things on the lunch table. We can't find no place Mrs. Harrel or the chauffeur bought poison. This Harrel was a swell guy. He helped a lot of people. His friends wouldn't have nothing to do with his wife because they thought he hadn't ought to have married her. It was reported among 'em that Mrs. Harrel and the chauffeur was in

(Continued on page 47)



LAWRENCE MONAHAN

The Lone Ranger

By Quentin Reynolds

In the first game that the New York Rangers ever played they made hockey history by defeating the world champions. Here's the story of Frankie Boucher, who is the only survivor of those hardy pioneers

THE New York Rangers were on their way to Montreal and Frankie Boucher was in his bunk wishing his teammates would quiet down so he could get some sleep. He heard them talking and then he sat up. They were talking about him.

"Then Frankie, unarmed, leaped from his horse," he heard, "flung himself at the two desperate half-breed murderers and overpowered them. He tied them together and marched them fifty miles through a snowstorm to the headquarters of the Northwest Mounted Police."

"What a man Boucher must be!" Frank heard the awed tones of the newest Ranger recruit, Cecil Dillon. "You know I'm a nut on the Canadian Mounted. And Boucher actually was a Mountie? I wonder if he'd talk about it."

"Oh, sure," Frank heard, "just ask him."

It was true, Frankie Boucher once had been with the Mounties but during most of his service he was in plain clothes instead of in gaudy scarlet coat. He was playing what they laughingly call "amateur hockey" on the side too, so he really never had much chance to overcome desperadoes or trek through snowstorms. But, after all, he owed it to his teammates to put on a show. He couldn't throw them down. During the rest of the season whenever the Rangers went on a trip Dillon would sit down by Frank and he'd say, "Frank, tell me about that time . . ."

Then Boucher's mind would go to work. One thrilling adventure after another was poured into the receptive ears of the rookie.

"I didn't mind it at first," Boucher confesses. "But soon I ran out of stories. The boys used to buy magazines with Western adventure stories in them and I'd have to sit up nights reading these stories to get new plots. Dillon loved those stories of the Mounties. Sure I was the hero of every one. I was the best fighter, the best horseman and by far the best shot."

But one day the blow fell. The Rangers were playing an exhibition game in Atlantic City. They walked along the Boardwalk during the afternoon and they stopped at a shooting gallery. They began popping away at clay pipes and ducks and then Dillon said, "Come on, Frankie, you show us how the Mounties did it."

He handed Frank a revolver and Boucher winced. He could shoot a rifle. But a revolver was something else. But he had to try. He took careful aim at a clay duck and shot. The duck kept right on moving. He did it again and the duck wasn't touched. Five times he tried—and he had five misses.

Dillon took just one look at Boucher, shook his head sadly and walked away. His hero had feet of clay. The greatest shot in the Mounted couldn't hit an iron duck in a shooting gallery at twenty feet.

"I tried to tell Dillon," Boucher says sadly, "that I had told the man to load my gun with blanks just as a gag, but Dillon didn't believe me. Anyhow, after that I didn't have to stay up all night getting plots to use the next day."

Frankie Boucher is now in his twelfth season as a member of the New York Rangers. He came to the team when it was organized in 1926 and he is the lone Ranger left of that gallant crew which in eleven years won two Stanley Cups and was out of the play-offs (the world series of hockey) but once. Frank isn't playing as much this year as he did in other seasons, but for five minutes he's as good a hockey player as there is in the world. For eleven years hockey crowds at Madison Square Garden have been screaming, "Come on, Bushy," and for eleven years he's been coming on.

Lester Patrick, in 1926 as now, managed the Rangers and when he looked over the list of players they had signed up for him he winced. There were only five professional hockey players among them: Bill and Bun Cook, Reg Mackie, Oliver Rennika and Frankie Boucher. The rest were untried amateurs: Ching Johnson, Taffy Abel, Murray Murdoch, Paul Thompson, Billy Boyd and even the goalie Lorne Chabot had never played in a professional game. Lester Patrick rolled up his sleeves and went to work.

The Rangers Showed Them

"I'll never forget our first game," Boucher says now. "We had to face the world-champion Montreal Maroons, the toughest crew on ice: Bill Phillips, Red Dutton, Nels Stewart, Dunc Monroe, Punch Broadbent, and Babe Siebert.

The crowd had a "show me" attitude. The already established Americans were the "home" team as far as the crowd was concerned and the Rangers had to be good or they'd play to empty seats thereafter. The crowd didn't realize when it saw Bill Cook, Frankie Boucher and Bun Cook skate out to form the front line that it was seeing the beginning of hockey history. That front line was to become the greatest front line hockey had ever known. There was the sharp-shooting Bill Cook, who could smash the puck through an opening four inches wide; the crafty playmaker Boucher and the trickster Bun Cook. But that night they were three strangers to New York.

Bald Ching Johnson crouched there and no one knew that he was to become one of the greatest defense men of all time. Big Taffy Abel looked nonchalant as he faced the world champions but inside he was panicky. Lorne Chabot in the nets had never seen so many people in his life before.

During the first period the Maroons were a little contemptuous of these

(Continued on page 60)

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She was there in Balikpapan the night he joined our ship, for she followed him wherever he went

The Port of Pilgrims

Continued from page 20

"Aye; bound toward Jiddah, the port of pilgrims. But she never got there. And neither did Jubal Raglin. Maybe that's what's the matter with him. Everyone's hunting that place, Frank. Only you smart fellows on the navigating bridge won't find it in any pilot book. And if you can't, how can he? Your tickets are clean: you been lucky so far. And his is lousy red. Underwriters don't like red ink. How's he ever gonna find his way into the port of pilgrims with a ticket like that in his hand?"

Now, that was an odd thing for our chief to say. He was warmhearted, MacVicar was, and he'd been sailing the humid eastern seas too long. He wanted a sight of stony New England land, with the frost setting in. He was homesick for it, for his woman and his kids as he stared fixedly at the wandering light of a native prau moving out to sea with the Malays wailing at the ropes. But our second mate was a practical chap. He laughed scornfully at such poetic talk from an engineer.

"That's a Kanaka parson's nonsense, MacVicar, and you know it. You may get two chances to make your mark selling wheat or stocks on shore. But not in our game. Out here you're blessed lucky to get one try at the hero stuff."

MacVicar blinked, mopping his freckled face. "Being a hero, Frank, has got nothing to do with it at all. Being decent has."

"Sure! That's just it. That's the way to keep the red tattoo off the back of your license to sail. He had his chance for it—and he cleared out. You don't really mean you believe his cock-and-bull yarn? Pah! When the Asiatic burned, he was her chief officer and he had nine hundred Moslem passengers and the ship to look after. Instead of that he takes off in the first boat launched. Well, what does he expect now? Garlands of roses? He turned his tail, didn't he? He—"

"That's a lie!"

The fierceness of that interruption arrested us abruptly. It was a low cry of pain, and we turned to look at him, a tall gaunt shadow in the gloom of the Lombok's deck, with only the half of his angular face glowing in the yellow light flung from the cabin ports. He was swaying a little on his feet, as a man will recovering from a heavy blow. But his eyes were flaming. Jubal Raglin flung up his arm.

"That's a lie!" he said again in a whisper as harsh as a threat.

THEN his bony arm dropped again. In the stillness the seabreeze soughed through the Lombok's gear. You could hear the murmuring of our Malay boys taking the air on the fo'c'sle head, and the wash of water as the vessel stirred. MacVicar mumbled something about being sorry. But Frank the second stood his ground, saying nothing.

"Sorry?" Jubal Raglin smiled his twisted smile. "You needn't be. I say it's a lie, and that's good enough for me. I've got one thing left to do, and that's to find Captain Delashen, who had the Asiatic when she burned. And I will, too!" he shot out savagely. "Because he's the only one who can put it right."

"Oh, come now, Mr. Raglin," Frank put in gravely. "You—"

Fiddler Jube waved him aside. "Not for myself. So far as I'm concerned I'm all washed up. I'm not such a crazy fool as not to know it. But there's something bigger involved than me. You ought to know that. You're a second mate on the ladderway to the flying bridge of command. We've got to keep those steps clean, Mr. Mate. Fellahs at sea have been doing that for many years, and it won't do to forget it now. You can call it tradition, if you like, or anything you please. A man's ticket ought to be clean. Clean as a hound's tooth!" He laughed bitterly. "That's what I swore when I was a kid apprentice in the windbag ships, before I came out here in the pilgrim trade. *My* ticket was gonna be that way. You bet! Here's one place on earth, I thought, where a fellah can keep himself honest and clean. Out here at sea. You can't do that ashore unless you're willing to be damn poor. That's why I got to find my old skipper. He's the only one who can put it straight."

"For heaven's sake, man, what good can he do you now?"

"Good?" Jubal Raglin's voice cracked. "He can tell the truth!" He leaned eagerly toward us, burning. "I tell you when the Asiatic weathered Cape Hadd, Captain Delashen wasn't himself: he had too much Arab gin aboard. I didn't launch that boat when she sheeted herself in flame! I tell you it wasn't me! He went in it himself, with half a dozen men, and left her to burn. I raced to the wheelhouse from my watch below. I put the helm hard over myself and drove her for the land. But it was too late. She was made of wood, and she went like a tinder box. God, it was too late! . . . Most of them died."

IT WASN'T pleasant, listening to him tell that crazy tale again. It was known pretty well through all the eastern seas, though it happened years before. It isn't hard to imagine that ship, with her holds and her decks packed with Moslems making their *hadj* to Mecca. How the charcoal braziers must have glowed on deck in the black and sultry night, and how their chanting rose to heaven. It may well be one of those same braziers started the trick, and the gunpowder freight she carried did the rest. Captain Delashen showed up in an open boat at Aden a week or so after that, more dead than alive, and they shipped him home for the inquiry. The second mate reminded Fiddler Jube of that.

"It seems to me," he said dryly, "that Captain Delashen's testimony claimed his two junior mates died trying to stem the panic, and that you cleared out without orders in the first boat you could get down the skids. That would mean you—"

"But it's a lie, I tell you! Those fellahs he had in his boat weren't sailors. What did they know? Not another officer ever showed up alive. That's why Delashen, when he realized what he'd done, took the easy road. But it

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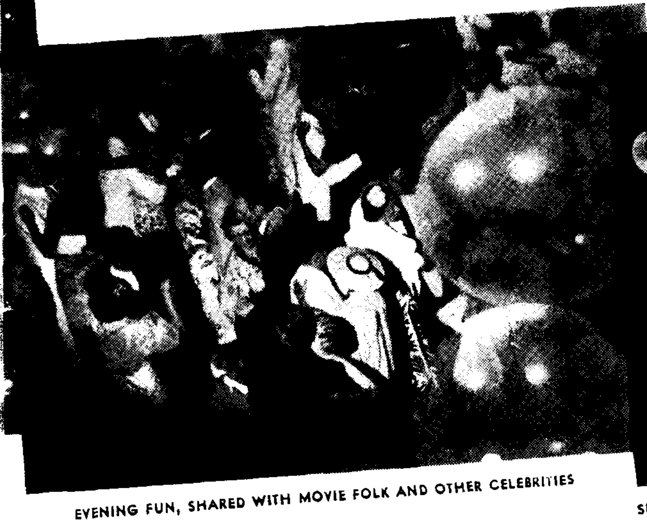

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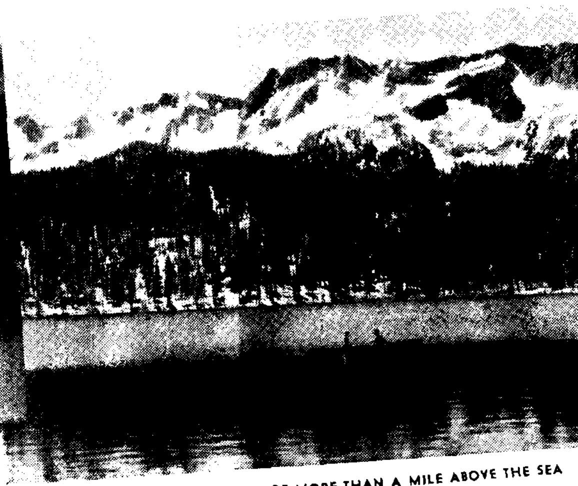

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(*From a letter by* Mr. E. L. M., Dayton, Ohio)

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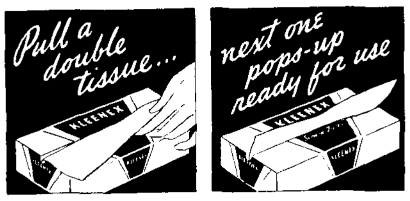

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(**Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office*)

isn't true! That's what I'm telling you. That's what I told them, too, when I got there. You remember that? Surely you read that, too, in the Singapore Gazette?"

"Sure." Frank grinned. "You showed up more than a year later with your wild yarn. Where the devil were you?"

"Where was I?" Jubal Raglin's face went gray. He slowly raised both his arms, drawing back the sleeves of his drill jacket to bare to us his wrists, scarred by deep white welts, like bracelets. "That's where I was. I was pulling a twelve-foot sweep in a Red Sea slaving dhow." There was horror in his eyes, and no mistake. "That's what I woke up to when I washed ashore hanging to a blackened spar. It was a little *inquiry of their own they had.* That's why I missed the official one. When I did get there, they laughed at me. Just like you're laughing now! They told me to shovel myself off. A little bit cracked, they grinned, with the heat. A very fancy yarn! But they were good to me," he went on acidly. "They let my ticket run after a suspension, instead of canceling it out clean. So I could get along, they said." He drew himself fiercely erect. "Good enough. I'm getting along. And I'll *sail* these waters as second mate, third mate, or mess boy, by God! One day I'll find him. And when I do he'll tell the truth!"

HE SPUN violently on his heel and shot away into outer gloom. And we said nothing, remembering the look of his agony. Till the chief slowly shook his head. "Poor devil," he said. "He almost believes it himself."

"What a yarn!" the second mate agreed. "Why don't he clear out somewhere, away from his misery. Ships are no good to him. His Minna ought to help. But him. . . !"

Then we heard a violin scraping from behind a bulkhead, and we knew Fiddler Jube was tuning up again.

We heard it often after that. Imagine! After almost fifteen years, still crying his purity out in the night. If he'd let it alone, it would have been forgotten years before. But that wouldn't do for Jubal Raglin. And he was so confounded impersonal about it! He wasn't proving innocence for himself. He spoke of *us.* A ship's officer, he said to me once, relieving the bridge, ought to be like Caesar's wife: above suspicion in a professional way. That's exactly what he told me. So he joined vessel after vessel in the Eastern trades, searching each sunrise, certain that sooner or later it would reveal to him the man he *sought. Till he came to us in the* Lombok, and we met him face to face and heard his fantastic tale.

We went about our business after that first night, hunting up our cargoes of copra, gums, rattans, and bird-of-paradise skins. Jubal Raglin hunted, too. He understood many of the dialects and he harangued the brown-skinned men wherever we went. But even the Malays shook their heads at his wild talk, pointing him out to one another and laughing when his back was turned.

We made a voyage to Singapore and along the eastern shore. Then we coasted Celebes next trip and turned round at Sangi Island with a bellyful of gutta-percha, sago, and coconut oil. I had the bridge when the Lombok washed the silk-smooth water from her eyes and sailed out to meet the sunset in the Sea of Celebes. Night closed in swiftly, the southern constellations throwing pinpoints of light on dark water. Eight bells took me by surprise, the weather was so fine; and there was Jubal Raglin, with his cigarette in the corner of his mouth, murmuring in my ear.

"It was a night like this," he said. "A night almost exactly like this."

And in the morning watch, when I had the bridge again, in that half hour of greatest darkness before the sea reveals itself, I saw that flame go shivering along the horizon's edge.

It jarred me erect. Small wonder. The entire universe soon focused on that one spot of all the earth where flames were shooting heavenward. I rang up the Old Man at once and we watched it together, while the Lombok swung to meet it, flinging out a fine shower of sparks from her funnel lip. We bore down swiftly, raising a wooden island schooner one mass of leaping, licking fire. The Old Man, night glasses to his eyes, flung up his arm.

"Look at them!" he cried, aghast. "Her boats are in the middle of it! They'll never launch. Rouse the second. *Get a boat's crew along!*"

He was right. There wasn't much time to waste. We could see dark shapes darting on the broadening rim of that inferno. We knew they hadn't a chance.

All our crowd poured on deck, lining the rails. I heard my boat's crew wailing at the falls, and I turned to run along the deck for the launching. But I heard Jubal Raglin's cry, and I looked at him where he had come up on the bridge.

"My God! Like that! It was . . . just like that!"

He stood transfixed, with his lips parted and his eyes strained wide. The sweat broke out in beads over all his face. He was back fifteen years in time. He was living it over, every cruel dreadful instant. He was quite useless to us. The Old Man rang the telegraph himself. Jubal Raglin just stood there, staring. Maybe he'd let up after this, I thought grimly, about his crazy yarn. Maybe this would burn him dry and he'd leave us in peace. That's what I thought as my small boat took the water and the patent blocks tripped.

We pulled in as close as we dared. There were men in the water swimming toward us. We took them aboard, filling our thwarts and bottom boards. I looked for an officer and found him: most of his gray hair was singed off, his face blackened and his arms scarred by fire. He just sat there, exhausted.

"Have we got them all?" I shook him violently. "Come now! Let's hear."

He roused himself, looking his crowd over. Then he nodded. "All but the skipper. No use to wait. He won't come away."

I LOOKED back. Sure enough, a heavy man's black silhouette, solitary and upright, stood on that poop with a pillar of fire splitting the heavens above him. Charred spars began to fall from that *ship. We were in a dangerous place.*

"Jump, you idiot!" I screamed at him. "Jump!"

"He won't come away, I tell you." The schooner's mate, in the stern sheets with me, answered for the master. "Captain Delashen says he did it once, and now he's got a second chance he don't intend to do it again. He—"

"Who'd you say?" I fairly shrieked.

"Delashen's his name. He—"

I spun around. The Lombok was close aboard, our Old Man bellowing through his speaking trumpet. I saw Jubal Raglin on the bridge, too, motionless and dark against the dawn.

"Her skipper won't come away!" I shouted up.

"Well, blast it all—"

"It's Captain Delashen has her!"

Jubal Raglin's head jerked up. He uttered a shrill cry that was no intelligible sound. And the next thing we saw was his body flinging through the upper air. He struck the water in a knife-clean dive, starting off at once in a powerful crawl. We had one fleeting glimpse of his set face buried in foam, and then the boiling wake he left behind. But he made it, all right. He came alongside that blistering hull and hauled himself aboard by the after channels. We saw him stagger aft through exploding fire, waving his arms. Those two seemed arguing, like two insane men quarreling in a circle of flame. Then we saw Raglin's fist move. He dragged something heavy to the rail and heaved it over, following at once. And we picked them both up and pulled away.

Delashen was unconscious. Jubal was in a bad way himself with a bloody wound across his chest from falling wreckage. But he didn't even know about that. His eyes were ablaze, and he tended that schooner master as a woman would her injured child.

BACK on board the Lombok we did what we could for all of them. Jubal Raglin himself carried the master into the cabin under the bridge and stood over him, panting and swaying on his feet, looking more than ever a scarecrow in the dripping, half-burned remnants of his clothes.

"It's him!" he breathed exultantly. "It's him. He was running a trading post in the Solomons all this time. What a fool I've been! That's why I never found him before. You fellahs—"

MacVicar, our chief, was in there, too, and he touched Raglin's elbow lightly. "Come along now, Jube," he murmured. "Can't you let a man die in peace?"

Jubal Raglin spun on us. "Clear out!" he screamed. "I brought him here myself. Through hell-fire. I've got a right to be alone with him!"

So MacVicar and I went on deck, troubled. We were just in time to see the last of Delashen's schooner, settling slowly, a charred mass of wreckage against the eastern blaze of sunrise, soiling the Celebes Sea with flotsam. And the next thing we knew Jubal Raglin came out with a wild look in his eyes. He was laughing hysterically, waving a soiled sheet of paper high above his head. Till suddenly he stopped short in front of us in a stony calm.

"I've cleaned it out at last," he whispered tightly in a voice, once having heard it, you could never forget. "A sailor's ticket," he informed us with that dull and awful quiet, "ought to be clean. Clean as a hound's tooth! And that's the way it is now."

He seemed about to hand that paper of his across for our inspection. But before he could, all of an instant, he collapsed on the deck at our feet. And we picked him up between us in silence and carried him to his room while the Lombok turned south and west again for the Strait of Makassar and the Balikpapan Light.

We went up to see him at the Dutch hospital there, MacVicar and I. We found his Minna sitting beside his bed, his bony fingers in her slim white hand. Well, we should have known she'd be there to look at us in silence out of her profound black eyes. But it was a long time before Jubal Raglin came out of his sleep and saw us. He smiled. I have never seen so serene a smile on the face of any man.

"You see," he said quietly, speaking with difficulty through the layers of bandage, "Fiddler Jube didn't lie, after all. You saw what he wrote and signed? You saw? It was he who launched that boat when the Asiatic burned; not me. He lied at the inquiry. Because he thought I was dead, along with all the others. . . . Show them the paper, Minna, my dear."

She took it from her bodice and held it out. But MacVicar shook his head. "We saw it, Mr. Raglin," he said.

"Ah," Jube breathed.

"Captain Delashen died last night," our chief informed him. "You take that paper home to the inspectors, Jube. They'll give you a public apology and put you in the clear."

He just looked at us, that was all. "Dead?" he whispered at last. Then: "Give me the paper, Minna."

He took it. His hands were trembling, but before we knew what he was about, slowly and deliberately he tore it once across.

"Stop that!" MacVicar cried.

But he didn't stop. He only smiled. And he went on tearing to bits the only testimony to his integrity left on earth. We watched him, aghast, till he calmly brushed the pieces to the floor and wearily leaned back.

"You fool!" I exploded. "You—"

"You see," he interrupted serenely, "you still don't understand. You think I went through hell to be a newsprint hero. But I didn't. I don't count. I told you that once before, Mr. Mate. It wasn't me, personally, he besmirched with his life, but *us*. All of us in the craft. Even himself. And I just couldn't have that. He had to admit the truth to wipe it clean. Because seafaring is more than a peanut-selling trade, and the place of command has got to be kept white. Delashen is dead, you say. Well, before he died he had his second chance. And he made it good. It ought to be kept that way. . . . I'm very tired now."

He seemed asleep once more, with his skinny wrists above the coverlet so that the deep white welts of those scars no one ever believed in were very plain to see. In the silence a lizard, scuttling through a crack in the wall, sounded extremely loud. I looked at MacVicar and we turned to go. Minna held the door open for us. And before we left she spoke the only words I have ever heard from her lips.

"I never believed him myself," she confessed with slow and husky simplicity. "Never. But I loved him. One way and another I'll make it up."

She went back at once and took his hand. I saw his lips twitch and heard him murmur something just before we left—the last sound of his voice we ever had. "*Mens sibi conscia recti.*" It sounded something like that. It startled MacVicar, whatever it meant, for his big head shot back on his shoulder just before we walked out into the brilliant light.

"WHAT a fool," I couldn't help but reflect aloud as we walked down to the Punchar Wharves in the stifling heat. "What's he get out of all those bitter years, tearing up that . . ." I stopped, wondering suddenly if his crazy words had any bearing on this thing. "What the blazes did he say, MacVicar? Your father was a preacher man. You ought to understand that Latin stuff. What was it he said? You know?"

MacVicar smiled a most singular smile. "'A mind conscious of its own rectitude,'" he translated for me. "Maybe that's what he gets out of it. No doubt for him it's enough."

And that's the way it was. No one along the foreshores of Malaysia ever saw Fiddler Jube again after that, or ever again heard the thin scraping of his violin. But wherever he is I am sure his Minna is with him, certain of his rectitude now as well as of his love. I am sure, too, that his smile is no longer twisted and that he walks upright among his kind at last. For MacVicar was right, after all. He understands odd things like that. Jubal Raglin was bound toward Jiddah in the shining days of his youth when the Asiatic burned; and he lost his way. Jiddah is the port of pilgrims, and we are all of us hunting a place like that. Its channel isn't marked in any pilot book, and most of us go astray. But he found it in the end, Jubal Raglin did. I think somehow he is much to be envied for it and greatly to be admired. For the rest of us would be glad to do as much.

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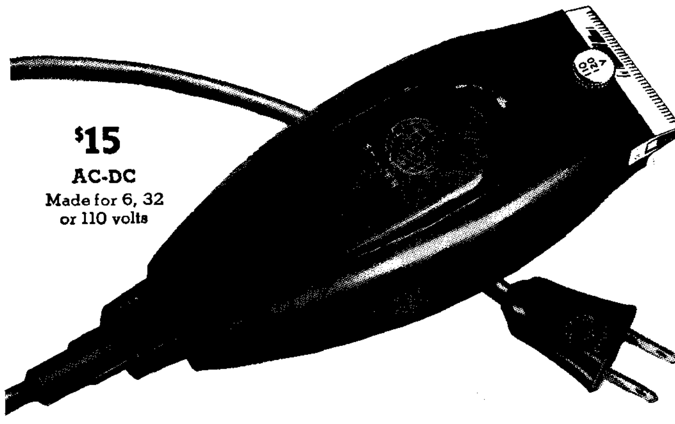

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A little goes a longer way

East of Broadway

Continued from page 17

friendship. She read behind their light manner a desperate concern for her welfare. Quietly and simply she told them what had occurred at Vernon Gregg's apartment the previous night, and when she finished Honey whistled.

"I believe you," she said, "Tiny believes you. But try to make the cops swallow it."

Linda said impulsively, "But that's going to be fixed."

"Fixed!" Honey sat down suddenly and hard.

"I haven't heard anything so cute since Mamma told me about the stork. And I wouldn't even ask what you're going to use for money when you start this fixing business."

Eddie said, "I've got money."

"Save it, Eddie. Some day you'll need a ham sandwich."

"I mean heavy dough. Sit down, Honey. Now listen . . ."

Even Tiny shed his chronic lethargy during Eddie's brief recital. He gave facts and dates and details. "And," he finished, "it's a cinch now. I go back to Mill City and identify myself as Oscar Blunt. That'll be easy. Then I arrange to take over actual possession of the stock, and I convert as much of it as I need into cash . . . and there you are."

Honey was popeyed. She gasped, "Fan me with a flatiron! I been kidding millionaires and didn't know it. Am I democratic! Or are *you* crazy?"

"That's on the level."

"Who says so?"

"Andrew North."

Honey exhaled violently. She said, "I knew there was something dark-complected in the woodpile. I knew it!" She shook her head sadly. "And I suppose he's the gent who's going to fix the New York police department for you, eh?"

"Yes. Sure."

"Would you like to know what I think?"

"Don't!" begged Tiny. "Remember, you're a lady."

"I'm gonna shoot off my mouth anyway. I'm gonna exude language in a large way. I think . . . I think . . . doggone it, Eddie! Why don't you go out and buy Linda some nice new prison clothes right away and save yourselves a lot of waiting."

"Now, Honey . . ."

"I KNOW what you're gonna say. But it don't hold. Don't you realize that North *can't* fix things? Don't you realize that the guy is putrid clear through? Grab yourself a hunk of common sense, *boy. You need it—and how!*"

"He was mighty nice . . ."

"Nerts! Out of seven million people in this city, you gotta pick Andrew North to help you. Holy smoke . . . why, *anybody* else would have been better. Me, or Butterball over yonder, or your new boy friend, Linda . . . that van Dorn lad. He's a good egg and even if he is veddy, veddy social . . . he could do things, maybe. If anybody could. Or tell Danny all about it. He's a cop, but he's fond of you, and he knows what makes the wheels go round. Oh, don't get scared, I'm not going to tell Danny a thing, but *you* might. I'd say trust anybody except Andrew North . . . and pardon me if I become slightly peeved."

Tiny struggled to his feet. "This answers the whole North question."

"Smart boy. Continue, please."

"Well, it never seemed right to me that he was wastin' time on Eddie. It wasn't in the cards that way. Now look, Eddie—you say North told you all this. And that he had the dope straight . . . the part that you know is true anyway. So if he was such a swell friend of yours, why the hell didn't he tell you about this dough long ago? Why did he let you go on hoofing for nickels when you were due to be riding around with liveried chauffeurs?

"He's been watching for the breaks—that's what he's been doing. Now he's got what he wanted. And you played right into his hands. You told all—plus. So he's safe. You play ball his way or he tells the cops. That's why he waits until now to bring you the gladsome tidings. Oh, for heaven's sake, Eddie, haven't you got one single, solitary brain?"

Eddie sat motionless. He was thinking fast. He said, "I'm sorry, Linda."

"Sorry? For what?"

"For making this bum play. Tiny sounds right . . . and I've messed things up. I'm the world's prize dummy."

Linda was at his side in an instant. She put her arms about him, and pillowed his head against her firm young breasts. "Don't, darling . . . please don't . . ."

Honey said, "Do my eyes deceive me! Or is it love?"

Linda didn't even hear. She was saying, "You mustn't take it that way, sweetheart. Oh, Eddie . . ."

"You two kids act like you were married," Honey murmured.

Eddie said quietly, "We are."

"Yup," interjected Tiny Martin. "In name only."

"I give up." Honey shook her head incredulously. Then she swung on Tiny. "You knew something and never told me?"

"I was best man," explained Tiny. "Five months ago."

"That's why I didn't seem more miserable this morning, Honey. I was scared . . . but I was happy, too. About Eddie . . . and me . . ."

"Emotions chasing each other around the room." Honey made a gesture of defeat. "I feel that I'm about to become nonplussed."

"Go ahead," advised Tiny. "I wanna watch."

Honey said, "Congratulations—and condolences. Because, my little lovebirds—this setup don't help a damned bit. Secret marriage. Gal has date in man's apartment. Husband jealous. Gregg killed. Gal's story sounds goofy." She pleaded with them. "Please, you kids—listen to reason, won't you? This North is a snake who don't even bother looking for grass to be in. He's after that hunk of dough and he's always been after it."

"We don't care about the money . . . now."

"Maybe not. But North does. And that means bad health for you."

"But you don't know fo' *shuah,* Honey. Maybe he's really our friend."

"Do you think so—really—Linda?"

"I don't know."

"WHY not try him out? What've you got to lose?"

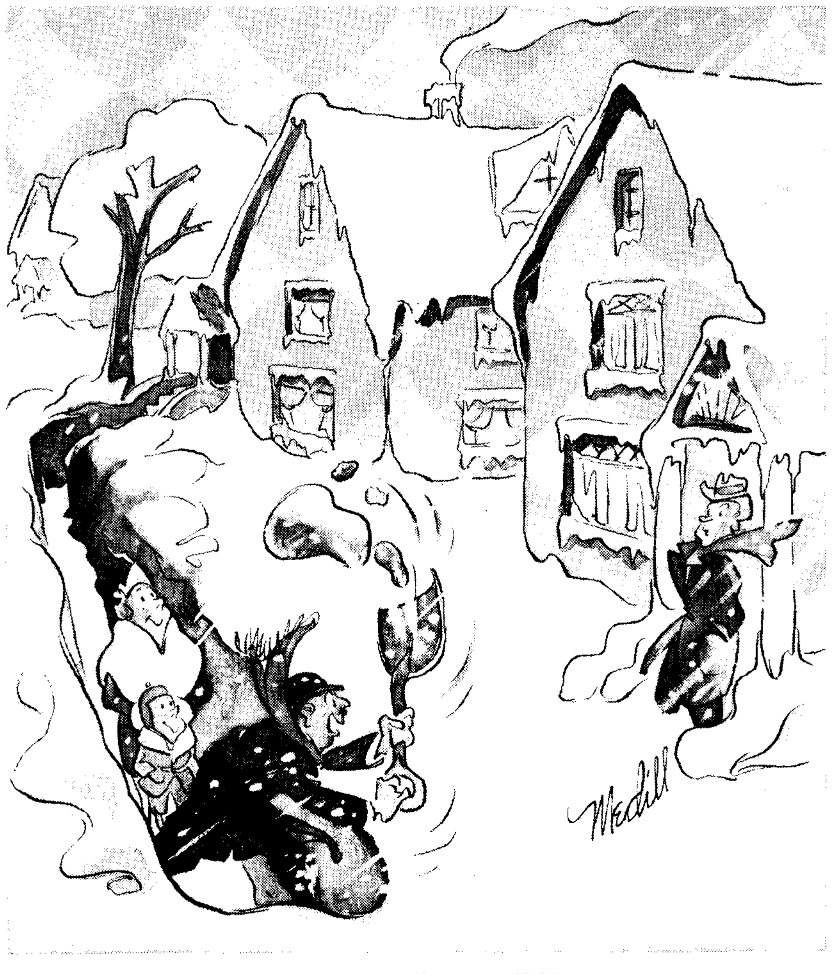
"Try him?" asked Eddie. "How?"

"It's a cinch," said Honey. "If I'm right, all North wants is the jack. He don't give *a hang* for what *happens to* either of you, and the sooner the better. Right now he's got the world by the tail on a downhill pull. So he's genial and friendly and sweet."

She drew a long breath and went on. "Now what's to lose by finding out? Suppose you fetch him right back here and tell him it's no soap. Tell him you've been thinking it over, and you've decided to play it out yourself. In other words, make it good and clear to him that he ain't gonna get his paws on one thin dime of your money."

"What will he do then?"

"That's for you to find out. It's my



"We're out for a walk!"

MEDILL

hunch that he'll do a handstand so that you can get a good long look at the well-known cloven hoof. I believe you'll promptly see Mr. North in what are popularly referred to as his true colors."

Eddie had been walking up and down the room. "And if he doesn't act that way—then maybe we can trust him."

"Maybe. There'd at least be a little excuse for it. All I'm asking you to do is to try."

"But," said Linda, "if he *is* that kind of a man, really—and if he gets angry . . . he can tell the police all that we told him."

Honey nodded. "That's true. But listen, youse folks—I'm telling you straight that I'd rather have North as an enemy than as a friend. Play my hunch, won't you, Eddie? Please."

Eddie's expression was grim. He said, "Okay, Honey. I hope you're wrong . . . because if you aren't . . ."

He walked to the telephone, lifted the receiver and spun the dial. They heard him say, "Mr. North? . . . Yes, Eddie Lawson . . . I'd like to see you right away . . . Here . . . at Linda's . . ."

He rose and faced them. "You and Tiny get out, Honey. North is coming right over. I think it would be better if Linda and I saw him alone."

THEY stood at the window, looking down at the Park, awaiting the arrival of Andrew North. Eddie's arm was around Linda's waist, and once he bent impulsively and kissed the top of her head, which came just to the broad line of his shoulder. She pressed against him, ever so little, and said, "It don't hahdly seem possible, Eddie—that folks could be so scared an' so happy all at the same time."

"It almost seems worth it." He smiled shyly—"I'm so much in love with you that I'm embarrassed."

"Now Eddie—you know good and well there's no need to be *that* silly."

He was silent for a moment, and then: "I sure got you into a mess, didn't I?"

"Is that nice?"

"I'm not awful proud of me. And one of the most things I'm unproudest of is this Andrew North business."

"What do you mean, dear?" There was a nuance of fright in her tone. "You reckon Tiny an' Honey have been right all the time?"

"I never believed it before . . . but I never was awful smart about folks. I'm too doggone friendly. And don't forget that Danny is keen: He's been saying all along there was something behind it."

"I reckon even Danny could be wrong, couldn't he?"

"Yeh—he could. But he wasn't just talking, Linda. He likes you plenty—the way you kid him along . . . and he's been worried." Eddie shrugged. "Sounds like the elevator. Maybe we're going to learn things."

She faced him and raised her eyes and lips in frank invitation. He held her close and said, "Maybe North is okay, sweetheart. Let's hope, anyway."

Andrew North exuded confidence. He doffed his topcoat and gloves, and sat on the couch, where he rubbed the fleshy pink palms of his hands together and said, "Well . . . ?"

Eddie found the conversation rather difficult to begin. He hesitated for a moment and then said, almost apologetically—"Listen, Mr. North—I've been thinking—"

"Thinking what?"

"I—well, I've been trying to dope out just what it is you propose to do for us."

North shrugged. "What difference does it make? You wouldn't understand. And you wouldn't like it."

"But don't you think you ought to tell us?"

"No, I don't."

"Are you planning to bribe someone?"

"That's as good a name as any."

"But gee! You couldn't bribe *everybody*. There's the entire police force, and the district attorney's office, and—"

"What's it to you? I said I could do things, and I can."

"Sure. But it's all so vague."

North's tone was none too cordial. He said, "I don't usually explain how I work, or how I'd get you the alibis you both need. I either handle it for you or I don't, but if I do—I run things my own way."

"It still seems—"

"Listen, Eddie—a hundred thousand dollars is plenty impressive, and the sooner you get your hands on it and turn it over to me, the happier you'll be."

Eddie walked up and down the room. Linda, watching him closely, was surprised. He definitely had aged in the past twenty-four hours. Much of the boyishness had fled, and in its place had come a grimness and a new maturity. He paused in front of North and said evenly, "I want to ask you a straight question, Mr. North."

"Go ahead."

"Why didn't you tell me long ago about my having all this money?"

North's smile was arctic. "It's my habit to mind my own business, that's why."

"But you've told me now."

"Because you're in a jam. Do you see the difference?"

"No," said Eddie doggedly, "I don't. You knew I was rich and didn't know it. You knew I probably never would. And you knew how badly I needed money. Yet you didn't say a word. I just don't get it—that's all."

"That's not important now."

"I think it is."

North's eyes were half closed and his voice was a shade more brittle as he asked, "I don't see what all the shouting's about. Do you want me to help you—or not?"

Eddie said quietly, "I'm afraid not."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning that Linda and I have decided to take our chances. We believe you're willing to help, but we don't believe you really can."

"Don't be a damned fool."

"That's just what I'm trying *not* to be. We're going to mark time and see what happens."

"I'm telling you—"

"It doesn't matter what you tell me, Mr. North. I'll give you credit for being sincere. But I'm not turning a cent of that money over to you or anyone else."

North's expression did not change. His voice was flat and cold. He said, "Yes, you are."

LINDA flashed a startled glance at Eddie. She saw that he fully had grasped the portent of North's declaration. She heard him say, "Maybe I didn't hear that straight, Mr. North."

"You heard it straight, all right."

"Go ahead. What's the rest?"

Andrew North dropped all pretense of cordiality. His tone was deadly soft. He said, "You're going to turn a hundred thousand dollars over to me just as quick as you can get hold of it."

"So-o-o . . . And if I don't?"

North leaned forward: "You're asking for it, Eddie."

"All right, I'm asking for it. So what?"

"I get that dough from you or I tell the police exactly what I know. Does that make everything clear?"

Eddie was as cool as he, and as bitter. He said, "It's blackmail, isn't it?"

"I don't give a damn what you call it."

"And you never were really going to help, were you?"

"That's where you're wrong. I really prefer to keep you and Linda out of prison."

"You mean, so long as our money holds out."

"Sure. You're beginning to grow up.

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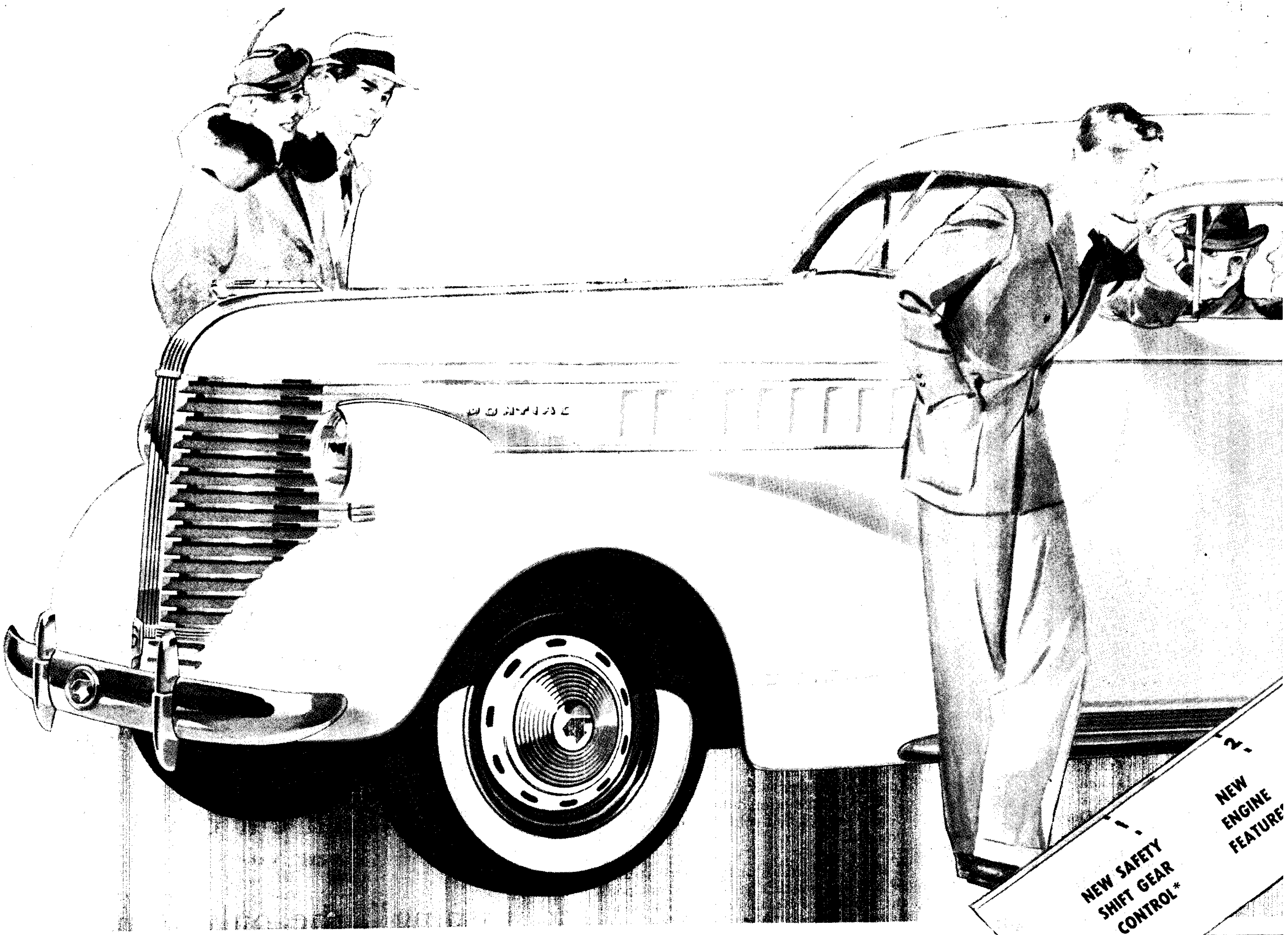

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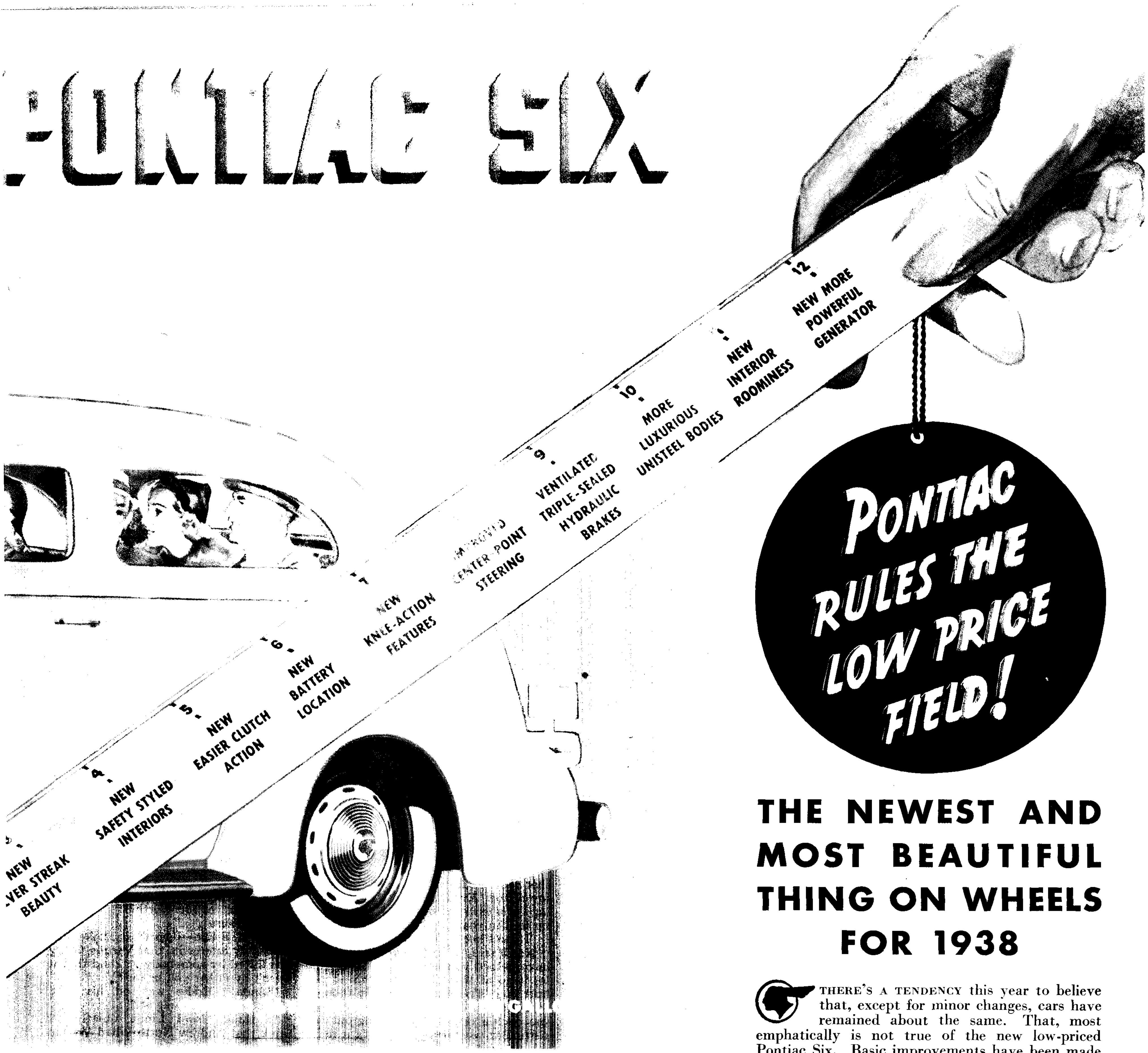
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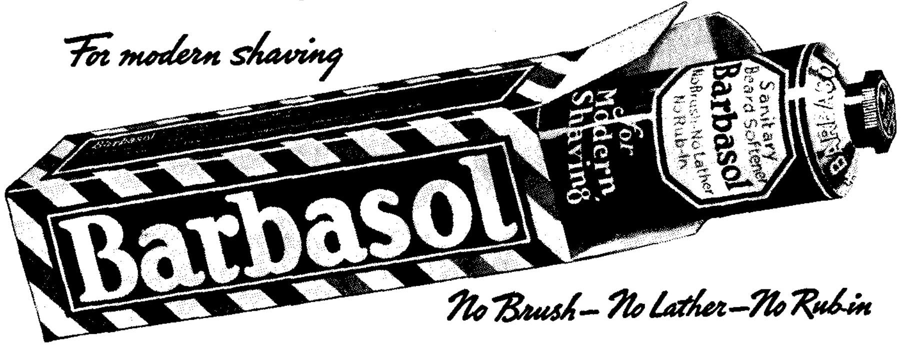

No Brush—No Lather—No Rub-in

And the point remains that the cops would be plenty interested in what I know."

The back of Linda's hand was pressing tight against her lips. She gasped, "You wouldn't!"

"Don't make me laugh, Linda. Of course I would. I'm putting the bite on Eddie for one hundred grand. That's frank enough, isn't it? And I've got enough on the pair of you to make you do what I say, when I say it."

"But you know we had nothing to do with Vern's death."

"The police aren't interested in what *I* know. It's what they believe that's going to count. Imagine what they'd think if they got an anonymous telephone call telling them that you two are sweethearts, that Vern and Eddie have been enemies for years, that they had a fight the night before Vern was killed, and that you were the girl in Gregg's apartment that evening? You may be a bit simple, Linda—but you're smart enough to figure that one out."

Eddie asked, "Would it do a particle of good, North, to tell you what a supreme louse you are?"

"I'm afraid not. I know already." North's smile vanished. He said sharply, "What about it? I'm fed up with wasting time on a couple of saps."

Eddie clenched his fists. North said, "Easy there. I'm not Vernon Gregg, you know."

LINDA had risen. She moved between them, and she, too, had changed. There was little of rustic simplicity left to her at this moment. Eddie heard her voice, sharp and incisive: "Eddie and I are in trouble, Mistuh North—that's true. But I don't reckon you're so ve'y happy yourself."

"No?" North was calm. "Why?"

"Well, what you want most is Eddie's money, and you're not goin' to get it."

"Yes, I will."

"No. Oh, I know that if he had it right heah, you might pull a gun an' *take it from him. But that isn't the way* things are—an' no matter what happens to us there'll be some satisfaction in rememberin' that you didn't get what you were after."

"Be yourself!" North was disgusted. "Now listen to me, sister. Use some of that same logic to figure how you'd enjoy prison. Even the pleasure of knowing I was still flat broke wouldn't make up for ten years in jail, would it?"

"I don't know. I don't—sho' 'nough."

North said, "You're figuring I couldn't have helped you anyway. Okay. We'll let it go at that. But grab this—I *can hurt you.* You and Eddie only thought straight up to a certain point. Gregg was such a chaser that picking out one particular woman in his life is a hefty job . . . and we all get a break that the elevator boy didn't recognize you. You might even get away with it if the cops questioned you in a general checkup. But suppose—just *suppose*—that they were notified that you were the gal they're hunting."

Eddie said harshly, "He's got us hog-tied, Linda. It's blackmail and it's rotten. But that's the way things are. The money doesn't matter. I'm in favor of slipping him the hundred thousand just to keep his mouth shut."

"Waking up, aren't you?" There was a sneer in North's voice. "You're making only one mistake. I'll take *two* hundred thousand and forget the whole thing."

Linda said, "You won't give him a cent, Eddie. You can't trust him."

"Oh, yes, you could," said North, "because if I've got the dough, I don't give a damn what happens to you." Andrew North rose and donned his topcoat. He said, "I think that when you talk things over, Linda, you'll see that Eddie's slant is the sensible one. You'd hardly look charming in prison clothes. And that brilliant career of yours . . ."

Eddie said, "Get the hell out of here."

"Certainly, Eddie. And I won't come back unless you send for me." North appeared to be doing some deep thinking. He said, "I won't do anything for twenty-four hours. If by that time I haven't heard from you, I'll pass my dope along to the police. And I assure you I am not bluffing."

The door closed behind him. Eddie dropped into a chair and Linda stood beside him, cradling his head in her arm.

"I'm a swell manager," said Eddie. "Just look at the mess I've managed to get you into."

"There's bound to be a way out, dear."

"It doesn't seem to matter whether or not you're innocent. The question is: Could you be convicted? And you could. So could I."

"Ssssh!"

"If it wouldn't involve you . . ."

"You think I'd let you do *that,* Eddie?"

"Why not let him have the money? It's our only chance."

"You think so?" Linda was splendidly calm.

"What else *can* we do? We're caught, and we might as well admit it."

"I'm not admitting it yet, dear."

"Gee, you've got courage, Linda! But it can't get us anywhere. This is something a heap bigger than we are. It's so *big it* scares me."

"You aren't half as scared as I am, Eddie. Maybe because everything could be so right if it wasn't so wrong. Maybe because I know that giving North the money wouldn't solve anything."

"The money!" Eddie's laugh was bitter. "Here I've been grubbing around two-bit night spots trying to raise board money for Mother Hubbard . . . and I've been rich all the time. And now when I find out about it—it doesn't mean a thing. Oh, Linda—darling . . ."

She was on his lap, then, and her arms were around his neck. For a few minutes *they sat there—desperately trying to* shut out the tragedy that had closed in on them. It was Linda who ended the embrace, Linda who rose and looked down again at the distraught Eddie.

She said, "I've been thinking."

"I have, too. In circles."

"Have you ever considered," she asked, "how perfectly everything has worked out for Mr. North?"

"Well, sure . . ."

"Look, Eddie—doesn't it strike you as mighty interestin' that Vernon Gregg was killed by somebody . . . and that it wasn't by either you or me?"

"Linda!" Eddie was on his feet. "What are you driving at?"

"I think," said Linda quietly, "I think that Andrew North killed Vernon Gregg."

Eddie exhaled audibly. He whispered, "I believe you're right . . . Oh, darling! if we could only *prove* it."

"We must," said Linda quietly. "That's the job we've got to do. Right away."

THE dinner show was considerable of an ordeal for Linda. The spectators, rendered responsive by good food, a smooth dance team and two suave comedians, responded nobly and remarked on Linda's charm and freshness. And so did Jay van Dorn when Linda joined him while the table-tennis exhibition was delighting the patrons. Jay said, "I don't see how you do it, Linda."

"How I do what?"

"Remain so *delightfully* unspoiled. New York hasn't rubbed off one particle of your charm. I suppose that means it's a lot more than skin deep."

Linda smiled at Jay. He didn't know that she was grateful for his serenity, for his normalcy, for his lack of knowledge of the things that had been pounding on her so fast and so distressingly. It was pleasant to converse casually with one so obviously a gentleman, with a man whose world had not been shoved from its orbit, with a person who so unmistakably and unselfishly liked her.

And then he said, "That was rotten about Vernon Gregg, wasn't it?"

She looked up, startled. She wondered . . . then she nodded and said, "It upset me pretty badly."

"It would. It got under my skin, although, frankly, I never liked the fellow." He leaned forward solicitously. "What's the matter, Linda?"

"Nothing. I'd rather not talk about it, that's all."

"Of course not." He smiled. "We'll talk about you and me."

"What about us?"

"That's for you to know and me to find out. But as a starter—what are you doing this Sunday? No show here."

She said, with perfect honesty, "I don't know."

"HOW'S for a convention: You and me and the open spaces?"

"It sounds wonderful. But I can't say definitely just yet."

"When you do decide, I hope it's 'Yes.' I like you."

"I like you, Jay."

"Finish strong," he urged. "Say 'Sho' 'nough.' "

"Sho' 'nough."

"That's better. Now about Sunday again—"

One of the captains came to the table, nodded to van Dorn, and said, "Excuse me, Miss Waring. There's a gentleman to see you."

"To see me?"

"Yes'm. He's waiting at the door of your dressing room."

Linda hoped that Jay van Dorn would not notice how this simple message upset her. She rose, excused herself, promised to return in a few minutes, and followed the captain. As they moved toward the doorway leading to the dressing-room corridor, she asked, "Is it Mr. Lawson?"

"No'm. He said his name was Reardon."

Linda bit her lips. Danny! Why had *he* come? Surely Honey hadn't broken her word. She dismissed the thought. Then she was frightened. Danny was a detective. She remembered unhappily that he was a member of the homicide squad. Until now that had been a mere name to her. Now it had a sinister significance.

Danny smiled at her, but there was no warmth in it. He said, "Howdy, Linda."

"Hello, Danny." She opened the dressing-room door. "Won't you come in?"

He followed her inside and she noticed that he closed the door with meticulous care. Then he motioned her to a chair and seated himself. But before he spoke, there was a rap on the door and a male voice inquired, "Are you decent?" Linda called "Come in," and Eddie Lawson entered. His eyes flashed to Danny, and Linda saw that he was frightened. He said, "Excuse me," but Danny said, "Have a seat, Eddie."

Eddie fidgeted. He asked, "How come you ain't working, Danny?"

Danny's words were not encouraging. He said, "I am."

"Some one of these winters, I'm going to put these things on my feet and try 'em"

GERALD GREEN

Linda asked quietly, "What is it, Danny?"

Danny turned to Eddie. "You can stick around if you want—but no butting in. Savvy?"

"Whatever you say."

Danny said to Linda, "Feeling better?"

"Better? I'm all right, Danny."

"You were sick enough to miss the supper show last night."

"Oh . . ." Unconsciously, Linda's hand touched her lips. She said, "Yes, I feel all right now, Danny."

"Where did you go after you left here last night, Linda?"

"To my apartment."

"Straight? Nowhere else?"

"You talk so funny, Danny. What are you driving at?"

He said, "I'm on duty, Linda. Of course you know that Vernon Gregg was murdered last night."

"Yes . . ."

"So far we haven't a clue." It seemed as though Danny was pleased to give this gratuitous information. "But Gregg had a rotten reputation. We're questioning all the girls he ever ran with and they're plenty. I saw your name on the list, and fixed it so I'd be the one to question you."

Her eyes showed that she was grateful. She intercepted a warning glance from Eddie, and merely said, "I'm glad it's you, Danny."

"So am I. I think you're a pretty grand gal. I'd hate to see you mixed up in any mess."

"I know that, Danny."

"You're sure you went straight home to your hotel when you left here last night?"

"Why, yes . . ."

"You weren't feeling bad at the dinner show, were you?"

"A little, maybe."

"What time did you phone here that you weren't coming back?"

"I don't remember exactly. It must have been about quarter of twelve."

"Then you went right to bed?"

"Not right away."

Danny bent forward. He said, "I'm trying to help you, Linda. Why not let me?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"I think you do. Of course if you'd rather play along this way . . . honest, Linda—I ain't advising it."

LINDA looked at Eddie. She saw that he was worried—and thinking fast. Then he nodded briefly. Linda said, "You're really my friend, aren't you, Danny?"

"I sure like to think of myself that way."

"And if I told you the truth—would you believe it *was* the truth?"

"I'd try my darnedest."

She drew a long breath. Then she said, "I went to Vernon Gregg's apartment last night. I was there when he was killed."

Danny didn't seem at all surprised. He said, "That's why I picked your name off the list—because the elevator boy's description fitted you so perfectly. The dumbest dick in New York would have caught it. Now—let's have it. The whole story."

Linda's recital of the tragedy didn't take long. She spoke simply and directly, without hysteria or histrionics. She even carried her story back to Karnak, and told of her marriage to Eddie. Danny listened gravely, never moving his eyes from her expressive face, nor the soles of his large feet from the floor. He nodded occasionally. She finished and said, "That's the whole truth, Danny; ev'y bit of it."

"I believe you."

"What do you think?"

"I think," said Danny, "that you're in a hell of a mess."

(To be concluded next week)

What makes them interesting?

SOME PEOPLE seem to have no blank walls or blind alleys in their minds. They know which dictator has an Achilles' heel—what Japan wants after China—what scientist is working most fearlessly to prolong human life. For them these questions hold excitement far beyond the gossip of the Village Square.

Their interest in all the world makes them interesting to others. In business and social contacts they gain by being well informed.

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Young and Lively

By
Kyle
Crichton

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S
BY WILL CONNELL

The story of Mrs. Mullican's beautiful and talented daughters—the Lane sisters

The Lane sisters, Lola, Rosemary and Priscilla, like Hollywood and hope they're there to stay

IN THE corner sat Mamma Lane, knitting. The girls sat on the floor in their slacks and sweaters for the simple reason that they had just taken the place and had only a divan and an extra chair in a living room large enough for a rink. Lola was resting with her back against the wall near the fireplace, a bit bored with it all. Rosemary and Priscilla were keener about the business because screen interviews were new to them.

Lola Lane, as everybody knows, has been in films since the beginning of sound. In other words an old-timer, out there since 1928 and still looking aged twenty-two. She dropped out of the films for a time while married to Lew Ayres and has been making great progress in the past year. At the moment she was finishing a little something known as Hollywood Hotel. With her in that picture was little sister Rosemary, who is the long skinny one. The other lady was Priscilla, known to the family as Pat. The younger Lanes had reached Hollywood via Fred Waring's band. Priscilla is the pretty one, who is also the comedienne. They had tinkled tunes in front of Waring's orchestra for six years, had taken part in the nonsense which goes with a Waring show, and were now in Hollywood to stay. Priscilla was for the moment "at liberty," which means that she wasn't working.

"Taking a test Monday," said Priscilla hastily, just to show that there was no lack of talent in the family.

The house was on a hill overlooking San Fernando Valley and at the foot of the garden was a swimming pool, which the younger Lanes insisted on showing immediately.

"I know, I know," said Rosemary, grasping the visitor firmly by the arm. "You've seen swimming pools before—so that's something, huh? But this is *our* swimming pool. We went six years with that Waring and were lucky if we got a shower bath."

It developed later that the house was only rented but Mrs. Lane put in eagerly to say that they had an option to buy. Lola, who has her own house about a mile away, wanted to know if the fireplace worked. Priscilla reassured her on the point. It worked and made a very pretty fire and was excellent on cold evenings; just wait till the sun went down. Cold. . . . That's how it was in Southern California.

As for Hollywood—well, Hollywood was very much okay, said the younger Lanes. They'd been through everything on the road with Fred Waring. The greatest fellow on earth, Fred was, and they loved every minute of the work but it had been tough. . . . Elevator strikes, thirty-three below in Milwaukee, the hottest summer on record in Kansas City, six shows a day and two broadcasts a week, up at seven every morning and never out of the theater till midnight, cold, hot, bus rides, overnight stands playing dance halls. . . .

"And dysentery in Chicago," said Priscilla.

Lola shrieked and jumped up and ran out. Rosemary doubled up laughing.

"*Priscilla!*" said Mrs. Lane disapprovingly.

When the turmoil settled down, the girls ventured the further information that the stage business had started back home in Indianola, Iowa, with Leota and Lola taking music at Simpson College. Leota had the big voice and Lola (known then as Dorothy) had a good voice and Gus Edwards heard them in Des Moines (which is about fifteen miles from Indianola) and pretty soon they were on tour with Gus.

"They played two a day at the Palace in New York," said Rosemary proudly.

Leave It to the Lanes

Leota sang classical, and Lola sang popular, and they were so much all right that pretty soon the gals had landed with the Greenwich Village Follies.

"Stars," said Priscilla. "Their first show and they were stars. Oh, yes, you were, Lola. And tell him what else, too. Leota got married and Lola had a screen test and came out here for Fox."

"Must we go into all that past history?" asked Lola.

While Leota and Lola were seeing the great world, the youngsters were at home thinking how they could get out of school and into this business of acting. They managed it by going to New York to visit sister Leota. They were in a song publisher's office when Fred Waring saw them.

"Said we were nice-looking kids and could we sing?" reports Rosemary. "We said we never had but we sure could. 'There ain't nothin' the Lanes can't do,' said we."

Rosemary was sixteen and Priscilla was fourteen and they did a lot of lying to keep the police away.

"Priscilla was nineteen so long that when she really got to be nineteen we had to look up the family Bible to see whether she was lying some more," says Rosemary.

Priscilla broke in at this point to ask whether we had seen the rushes of Lola in Hollywood Hotel.

"She's funny now . . . a comedienne. Used to do all those wicked ones. The head held high and sorta slanting and saying wah-wah-wah. . . ."

"Boy, am I funny," said Lola weariedly from her spot near the fireplace.

From the conversation it became apparent that Lola had hit Hollywood at the right moment because sound was just coming in and she had a voice that recorded nice and round like the tone of a cello. She was hurled into the first Fox sound picture, known as Speakeasy. It took the studio eight months to make that epic.

"Lola got awful sick of it," said Rosemary.

"I suppose you wouldn't have?" said Lola. "With microphones all over the place and those sound engineers making guinea pigs out of us."

At this juncture Priscilla, overcome by the fact that they at last had a home of their own, wanted to know if the visitor wouldn't like a drink. The visitor's eyes popped a bit at that but unpopped almost immediately upon receipt of the news that there would be a choice of two species of soda pop. After some contemplation he took the one which seemed the least dangerous.

"That kid," said Rosemary, shaking her head disapprovingly when Priscilla went out.

Upon her return, Priscilla went right back into the matter of Mr. Waring and his band. It seems that at the beginning of this beautiful association the girls were so little thought of that they were not given lines to say and this irked Priscilla endlessly. Rosemary cut in at this point to explain how Priscilla had broken up this nonsense.

"One night after we had finished our number, Fred gave a wave of his stick and said, 'Not bad at all tonight, children,' and Priscilla turned around and looked at him and replied, 'You said it, kid!' "

And after that of course it was always in the act.

"I'd like to hear sometime about an actor who said something bright and instead of it being in the act after that, he was out of the act," said Lola from her distant spot. "That would be news."

It was plain that the younger sisters loved Lola despite everything because they laughed very loudly at this. After several gulps at the soda pop they got quieted enough to continue with Mr. Waring and this time they waxed enthusiastic about his radio program.

"They were afraid to let him do those glee-club numbers for a long time," said Rosemary, "and then when they were popular, Fred did the college songs and novelty numbers like 'Annie doesn't live here any more' and then we did the puns."

Puns?

"You know," said Priscilla. "This next number will be by Fred Herring and His Pennsylvanians."

Lola made a motion as if to rise.

"You still need me for this interview?" she asked plaintively.

Where the Coyotes Howl

She was assured that the Lane sisters would not be complete without Lola. This brought the further news that Leota was now studying at the Juilliard School in New York preparatory to making her debut in grand opera. There were the further tidings that sister Martha was happily married and living in Indianapolis.

After this the conversation inevitably returned to Mr. Waring and there was discussion about Babs and her brothers who were once a feature of that great man's show. Rosemary said that Babs was wonderful. Priscilla offered a bit of additional information.

"Babs was married to one of her brothers," said Priscilla.

"*Priscilla!*" cried her mother, horrified. Lola shrieked and Rosemary doubled up and cried with laughter.

"They weren't her really brothers," explained Priscilla hurriedly. "They just *called* them brothers."

It required a lot of time and considerable pop drinking to get over this.

From then on the meeting assumed a natural tone, which is to say that the young ladies made a point of their joy at being in Hollywood. Everybody was dandy to them, their parts were wonderful, the climate was beyond compare, the coyotes howled every night just beyond the house, and mountain lions were known to have joined dinner parties upon occasion.

In the search for such material as any decent interview should have, it was found that Lola was a great reader, liked to watch football games and couldn't get enough of travel, of which she had had very little. The youngsters were no literary maniacs but they could read and Priscilla, in truth, could even write a little, having sat up nights for years with the Waring crew working out new numbers. At the moment she was making tests for a picture which was to star Wayne Morris, and mention of this brought little looks from the combined Lanes, who were aware that the interviewer was aware that Mr. Morris had been reported as gazing tenderly upon Priscilla. In the Hollywood Hotel picture, it transpired, Rosemary was doing what she had done all her life: imitating her sister Lola.

No More Waring

"If she came across a magazine picture of Lola and found she was doing her hair differently," reported Priscilla, "you'd find her up in the middle of the night working on some silly sort of a curler. Mamma used to bawl her out."

From this it was learned that Mrs. Mullican (for that had been the family name until Gus Edwards came along and changed Dorothy to Lola) had accompanied the kids on their journeys with the Waring Cavalcade. So Mamma kept the little girls in their place, eh?

"She keeps me there, too," said Lola, a bit grimly.

Mamma just sat in her corner and went sth-sth-sth. As if to say that anybody who believed these rapscallions was nuts.

To break the tension at this point, Rosemary asked rather briskly if the interviewer didn't want to see the dogs and the interviewer said no he didn't want to see the dogs or the view or the wildcats or the swimming pool and would the Lanes all remain seated for a moment longer while he got completely saturated with their miraculous story. The younger Lanes said they couldn't think of anything else about their lives unless he wanted some more about Mr. Waring. He said, if you please, no. The girls then reverted to Lola and her previous picture, Marked Woman, in which she did the nasty dame that Bette Davis usually did and Bette became the nice one. The girls thought that was swell and showed that Lola was some actress.

"Yes," said Lola, "and everybody hating you all over the world and the studio giving you that same kind of part until you're finally lynched for meanness."

This seemed to be a good point on which to conclude the proceedings and the march was then made to the car, which stood on the driveway outside. As the liveried chauffeur held the door of the limousine ajar for him, the interviewer paused to say:

"I want to apologize in advance for anything you don't like in the article. I'm really very fond of you. You're nice girls."

"You said it, kid!" cried Priscilla, who in the bosom of the family is known by her nickname of Pat.

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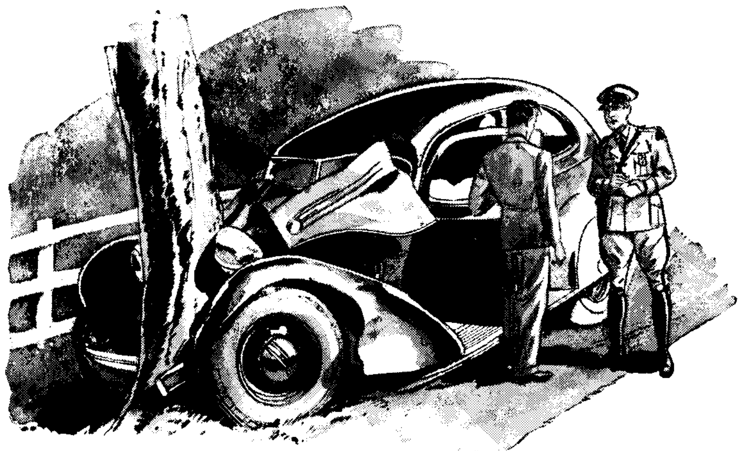

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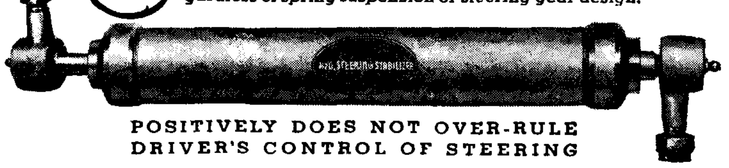

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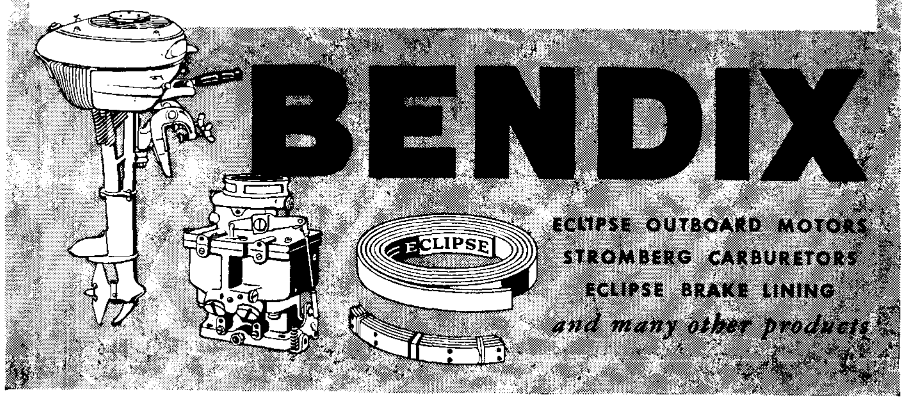

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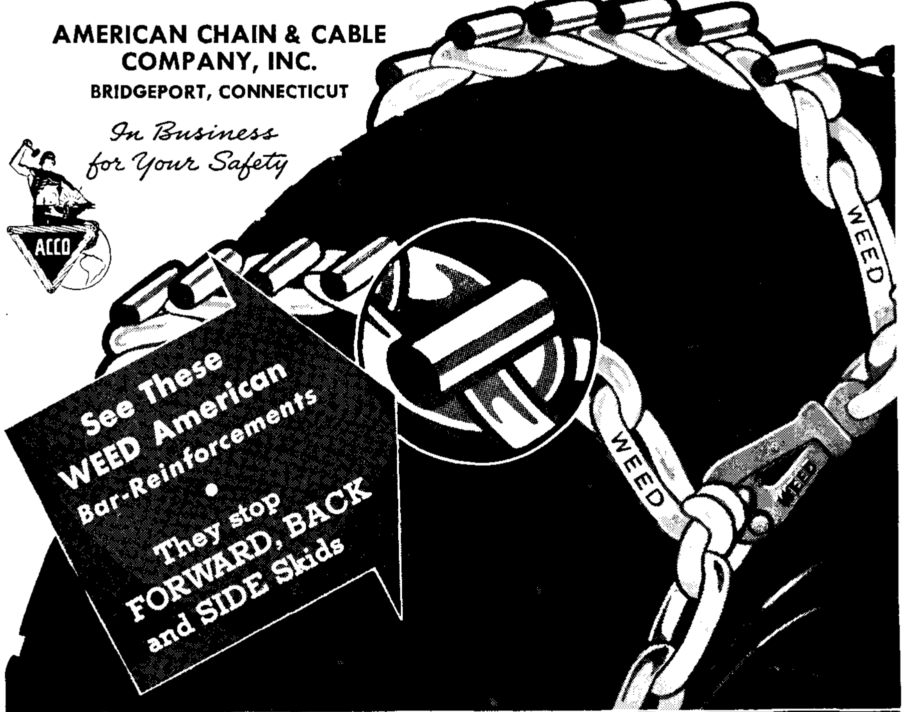
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Minds That Come Back

By J. D. Ratcliff

Insulin shock, the new, violent method of dealing with certain forms of insanity, is as dramatic as medieval magic. And it really works. Dr. Manfred Sakel, its inventor, has brought hope to hundreds of thousands of persons otherwise condemned to a life of constant nightmare

UNTIL a few years ago dementia praecox represented just about the most tragic thing that could happen to a human being. Cancer tissue could be nipped in the bud by radiation or surgery. Tubercular lungs could be collapsed by letting air into the chest cavity; and, collapsed, they could rest and heal. Medicine's great minds had conspired to whip the great plagues and subdue most of the minor annoyances. But dementia praecox stood out as a monstrously enigmatic disease for which psychiatry could neither guess the cause nor propose a cure.

As if glorying in its perversity, the disease usually struck young people between the ages of 18 and 35. And it struck terrifying blows. The heavy majority of its victims never got well.

They occupied over half the hospital beds for insane patients and occupied them longer than any other insane patients. Figures for one state are probably typical of the nation. Manic depressives—sufferers from that type of insanity which plunges its victims from the heights of elation to the depths of despair—needed 5.6 years of hospitalization. Those with general paresis, the insanity of syphilis, averaged two years. Victims of dementia praecox stayed 16 years!

Although they may have occasional rational moments, the dementia praecox victims represent by far the most pitiable figures in mental hospitals.

One may fancy himself to be Henry Ford, another J. P. Morgan or Mohammed. A sufferer usually has grave sensory disturbances. "Voices" will tantalize him and he may feel imaginary insects crawling over his skin. Ofttimes his nostrils will detect odors more noxious than those produced by a glue works and, rarely, he may see bizarre animals that never existed in any zoo.

Some sufferers may mumble senselessly to themselves, while others will stay morosely silent. If the disease is of the cataleptic type, the sufferer's arms or legs may be arranged like those of a department-store-window dummy, and will remain for protracted periods in fantastic fixity.

Possibly the disease will manifest itself in periods of violence. Strong-armed attendants and padded cells are then necessary. Or the patient may seclude himself in a hermit's cell of mental isolation.

Unsound Minds in Sound Bodies

However the disease appears, it has always one striking feature: it seldom disrupts the body's physiological functions. Victims continue physically healthy. Hence, instead of graciously dying, they live on in almost indescribable misery.

To treat dementia praecox, doctors, until a few years ago, could only see that patients got proper nourishment. In moments of violence physicians could prescribe calming sedatives and could plant brawny watchers near by in case persecuting voices began to speak. Beyond this there was little to do.

To be sure, some people got well, mysteriously. The hazy veil hanging over their minds lifted. Some institutions released about five out of every 100 patients that came to them with the sickness. In others as many as 20 per 100 had an unexplainable remission of symptoms.

The rest? These lost souls stayed on to occupy over half of the 500,000 beds for mental patients in the United States. And each year 20,000 victims were escorted in by husky men in white coats.

To cure this baffling disease, psychiatrists tried everything that popped into their heads. One doctor would slice out the flabby, reddish thyroid gland in the neck. Another would completely reverse the process and inject the gland's secretion—thyroxine. Some fancied pulling teeth, and others favored injecting gold salts. Artificial fever was tried and so was removal of part of the frontal lobe of the brain.

Actually these treatments were little more effective than those used in the Middle Ages when the disease was blamed on an infestation of devils. In those unenlightened days one practitioner professed to cure it with vulture livers. Drinking out of church bells was another remedy. But the favorite was beating the devils out of a man. One French priest became so proficient at this that he got a great name for himself. His cure reached a high point of effectiveness when he induced five dispossessed devils to sign contracts that they would never again invade the head of a patient!

This, briefly, was the situation four years ago when glowing word issued from the great old brownstone pile that Vienna calls *Die Psychiatrische Klinik des Allegemeinen Krankenhauses.* The University of Vienna's Psychiatric Clinic, presided over by Dr. Otto Poetzl, has a proud name. It would probably be safe to call it psychiatry's world capital. It was here that Dr. Sigmund Freud, explorer of that exciting territory—the subconscious mind—lectured. It was here also that Dr. Wagner-Jauregg found that the fever which accompanies malaria would cook the organisms of syphilis out of a disorganized mind.

So any word which came out of the No. 14 Lazaretgasse was worth respecting. Still, that word in 1933 . . .

Briefly it told how one of the clinic's young doctors—Manfred Sakel, 32—had hit upon a medicine that seemed to brush the cobwebs from the minds of schizophrenics. Although the language of the report was as ambiguous as the 1928 Republican platform on the subject of prohibition, it seemed to hold out more promise than anything previous to it. Sakel, it said, had witnessed "bedside miracles."

Dr. Manfred Sakel, originator of the insulin treatment for dementia praecox

To witness similar miracles, psychiatrists from Poland, Switzerland, France, Great Britain, the United States, hurried to Vienna. Dr. Sakel—a serious-countenanced young psychiatrist with big, bushy eyebrows—greeted them cordially. Over and over he told his story.

He had been treating morphine victims with insulin—the colorless fluid secreted in the pancreas. He had reasoned that the liquid—which all diabetics must inject two to four times a day if they care to go on living—might be beneficial in treating addiction.

He went on to explain why he thought of using it. When drugs were suddenly cut off from these people, they flew into violent rages. This meant that the adrenal glands—the little jockeys that sit astride the kidneys—were pouring adrenalin into the blood. Without this energizing, stimulating secretion one simply doesn't have the energy to get mad.

Sakel knew that insulin had a calming effect; that it acted in the exact reverse of adrenalin. Why not, he asked himself, pump a little insulin into the muscles of these drug addicts?

A Fortunate Slip

He began work on his hunch, and it clicked just as prettily in practice as it had on paper. Patients complained less and recovered more rapidly. Furthermore, their dim minds seemed to grow clearer. Other men had noted precisely this same reaction while treating malnutrition with insulin—which gives a false sense of hunger and makes people wolf huge meals. Standing on the threshold of a great discovery, these other investigators had turned and walked away. Not Sakel.

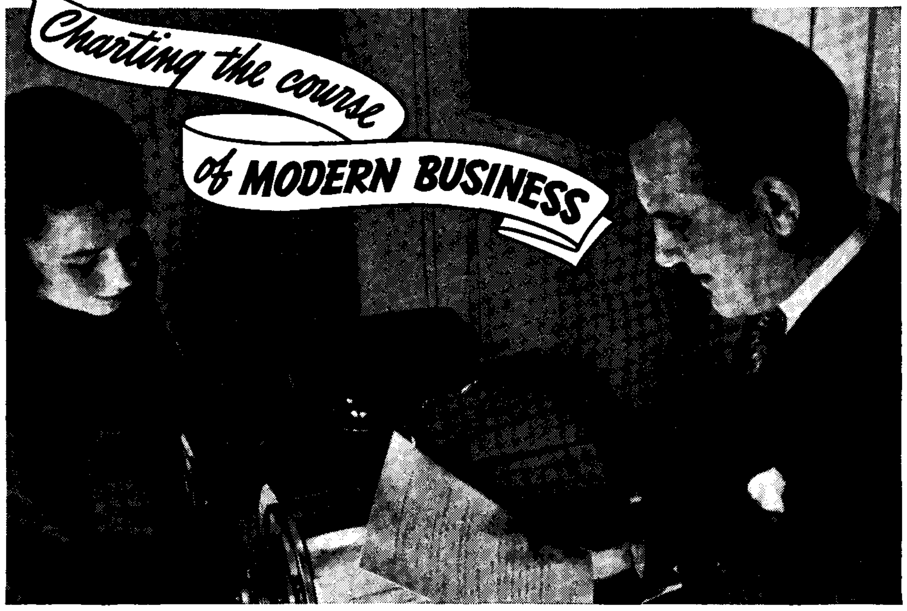
He was puzzled by the phenomenon. It just didn't make sense that insulin should have anything to do with straightening out a contorted, dope-fed mind. Yet that was what insulin seemed to be doing.

It is entirely possible that Sakel, like his predecessors, would have let the whole matter drop, if he hadn't one day made a slip. He was giving a morphine addict a dose of insulin when by some mischance—or good chance—he injected too much. The man got insulin shock.

This isn't a pretty thing to watch. The sufferer perspires profusely and quivers in a frightening manner. There may be convulsions and even utter collapse. All this is because the insulin makes the body burn up too much blood sugar. The level drops to a danger point, and shock results. When a diabetic feels the symptoms, he quickly gobbles the bar of chocolate he always carries in his pocket. When shock progresses into a coma stage, doctors treat it with glucose injections into the bloodstream, or by pouring glucose down the throat—both methods will raise the blood-sugar level rapidly.

With glucose Dr. Sakel brought his patient out of shock. He was astonished at what had happened to the man's mind. It was clear as crystal, where a few hours before it had been dull as an unwashed window. Here was a clue that

Charting the course
of "THE BUCCANEER"



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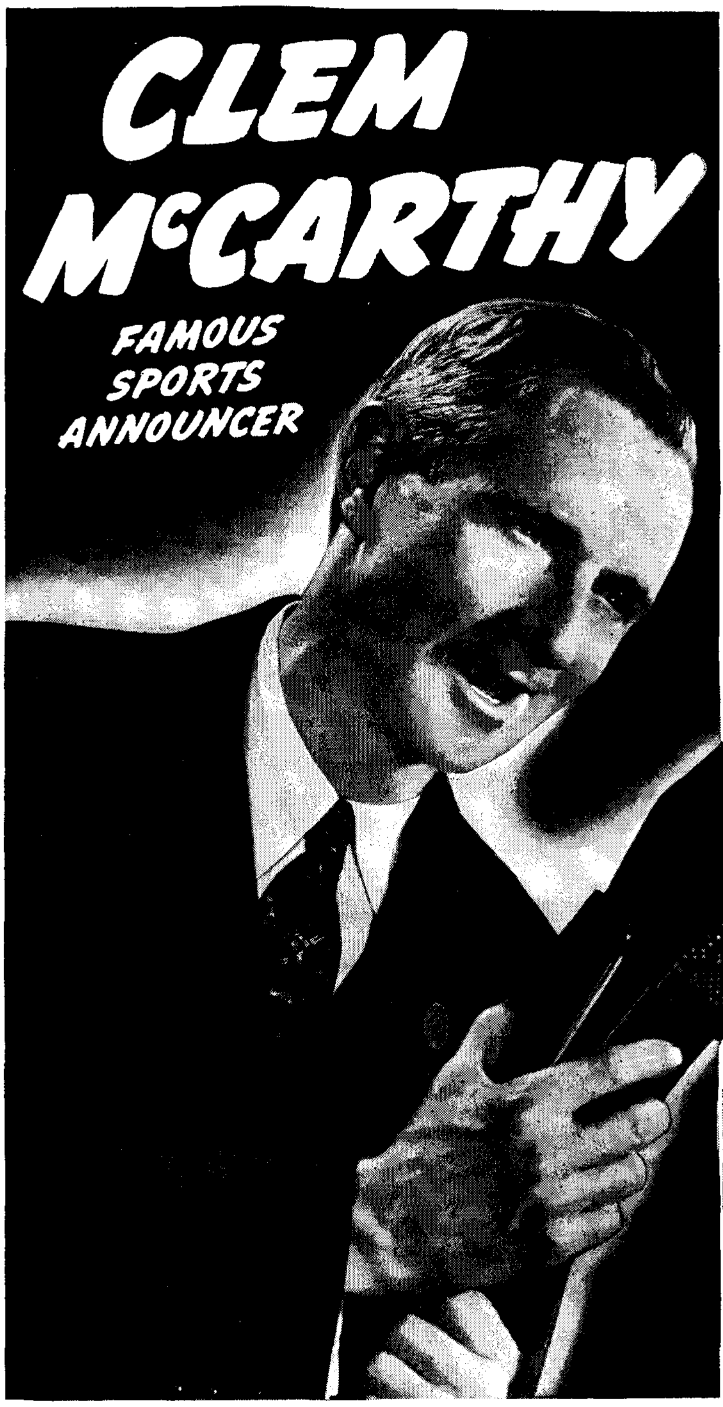

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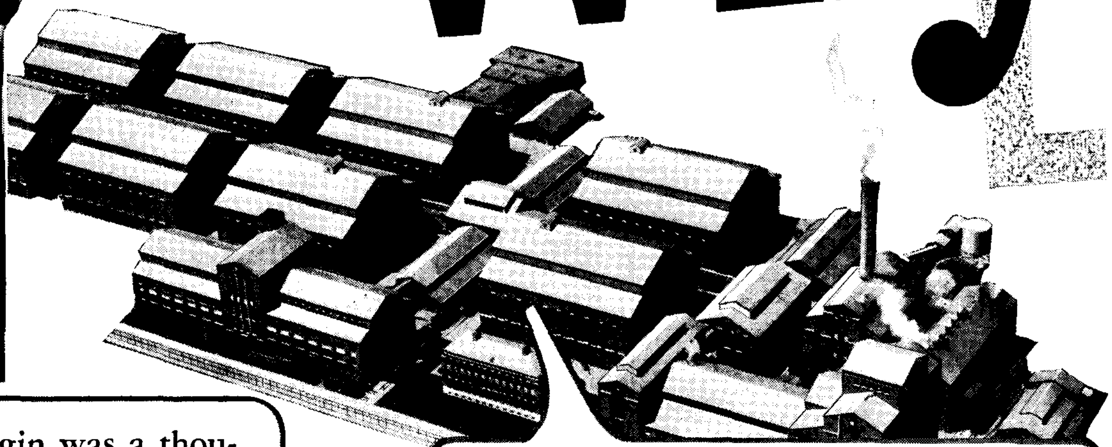

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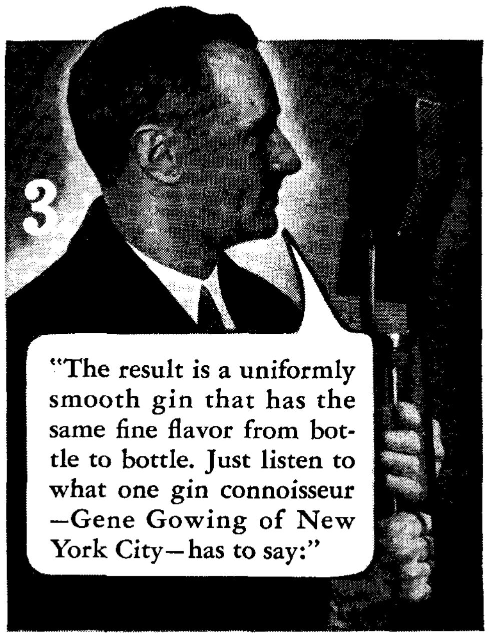

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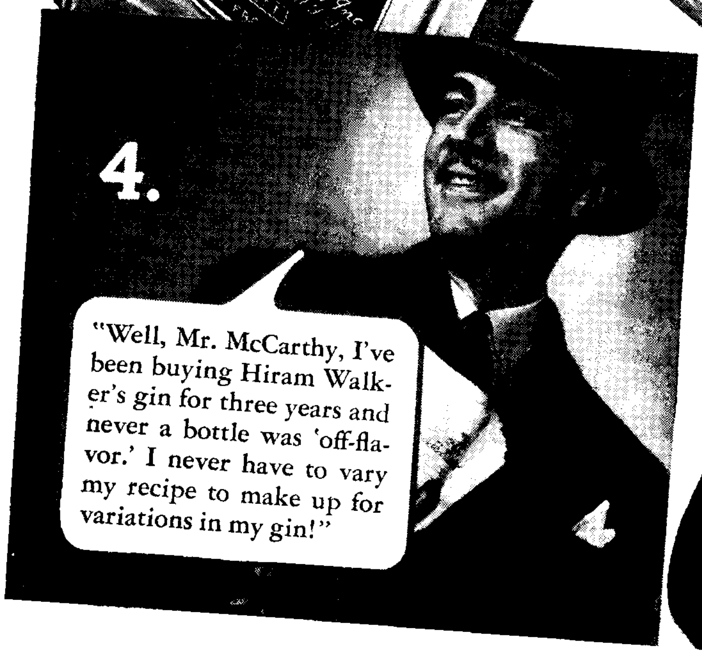

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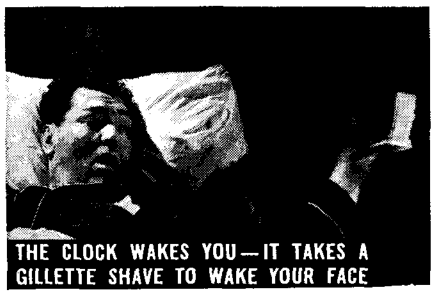
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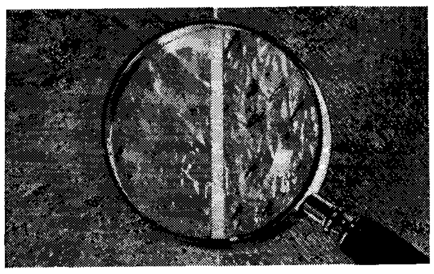

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PRECISION-MADE FOR EACH OTHER

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MORE SHAVING COMFORT FOR YOUR MONEY

couldn't be overlooked. Sakel set about deliberately inducing insulin shock—which medicine stylishly calls hypoglycemia—in patients with schizophrenia.

Yet the idea of trying to shock—or jar—insane people back to sanity was an old one. When an insanity case was referred to an 18th-century doctor—most cases went to priests because devils were involved—he, too, tried shock. He might whirl a patient in a revolving chair or suddenly fire a gun behind his back. Another favorite device was to tie an insane man in a chair that sat on a concealed trap door. Being suddenly dropped into the room below was somehow supposed to do him some good.

But the shock with which Sakel tinkered had deep-seated physiological reactions. It was also dangerous, patients lingering momentarily close to the corporation line that separates life and death. Sakel made his stand: "When we consider that patients . . . are generally looked upon as lost, or very seriously ill in any case, I think there is justification for attempting a therapy, however dangerous, which gives some promise of success."

Lifting a Burden

Patients began streaming into Sakel's department. He gave them great jolts of insulin, knocked them into a comatose state, then lifted them from it with revivifying sugar. Their minds got better and better. Finally he was ready to report figures which psychiatrists had difficulty believing. In a group of 58 cases treated he found that 70 per cent made full recoveries if they hadn't had the mental disease for more than six months. In this same group an additional 17 per cent made "social recoveries"—they were well enough to return to their homes or jobs.

Of a second group, representing older cases, 19.6 per cent recovered fully and 47.8 per cent made social recoveries.

Word spread, and doctors from Korea to Iceland and Edinburgh to Galveston began trying the new treatment. Recovery percentages followed almost exactly those originally reported. Psychiatrists' faces brightened: at last they were off on the right track for treatment of the biggest problem in mental diseases generally.

To get an idea of how the therapy works, let's follow a patient through a typical routine.

Treatment always begins the first thing in the morning—at seven or seven-thirty. The day that dosage starts the patient gets 10 units of insulin. Next day he will get 20, then 30, and so on until the dose is increased enough to produce shock. This gradual increase is necessary to determine what the shock dose is. One man may react to 20 units and another may require 200.

Once the shock dose is determined, the patient—who has had no breakfast—will get that dose each day. How long this continues depends solely on the condition of the individual. A cure may be made in a month, or three months may be required. In still other cases it may not work at all.

With the shock dose in his bloodstream, the patient's heart action is always affected. The heart may beat more rapidly in some cases, and in others more slowly. Possibly there will be other physical reactions—frothing at the mouth, or wild thrashing of the arms. A patient may even try to leap from the bed or may scream wildly. Or he may chew—and even swallow—his tongue. The spectacle is an ugly one to watch, and staffs must be meticulously trained to keep their heads while these drastic things are happening.

After this initial phase—which lasts about an hour and a half—the sufferer begins to calm down. This is the onset of coma. Just before patients pass into unconsciousness they generally ask for the person who was nearest and dearest to them before onset of idiocy—a husband, wife or mother.

Once coma develops, the patient becomes quiet. His head is tilted to one side to allow saliva—which is profuse—to drain. Then doctors begin slipping a tube through passages to the stomach. This tube is inserted through the nose to keep teeth from accidentally severing it—a happening that might have fatal consequences. For through it must be poured the glucose that will counteract shock and restore consciousness.

While the patient is comatose, the doctor must watch with a hawk eye. Should heart action begin to fail or should the invalid become cyanotic—turn blue—quick and drastic action is required. Generally the first step, once these signs appear, is to dump a pint of glucose into the nasal tube. This will restore consciousness in ten to fifteen minutes. In severe emergencies it may be injected—this restores consciousness in two minutes.

Patients emerging from this condition ravenously crave the food that is set before them following a bath and rubdown.

Minds amenable to treatment are apt to begin to clear almost from the first insulin dose. In one 31-year-old woman in a London hospital this was quite dramatic. After five treatments she was quite rational. Her deep melancholia was gone, and she chirruped happily: "Everything is changed. I seem to have come round." In 24 days she left the hospital.

As a rule, subjective reactions are the same: patients act as if a great burden had been lifted from them. They realize that they have been insane, and that the raw tragedy of that condition is behind them. They are always childishly anxious to resume their positions in society, and just as anxious to avoid anything that may again return them to institutions.

One of Sakel's patients was a 40-year-old Viennese physician. His age made his case look hopeless. Over a six-month period he had grown increasingly irritable and nervous. Then sensory perceptions began to fail, he smelled nonexistent odors, heard voices that weren't speaking and saw sights that existed in his mind alone. In a bare room he saw two geese in a box and a muzzled dog. In a glass of water he saw a fly. The fly spoke to him admonishingly: "Thou shalt not kill."

He complained that electric shocks were passing through his body. His friends, he thought, were trying to kill him. It was a clear-cut case of dementia praecox.

A Patient's Reaction

Treatment with insulin started on November 10th, the initial dose being 25 units.

After twelve days the patient was quite rational, although he still had irrational moments. He spoke to his doctor, "Yes, I feel well, but not altogether well. I am not as clear as I was yesterday. I just had a hallucination that men were coming out of that closet. I only realize now that it must have been a hallucination. Sometimes I get frightened and I feel tense around the heart . . . I am not at all sure that it doesn't come from a state of mind. . . .

"I am not a paranoid—a sufferer of systematized delusions—not any more—it's a funny thing but I always used to feel the paranoid delusions coming on, even long before they were really there. . . . I want to get well. I hope to be able to get back to work. . . ."

The same patient gave his own account of sensations gotten from shocking doses of insulin:

"Well—first I perspired a lot—and the window was open so that I was pretty cold. To keep myself alive I covered myself up. Then I got all sorts of thoughts—I didn't know whether to obey or disobey; then I thought, 'I suppose I'm insane'; then I felt like shouting—that made me feel better; I felt like shouting and running around; then I thought to myself, 'A university man like you shouldn't holler like that'; then everybody around me said the same thing; then this fellow came with food and I had the same feeling you get before you go into narcosis—unconsciousness, as if everything got mixed together in my head; then I started to curse, and when I cursed, I started to move around. . . ."

Reuniting Shattered Families

After 33 days of repeated insulin shocks the patient's mind cleared completely, and he was allowed to resume his practice.

Let's look at other cases. In London one 41-year-old woman gave a hopeless-looking clinical picture. She had her first attack of dementia praecox 11 years earlier. Three years ago her condition became so bad that it was necessary to confine her to an institution. She was put into the violent ward because she would attack patients and attendants.

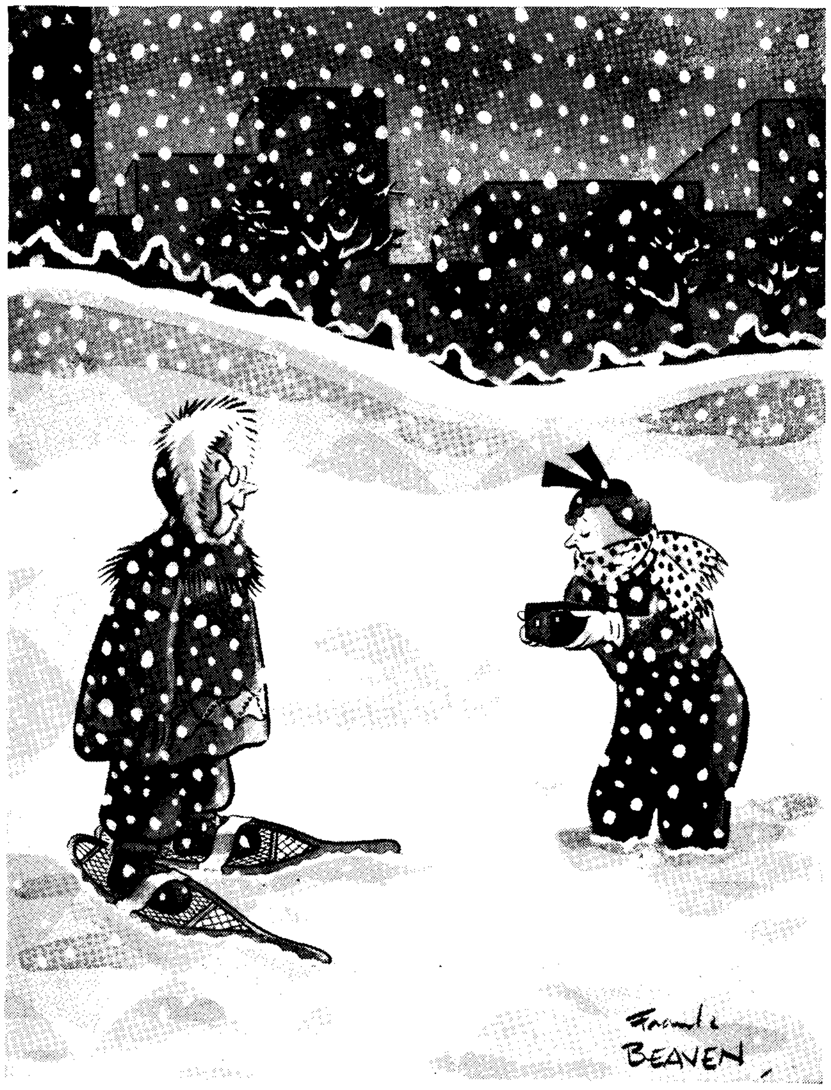
Three weeks before Christmas she got her first insulin shock. After a week of treatment she was rational and in 30 days had made sufficient progress to be allowed out of the hospital for a day with her sister. Three weeks after this she was released.

Another patient—a 25-year-old woman—was sullen. Her face wore a constant grimace, and she seldom spoke. After a week's treatment she was speaking well. Last March, after a little less than three months of treatment and observation, she was allowed to go home to her family—cured.

Most of this work was done quietly, no psychiatrist daring to approve or disapprove anything so startling as an apparent cure for the most resistant of all mental diseases. But as cases piled up—all so uniformly good—the new treatment began to creep into headlines. New York State reported results on a great mass of cases—275 in all. After treatment, 115 of these people were cured or practically cured. Since this group included old as well as new cases, results were considerably more satisfactory.

Still, psychiatrists are constantly repeating the warning: for some reason, yet unknown, insulin shock is not a 100 per cent sure cure. You can see the logic of impressing this point on the public mind when you consider the tragedy involved in insanity. People must not be led to think that without fail medicine can now straighten out all the mentally crippled people who are miserably confined to institutions.

In many cases the long, expensive course of treatments—expensive because of amounts of insulin used and because of expert attendance required—will fail. No one knows why. At other times there will be deaths from too profound shock. According to present statistics, about fifteen per 1,000 are expected to die. Despite these drawbacks, insulin shock remains the greatest advance yet made in treating the ghastly insanity of youth. Almost daily now it is reuniting shattered families and easing taxpayers of the load of supporting charitable institutions for the mentally ill. So possibly Sakel didn't put his case too strongly when he reported what he had seen as a "bedside miracle."



"I'll use this to illustrate the chapter where I trudge from Fairbanks to Nome"

FRANK BEAVEN

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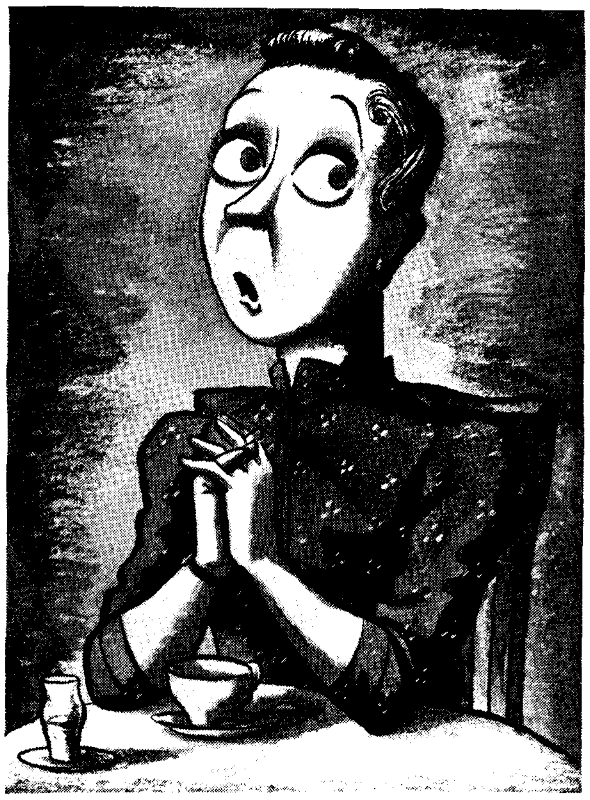
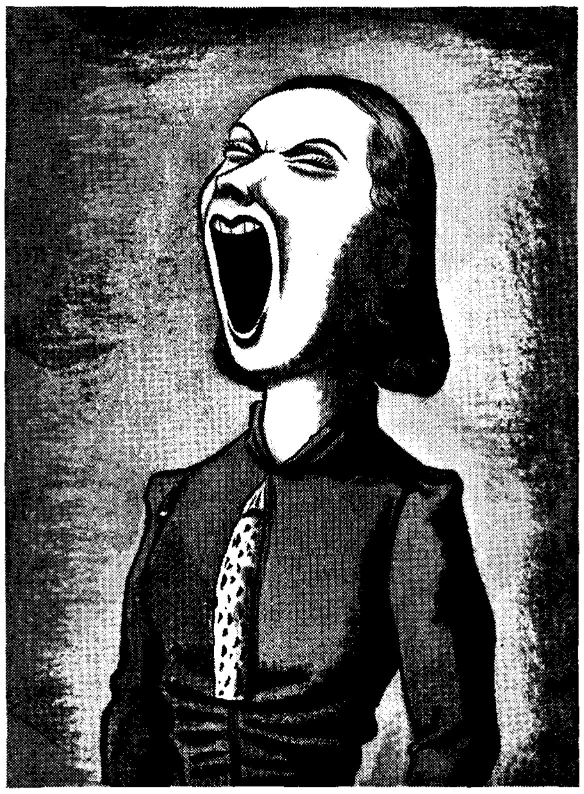
What Are You Mad About

By Janet Lane

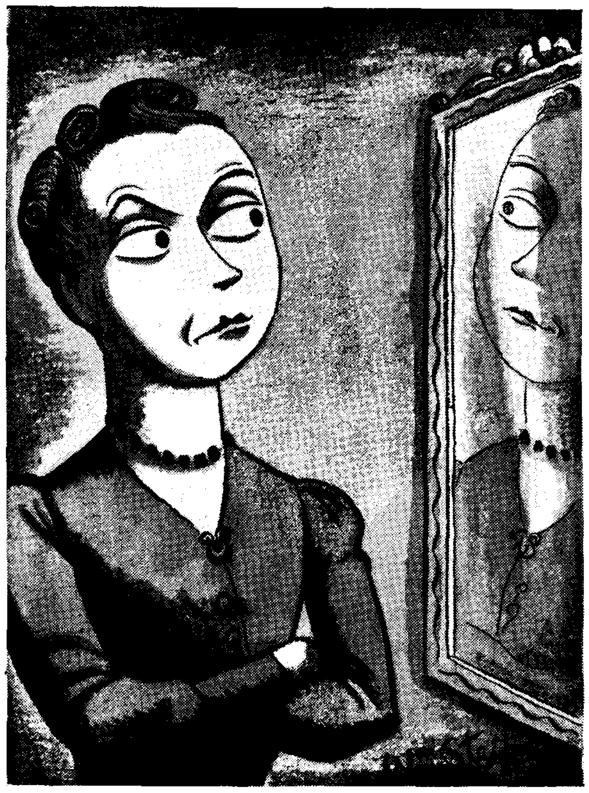
To look at most of us as we go about, this world is pretty grim. But that set expression is really only a bad habit. So wipe it off and give your public a break



Roll your eyes around and open them wide



Then take a good, gusty, man-sized yawn



Now glance up quickly at your reflection

NOW that candid cameras are being let loose in the land like swarms of locusts, there probably isn't a female member of the population who hasn't had the fervent hope that she'll be looking her best the day they start snapping in her direction. Probably if you could call your shots you'd ask that you'd miraculously turn out to be beautiful for the occasion. So would I. But maybe we're wrong. Maybe if we stopped to think about it we'd concentrate on something else, because beauty isn't at a premium nowadays. At least it isn't the thing that's searched for by the people who deal in feminine assets—the talent scouts who know what it takes to bring in the fan mail and fill the box-office tills. Ask any one of them and they'll all agree that if beauty were the answer their jobs wouldn't take them any farther than the gates of Hollywood.

Or, if you think the movies are too young to know, go to the theater and ask around. I asked Edward G. Robinson, who knows both Broadway and Hollywood. He said: "Beauty is usually a handicap. Look over the stars of the stage and screen—Cornell, Fontanne, Hayes, Shearer, Davis—there's not a classic beauty in the lot, yet they're the ones who bring out the S. R. O. signs. You see, the girl who is born with perfect features is so oh-ed and ah-ed about she instinctively tries to ride on her looks, whereas it is the sensitive, expressive face that holds an audience—public or private—indefinitely."

There you have it—expression. That's what the talent scouts are looking for. It's so familiar to them they can line up five blondes as alike to you and me as the Dionnes and tell at a glance which four to discard as movie material. It's so important that screen tests aren't made in stills any more. The prospective actress is given a script and the shots are taken in action.

Maybe you think you have a couple of good expressions yourself. Probably you have. But if you're anything like the rest of the human beings lined up in the subway, scurrying along the streets, or even swinging around the dance floor, the chances are that the one you use oftenest is not one to win its way into the hearts of your dear public. What's more, the more you use it the harder it is to change it, until finally you find it's frozen fast.

It was the constant change of expression on her sensitive face that made Eleanore Duse fascinating to look at no matter what her age, and you undoubtedly know some elderly person whose expression you love to watch regardless of the fact that her features aren't what are commonly called "good." So why not check up on yourself? Find out what kind of a look you are giving the world and what you can do for the people out in front there.

We all have the same facial muscles—it's the way we use them that draws the different lines. You may not aspire to the subtle lights and shades that flit over Elizabeth Bergner's countenance, but there's no reason why you shouldn't ease up the jaw that's been set so hard to get you through the office routine, smooth out the scowl you have worn over your housework and generally give the old, tired physiognomy a chance to do its stuff.

Of course, it works both ways with an actress. Her face gets a workout every time she goes through the day's assignment. Bette Davis, for instance, is a charming, intelligent-looking member of society offstage, but when she plays the part of a loose-living woman some muscles slacken and some tense and the result is an entirely different expression from her everyday one—and an entirely different muscular exercise for her face. If your part demands that you cry in Scene One, laugh in Scene Two, and fly into a rage in Scene Three, you are consciously or unconsciously doing a pretty comprehensive daily dozen. But if you are one of the workaday women, playing your part without the aid of costumes, set or stage director, you probably can—and often do—get through the day with the same dogged look that arose with the alarm clock.

Next time you catch a glimpse of yourself in a store window or a counter mirror, skip the glance at your hat angle and check up on the situation just below. Then decide if it isn't worth a little time and effort to exchange that look of grim determination for something more appealing.

Of course, you can try the actress' system if you want. You can run yourself through the gamut of human emotions from mild surprise to wild hysterics every morning before breakfast. My advice is the less exciting but easier-on-the-neighbors course of taking a definite few minutes—while you're dressing for dinner, for instance—to give your expression muscles a going over.

First, to ease the tension you've built up just through the hurry and worry of taxiing yourself from one appointment to another, of trying to finish the last sleeve on your knitted suit or of minding the children, give your face a good rumpling up. Fill your cupped hands with cold water, dip your face in it, then with a soft towel rub it every which way until you get the circulation going full blast. Then with your finger tips massage across the forehead, around the hairline, down in front of your ears and across the back of your neck. There's nothing like good circulation to counteract the effects of wear and tear.

Here are some special gymnastics for those two areas that get the worst beating in face strain—your eyes and your mouth. The eye exercises come from Joan Blondell, who claims she runs through them two or three times each day—just in case her job doesn't give her enough of a workout. Roll your eyes up as if you were trying to look into the top of your head, then around to the right, down to see your cheeks, around to the left and up again. Then, looking straight ahead, open your eyes as wide as you can and literally stretch your lids apart. This is the exercise an actress' eyes get when she registers surprise. It's the kind of thing an oculist recommends to keep your eye muscles healthy, and the resulting glow of health gives your eyes a brilliance far more effective than all the tricks of mascara and shadow colorings.

Get the habit of resting your eyes every once in a while during the day, too. Particularly if your job involves close work, look up now and then and gaze for a minute at the top of a distant building or a cloud in the sky. Make it a habit, when you are riding in a car or bus, to watch the farthest points you can see—provided you aren't at the wheel, of course.

John Sargent, the painter, once said, "A portrait is a picture of a person with something the matter with the mouth." Meaning, of course, that a true reader of character can invariably size a person up by studying his mouth because it is his most expressive feature. It's no wonder, either, that your lips are the most responsive muscles of the whole expression group, because your lower jaw is just hanging by ligaments and muscles attached to your head—watch Joe E. Brown if you don't believe it—and your lips have full play across its widest opening. Or rather, they should have. But any voice teacher will tell you that Americans are notoriously tight-jawed and lazy-lipped.

Here are some tricks a singer is taught to remedy the situation. First, a good, gusty yawn—and don't try to get by with a polite little ho-hum. It has to be a nice, rude, man-sized yawn that stretches every muscle in your face and fetches a sigh up from your very boots. Then waggle your jaw around any old way to loosen it—jelly jaw is what *(Continued on page 59)*

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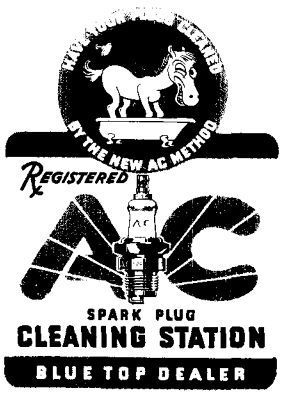

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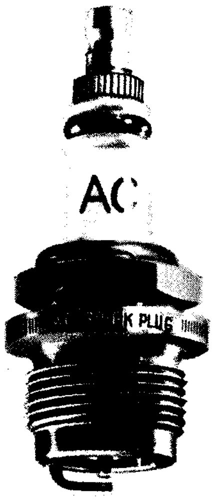

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Valentine's Day-FEB. 14th

Say it with flowers by wire

It's FUN to wire flowers . . . try it!

Cupid still decrees "roses red" or "violets blue" or flowers of any hue for Valentine's Day! And your F. T. D. (flowers-by-wire) florist is ready to speed your message of love and good cheer anywhere . . . any time! Flowers are Valentines that express what no pen can ever write. . . . So this Valentine's Day, why not "say it with flowers-by-wire"? It's real fun to wire flowers, and easy, too. Just stop in at any florist shop that displays the F. T. D. Emblem. . . . There you will find that perfect artistry in flowers and prompt, friendly service for Valentine's Day or any other occasion.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION

AN INTERNATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF OVER 12,000 FLORISTS

Too Clever

Continued from page 21

love. Some people asked him to get rid of the chauffeur but he wouldn't do it. Maybe he figured them two wouldn't do nothing about their being in love while he was alive. He had half a million dollars. Now his wife gets it."

"It was a despicable crime!" I exclaimed indignantly. "The old man was the benefactor of both of them."

"Yeah? I don't think they done it."

"You're dull-witted. There is no evidence of anybody else in the case and nobody else had any motive."

"That might be, but I talked with them two several times and they don't act to me like no people that had done no murder. Well, I might be wrong. I wore out one pair of socks going around asking questions on this case, and it looks like I might wear out another."

"What are you going to do?"

"This Mrs. Harrel went to fortunetellers. The reason she stopped going to 'em was her husband forbade her. He said she gave 'em too much money. I was just thinking I might go to one of 'em, too."

"You've lost your mind!"

"Well, you don't have to go along."

"If you're determined to make a fool of yourself, I might as well watch you do it."

He had the name of the woman he meant to see. She called herself "Madam Verathusia." The place wasn't very far from where the Harrels lived. A colored maid let us into a small room that smelled queer. We waited. Then the maid came back and let us into another room and we waited again. Finally a very fat woman came and looked at us with piglike eyes.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I got a case," O'Malley started.

"I think you're a cop."

"Sure, that's what I'm telling you."

He told her the case.

"WELL," she said, "I guess if I told you anything you'd pinch me for fortunetelling."

"Lady, I ain't that kind of cop. I'm a murder guy."

"I couldn't tell you anything anyway. Who gave you my name?"

"I asked people who was good, and they told me you was. Well, there's another reason. I know a cop and a fortuneteller helped him. This cop had to find a guy that done a murder and he knew who the guy was but he couldn't find him. So he went to a fortuneteller. The fortuneteller put some powder in the cop's shoes and the cop's feet carried him to where he found the guy he wanted."

"You knew about that yourself?" she asked him.

"Sure. The cop told me. He didn't tell nobody else, though. A cop don't tell if he gets help from somebody because he wants people to think he found it out himself. I consulted several people on this case before I come to you, and I even went and got some of that powder to put in my shoes, but it ain't helped me any."

"Well, I can't do anything for you."

When we had got outside, she opened the door behind us.

"Say," she said, "you might come back tomorrow."

In the street a little man was getting out of a small truck in front of the building. The side of the truck said:

TRAVELING PHOTOGRAPHER
I Take Pictures Anywhere

"That little guy is the fat dame's husband," O'Malley informed me.

"Junior is trying to impress one of his little girl friends"

We went back to her place next day.

"It's a good thing," I told O'Malley, while we were waiting for the fortuneteller, "that while you're cutting up these silly monkeyshines smarter police are out accumulating evidence."

Then the fortuneteller came in.

"Well, I couldn't get anything," she said to us. "It was all blank. Still, I might try again."

She sat in a high, wide chair and we sat and watched her. We waited a long while. Then her eyes turned up in her head so that we saw only the whites of them; then she closed her eyes; then her body got stiff. After a while she began to talk in a voice that wasn't like hers.

"I SEE an auto," she said. "Yes, I see a lot of autos. I guess it's a garage. It is a public garage and a young man in chauffeur's uniform brings in a car that's kept there. He puts the car away. He goes to a locker where he keeps his things. He wants to hide something but he doesn't hide it in the locker. There is a small space under the locker and he sticks it in there."

We waited but she didn't say anything more. Then she opened her eyes.

"Did I get anything?" she asked.

"You certainly did."

"Well, I don't know what it was," she stated.

She said the charge was five dollars and O'Malley paid her. We went to headquarters.

"If you're insane enough to have consulted that woman," I remarked to him, "you might at least go and see if there is anything at the garage."

"A cop already done that. He found some stuff there that the laboratory says is potassium cyanide."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "You started out to prove both Mrs. Harrel and Kirman innocent, but if the chauffeur had poison hidden under his locker you've proved him guilty."

Then some cops brought in Mrs. Harrel and the chauffeur. Then another cop brought in the Harrels' maid. Then some more cops brought in Verathusia. She was indignant.

"Listen!" she shouted at O'Malley. "You told me I wouldn't be pinched, so now why am I?"

"You're a hot fortuneteller," he told her, "if you don't know for what you're pinched."

They took them all into the inspector's room and I couldn't go with them. I was surprised when they came out again because the cops shook hands with the three young people and let them go, and they booked Madam Verathusia for the murder.

"This is inexplicable, O'Malley!" I declared.

"Yeah, I pretty near didn't find it out myself."

"Didn't the chauffeur or Mrs. Harrel have anything to do with it?"

"They didn't."

"Why did the fortuneteller kill him?"

"You'd ought to guess that. This poisoned guy Harrel had only one trouble with his wife—she give her money away to fortunetellers. It turns out the one she give most to was this Verathusia. Harrel shut down on his wife and wouldn't let her give 'em no more. So Verathusia figured if he was dead his wife would have the money and the madam could get plenty. So she knocked him off."

"There was no indication of Verathusia in the case," I objected.

"Sure there was indication. This Harrel got poisoned while he was alone with his wife at lunch. People was ready to suspect her guilty because they thought he hadn't ought to have married her and she was in love with the chauffeur. 'Well,' I says to myself, 'love ain't murder, so how else could it have been?' So first I ask the laboratory all about that poison. It's a quick poison, but in the form it was it didn't kill the guy till it was in his stomach. He had ate several different things for lunch and the laboratory couldn't tell what one it had been in. It was known Mrs. Harrel went to fortunetellers, so the next thing I done was to ask around about them. When I found out about that Verathusia, I seen she might have had a hand in it."

"THEN you must have been clairvoyant yourself," I stated.

"I didn't need to be. People told me Verathusia's husband was a photographer. Laboratory cops had told me that kind of poison is used in several different businesses and photography is one of 'em. So Verathusia could have had the stuff around. So how was it? Had Mrs. Harrel got the poison from the fortuneteller? I figured if I took Verathusia in for questioning she would deny everything and we couldn't prove nothing. So what? People like to think them fortunetellers is dumb; they ain't; they're smart, and smart people is this way: If you make a fool of a smart person, they get upset and for a while they can't think of nothing except they been made a fool, and while they're that way they're likely to tell you things that they don't mean to. So I wondered could I put up a game on this Verathusia.

"I and you went and consulted her about the case. I give her to understand if I got any help I was the kind of guy that would keep it to myself because I'd want all the credit. She got alarmed when we first got there, but I acted so dumb it reassured her. I wasn't sure if she'd had anything to do with the murder, but if she had I figured she would do something. Well, then, she done it. She'd knocked the old guy off so that Mrs. Harrel would have his money, and she hadn't even been mentioned in the murder, and she figured she could get the money easier if Mrs. Harrel didn't marry the chauffeur. So the idea come to her, why not get rid of the chauffeur by getting him convicted of having done the job alone? That traveling guy, Verathusia's husband, put his truck sometimes in the garage where Harrel kept his car, and Verathusia knew where the chauffeur kept his things.

"SHE made an errand to the garage and when she thought no one was watching she stuck a little package of the poison where the chauffeur might have hid it. Of course I'd had her watched, so as soon as she had left the poison a cop picked it up and we had it analyzed. Then I seen her next day and she told me where to look for it. Well, we had everybody brought to headquarters. It was lucky we brought in the maid. I told Verathusia how she had been made a fool, and by questioning all them people while she was still rattled we got a confession out of her how this was."

"How was it?"

"Why, when Harrel stopped his wife going to them fortunetellers, she used to send the maid. So the maid got interested in 'em too. Harrel told the maid he would stay home that day before he told his wife. Before the maid took her day off she went to the bakery and got a couple of salted rolls for Harrel's lunch and some plain rolls for Mrs. Harrel, because she don't like salt ones. On the way home the maid stopped to see Verathusia. She told the madam how Harrel and his wife would be alone at lunch and about the rolls. Verathusia knew that there wouldn't nobody but Harrel eat the salt rolls and she put a little poison into one of 'em. She got the maid out of the room while she done it and the maid carried the poison home and never knew it.

"When Mrs. Harrel got the lunch she didn't know the rolls hadn't been there all the time. Of course cops questioned the maid, but she didn't tell 'em nothing because she didn't connect herself up with the poisoning. Verathusia figured we couldn't prove nothing against Mrs. Harrel and she'd be safe herself because the maid hadn't seen her touch the rolls."

"A peculiar crime," I commented. "If Verathusia hadn't tried to be too clever she might have got away with it. You deserve credit."

"Yeah? What I'm getting is just a lot of kidding. About a dozen jokers come around already to ask me do I solve all murders with that powder I told her I put in my shoes."

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Message from the Countess

Continued from page 19

moved to the third table. He spoke to the two men dining there. They rose, with palpably forced indignation. They trooped out to be examined. The officer shrugged after them. He cast his eyes over the café. He regarded the girl at the fifth or sixth table for half an instant before passing over her. The seventh table was empty. He looked definitely at the Reverend Giles Blaine. Then one of his men spoke to him. He paused in his first step to listen. The blaring jazz of the orchestra became a mere clamor to the clergyman. He went deathly pale.

"They will not search you, Captain Czucs?" he asked unsteadily.

"I am the nephew of the Minister of War," said Captain Czucs, "and of the Metropolitan. No, they will not search me."

"I shall pass you the envelope under the table," said the Reverend Giles Blaine in a strained voice. "I—I trust in your—innate decency. If your loyalty to your country requires that you be completely sure, you may make sure that it contains only a letter and banknotes as I said. But I beg that you will not read the signature. My honor as a clergyman is in your hands."

CAPTAIN CZUCS' face cleared. His hand slid beneath the table and the tablecloth. He did it with an amazing dexterity for so bulky a man. He took the envelope the Reverend Giles Blaine extended to him. He lifted a napkin to his mouth in a perfectly natural gesture, and the envelope vanished utterly.

"I am quite satisfied," he said in a sudden warmth, "that you are a good man. And I am glad indeed!"

The police officer came definitely to the eighth table and addressed the Reverend Mr. Blaine in polite but wholly mysterious syllables.

"I think I understand," said the clergyman with dignity. "He wishes me to submit to be searched."

But Captain Czucs raised a pudgy hand in polite expostulation. He spoke with cryptic distinctness and courtesy. The officer replied with even greater courtesy and equal unintelligibility. But he was firm. The Reverend Mr. Blaine pushed back his chair.

"But wait!" protested Captain Czucs. He looked somewhat embarrassed. "I have vouched for you, but the lieutenant has orders. I shall telephone my uncle the Minister of War for permission to exempt you from search."

"It does not matter," said the clergyman. "I have nothing to conceal."

Captain Czucs bowed to him as he rose.

"Peculiarly enough," he observed, "I believe it. And so—"

He hurried to the door. The police officer accompanied him. The Reverend Mr. Blaine sat at the table, drumming on it. He thought longingly of his wife, sleeping with her mouth open back at the hotel. He tried to piece together such items of information as he could remember of the search for spies throughout all Europe. He knew vaguely that there was at this time—as at all times—some sort of threatening international situation in being, and that there were negotiations and counternegotiations in progress, and even that there had been a recent treaty made between Captain Czucs' nation and another and greater power, with a part of the agreement kept secret. He knew confusedly that there was a deadly interplay of forces having nothing to do with the functions of the clergy. Alliances and counteralliances, and spies and counterespionage, with peace or war and the lives of millions at stake.

In such matters, of course, the life of one man or of twenty was of no account, and the reputation and the conscience of one desperately contrite woman would count for nothing at all. But it counted for a great deal to the clergyman. He saw the girl at the fifth or sixth table looking at him in a sort of terrified, fascinated hope. And the Reverend Mr. Blaine nodded to her encouragingly.

Then Captain Czucs came into view. He spoke to the officer of police and that officer turned and bowed in polite apology. The two men who had last gone to be searched now returned. They were openly triumphant. The police officer gave an order to his men. They quietly withdrew with him.

Captain Czucs came back to the table and reseated himself with a faint sigh.

"My uncle ordered that the police withdraw," he explained, "because the one man who was really suspicious—and who ran away—had nothing incriminating upon him when he was caught."

He spoke regretfully to the waiter in the syllables which were invincibly mysterious to the Reverend Giles Blaine.

"I vouched for you," Captain Czucs added, turning back to the clergyman, "so he ordered especially that you were to be offered every courtesy. But he wishes me to attend him at once, so—" his tone was rueful—"I cannot even wait to see the girl and guess at a family resemblance and a scandal."

Something tapped against the clergyman's knee. He started a trifle. Then he realized. He extended a shaking hand beneath the tablecloth and received back the envelope he had entrusted to Captain Czucs. He tucked it up under his clerical waistcoat and fumbled for a suitable thing to say while Captain Czucs took his leave with a distant air of warm friendliness.

The Reverend Giles Blaine hesitatingly ordered a glass of light wine to excuse his loitering. He reflected wistfully upon his wife, sleeping with her mouth open upon an admirable imitation of an American mattress back at the hotel.

THEN the girl at the fifth or sixth table smiled at him. The clergyman turned pink, but smiled forgivingly back at her. She rose and came jauntily to his table. She showed no sign of the stark terror she had displayed a little while since. She sank into the chair Captain Czucs had vacated and beamed, and the Reverend Mr. Blaine's heart sank. But he said earnestly:

"My dear, you look exactly like the picture the countess, your mother, carries in a locket next to her heart."

"So I should," she told him saucily, "I posed for eet. Deed my mother-r geeve you a letter-r for me?"

"Yes, indeed," said the clergyman. "I have your mother's letter for you. She loves you, and she hopes that you will be very happy, and—never again think of such things as you threatened."

But he looked at her dubiously. She was too brightly colored, and she was too pretty, and she did not look as if she would sleep with her mouth open, which habit the Reverend Giles Blaine somehow associated with a talent for domesticity.

"Veree well," she said to him, tensely, "let me have eet."

A small hand tapped his knee. Again he started slightly. Then he slid the rather thick envelope from beneath his clerical waistcoat and into her fingers.

"Thank you, *padre*," said the girl. Her air was amused. "Eef she gave me enough, I shall be good. Eef she gave me quite enough, I shall be vairy good! So tell her I promeesed."

Unconsciously, he found his head shaking dismally. She seemed to take it as a dismissal. She rose. She looked about the terrace. She drifted toward the door.

THE Reverend Giles Blaine mopped his forehead. Then he summoned his waiter. He emerged into the quiet, sparsely lighted street outside the Café Hrodny. A horse-drawn cab came alertly forward. He named with a careful distinctness the hotel which had almost American mattresses. The cabman nodded emphatically. The Reverend Giles Blaine stepped into the dark interior of the cab.

"I waited for you," said Captain Czucs startlingly from the opposite seat, "because you are an honest man and a good priest."

The clergyman started violently.

"But you do not understand. The countess—" Captain Czucs named with complete accuracy the person whose emissary the clergyman had been, and the Reverend Mr. Blaine gasped—"the countess is a clever spy, but she does not quite realize that we have also a counterespionage service. So when she gave you the document all our police are looking for, she was not kind. Because it was dangerous for you."

"Counter—document—police—" The Reverend Giles Blaine became hopelessly confused. "It was a letter! I—saw her sign and seal it."

"Yes," said Captain Czucs patiently, "but she exchanged envelopes before handing it to you. In America, that is an essential part of what they call the handkerchief swindle. But here it was more serious. Many people would have killed you for that envelope, if they had known you had it—as we did. You would have been the victim of an—an accident."

The Reverend Giles Blaine swallowed.

"But I gave it to that girl!" he said alarmedly. "Do you—do you mean that I—betrayed her to the police by giving her the envelope?"

"Oh, no!" said Captain Czucs reassuringly. "When I went to telephone to my uncle, the envelope was opened. A substitute document was ready and the envelope was resealed. And since you had been watched every moment, and nobody but myself knows that it left your possession for an instant, that substitute document will be believed to be the true text, and the error will be of considerable service to my nation. Especially since we seemed to search for it so vigilantly, and actually captured the spy who was supposed to smuggle it out of the country. He jumped off the terrace."

The Reverend Giles Blaine was in a hopeless inner turmoil. Captain Czucs nodded to him by the light of a passing street lamp.

"Yes," he said gently. "It is confusing. But now you must go home. You must go home tomorrow. You will be so much safer from—accidents!"

"I—I will go," said the Reverend Giles Blaine unhappily. "Of course! At once!"

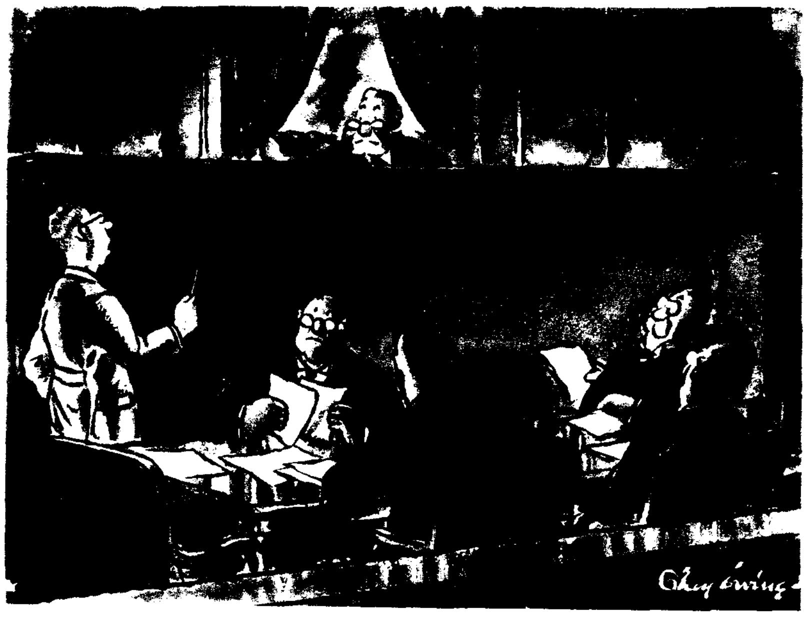
And he did. He headed for Cherbourg next morning despite the protests of his wife, who did not understand his haste. On the way across Central Europe he read in the Paris Herald of amazing changes in the international situation. Notably, one bellicose nation moderated its attitude toward Captain Czucs' government. But he was most disturbed by the printed account of a tragic accident in the city he had just left, in which a certain countess was found dead of monoxide gas in her own closed limousine. It was described as an accident, and the clergyman did not believe it.

But he felt better on the liner, the first night out at sea. He was in the dining saloon, alone because his wife always kept to her berth the first twenty-four hours after sailing.

THE orchestra blared American jazz and there were softly shaded lights and the faint, almost imperceptible vibrations of the steamer's engines. The Reverend Giles Blaine looked about him, and could not possibly know that at the first table the man seated there fingered certain banknotes in his pocket and reflected unpleasantly that though his passage was paid there was no more money where this had come from. Nor that at the second table one man said to another that so-and-so wasn't to be trusted, and one simply couldn't take risks. Nor that the woman at yet another table was in the act of observing brightly to her escort that something or other would cost only eighty pounds, nor that the pretty girl in the corner was saying softly to her companion that she was sure nobody had recognized him, and therefore there was nothing to worry about.

The Reverend Giles Blaine could not possibly know these things. So he gazed about him and spoke in passionate relief to an utter stranger:

"This—this is so completely unlike the Café Hrodny!"



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JAY IRVING

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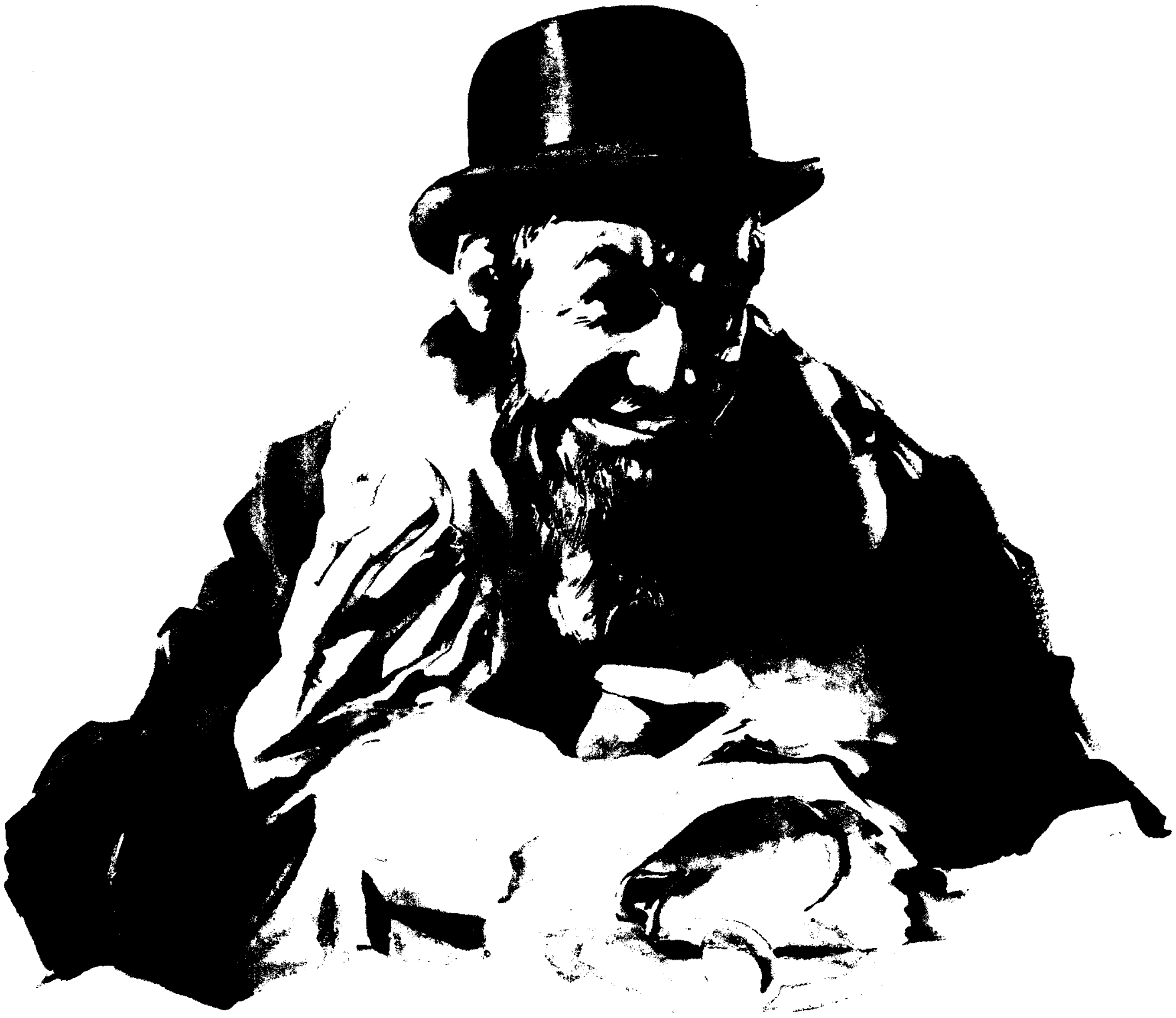
Heads Make Brains

By Walter Duranty



"I could offer you one of the eggs," he said, "but the carp's head is my pièce de résistance"

THE main hall of the Warsaw Grand Central Station—the newsstand in the middle, which sells papers and magazines in twenty languages—crowded benches round it where people sit all day because traveling by train is an adventure, the schedule may be changed or one may have to stand hours in line for tickets, or because their homes are dark and cold and the station is bright and warm—groups of soldiers in ill-fitting uniforms—a garish café in the corner—a loud-speaker playing music, a loud-speaker calling trains—porters bent under loads of baggage—parties seeing off friends with sheaves of flowers—the indescribable noise and bustle and confusion and crowdedness of it all.

There one cold December evening sat Doktor Julius Offenbacker, an elderly Jewish citizen with a long beard and a shiny, pinkish nose. He was going to Cracow to see the little Moses, newborn son of his daughter Rebecca, which made him happy because one of his own sons had been killed in the war and the other died of typhus in the hunger days of 1921.

His fur coat was faded outside and slightly moth-eaten within, but warm, and its soft beaver collar nestled lusciously round his stringy neck. Doktor Offenbacker was a man of sense and substance who had perceived before other Warsaw merchants that the Bata footwear of Czechoslovakia was cheaper and more durable than any other footwear made on the Continent.

There was trouble, of course, with tariffs, but that was nothing new in eastern Europe, and there were ways of overcoming tariff difficulties for men of wisdom and experience. So Julius Offenbacker prospered and there was a first-class ticket in his pocket for his evening's journey to Cracow and a big fat package of dinner in the suitcase held tight between his knees, because one never knows about suitcases if set down carelessly to right or left.

THE gong rang stridently and there was a sudden rush toward the Cracow train. Offenbacker nimbly preceded a family of peasants laden with canvas sacks and children, then made way for a cavalry colonel in full uniform with saber clanking from his hip.

By some chance they sat together in the first-class carriage without other travelers, and the colonel read his newspaper and grew bored and deigned to speak. He spoke of the weather, which was chilly, and of an old wound in his right arm which sometimes pained him in the winter. He spoke of this and that and was kindly and condescending as befits a Polish gentleman. Gently stroking his mustachios—which are still worn long in Poland—he affably remarked, "I naturally am unacquainted with many of your people, but I am truly glad to have this opportunity of talking here with you, because there is one thing which has always puzzled me exceedingly. What I do not understand is why your race is so successful. I mean—there are certain limitations, but nevertheless you do make money, don't you? And have even greater successes in theater and opera, and I'm even told that in America—I have friends in Washington—that there is a Jewish member of the Cabinet who is a personal friend of the President."

The colonel crossed his hands upon his knees and bent forward. "As man to man may I ask you a simple question: How do you do it? What is your secret?"

Julius Offenbacker thoughtfully stroked his nose. "Brains," he said firmly, "we have brains—and use them."

The colonel looked puzzled. "I suppose you must be right, but where do you get your brains, how do you get them? Why should you have them more than other people?"

This time the reply came quickly. "From eating heads. We eat the heads of everything—calves' heads and sheep's heads, and the heads of fish. Here in my suitcase I have the head of a carp saved for this journey from yesterday's dinner of *gefuellte* fish cooked by my own old servant, a most tasty dish served with horse-radish sauce."

The colonel's mouth watered as he suddenly realized that there was no dining car upon the train. "You interest me," he said. "Might I look at this carp's head of which you speak?"

Julius Offenbacker shrugged his shoulders with a smile. "With your permission, Honored Sir, I am just about to partake of my modest supper."

He took from his suitcase a bundle wrapped in newspaper, two hard-boiled eggs, some bread and butter, a hunk of cheese, a pinch of salt, and last but not least the shining, greasy head of a five-pound carp. "That," he said, "is the important thing," and spread forward the fingers of both hands, "heads make brains. Honored Sir, I have told you our secret."

The colonel was hungry and somewhat intrigued by his own condescension. "A most interesting theory you have suggested and perhaps not wholly wrong. After all heads do . . . er . . . contain brains, don't they? And I have read somewhere, or been told, that a diet of fish has an unusually stimulating effect upon the human mind. In fact . . . er . . . suppose you permit me . . . er . . . to share with you this carp's head, which I must admit has an appetizing smell."

JULIUS OFFENBACKER looked the colonel in the eye. "I could offer you one of the eggs," he said, "but the carp's head is my *pièce de résistance*, as they say in Paris. You will forgive me, sir, but . . ."

"Now look," said the colonel sternly, "you come of a practical race and have a sense of business. I suggest that I buy from you"—he bent forward and sniffed again—"this succulent carp's head."

Offenbacker leaned back and stroked his nose again. "But it's my dinner and I need it. I was so busy all day that I hadn't time for lunch, and I am very hungry. I wouldn't give it to you for fifty zlotys, no, indeed, I wouldn't."

"Would you give it to me for thirty?" said the colonel.

"No, indeed."

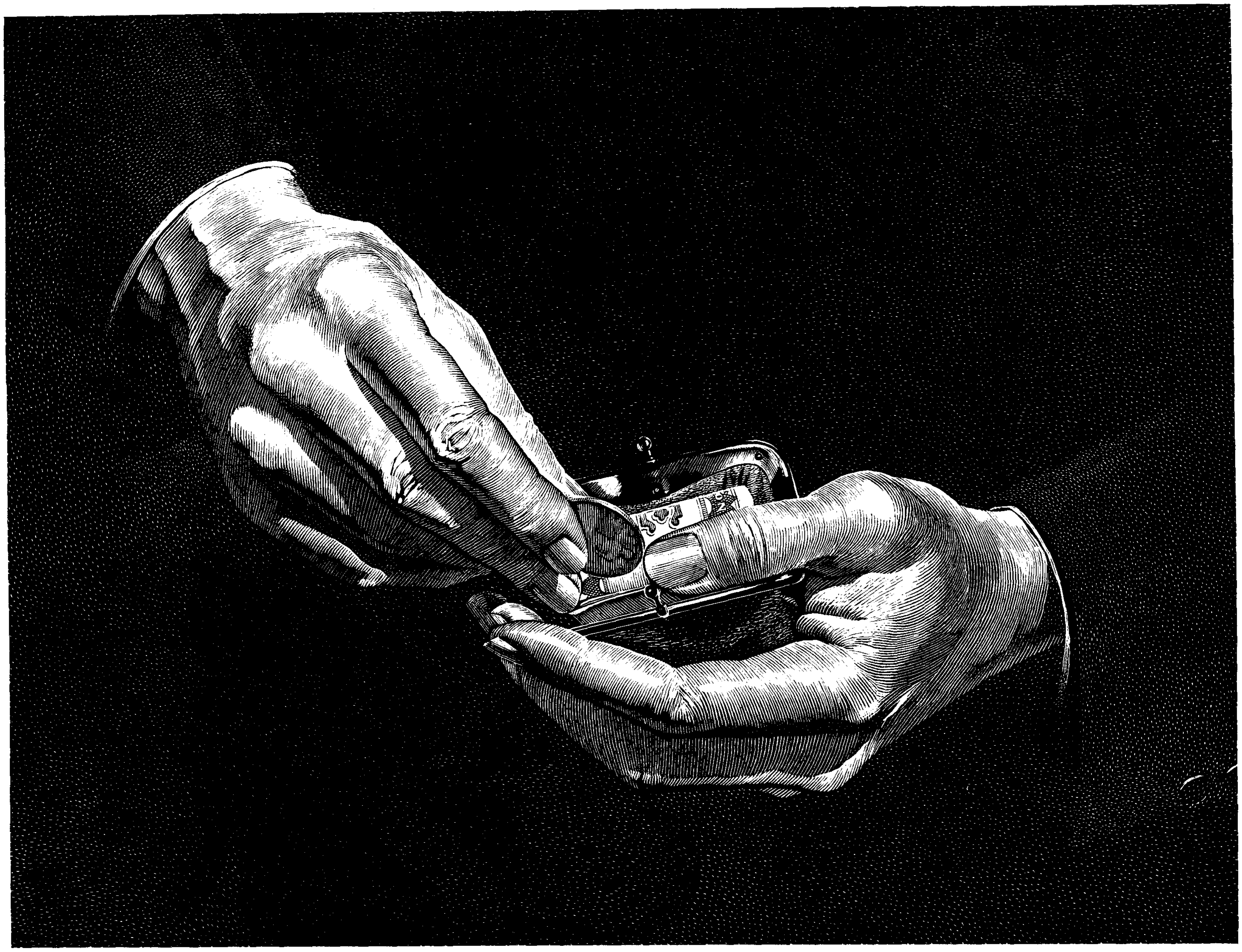
"Now look," the colonel insisted, "here are twenty zlotys"—he produced a crisp new bill. "Twenty zlotys, cash down. Will you take it or not?"

Offenbacker took it and the colonel took the head. It was cooked to a turn and the flakes were tender and fresh. "That was excellent," the colonel said, "it was excellent indeed."

He took a cigar from his pocket, bit off the end and lighted it, then leaned back comfortably with eyes half closed. The cigar had burned to a finish before the silence was broken. The colonel threw the stub out of the window, then sat staring at Offenbacker with a puzzled expression. "The carp was good," he said at last, "but there's something I want to ask you. Surely the whole fish didn't cost more than three zlotys and I've paid you twenty for the head alone."

The Jew sprang to his feet with pointing finger. "You see," he cried, "now you see . . . how it works . . . it's working already."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE



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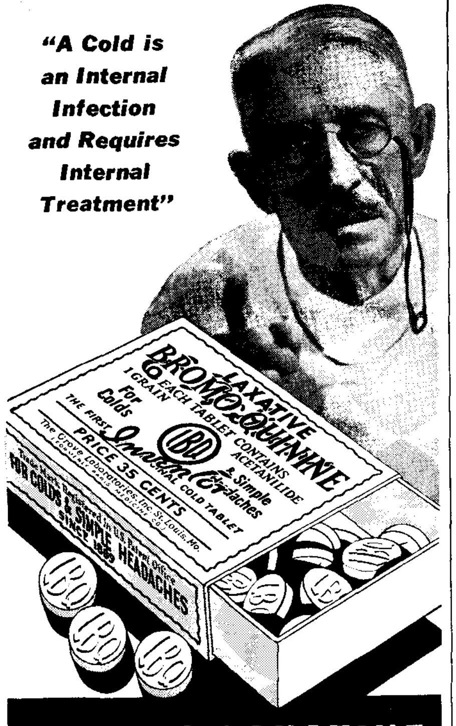
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Jim Felt Lucky

Continued from page 13

terrific explosion. A bomb had landed just off our port side. We were all frozen with shock for a moment. Then, before we could recover, another bomb exploded even nearer. The planes kept right on going in the direction of Nanking. We all thought, naturally, that they had made a mistake, had discovered their error and were proceeding. But we were wrong.

Now a squadron of six smaller pursuit planes dove at us, releasing what appeared to be hundred-pound bombs. The first one landed near the bridge. It hurt Commander Hughes. The explosion stunned everyone. When a bomb explodes that near to you it gives you concussion. For a moment your circulation stops. I looked around and every man's face was blue. It would have been funny at any other time. Hughes lay there incapacitated and automatically Lieutenant Anders took over command. Every man was at his emergency post. The bombs came in rapid succession now. I stood there holding on to the rail. The ship was lurching. It was trembling and rocking.

Anger—but No Panic

Anders was hit. I saw him go down and I saw blood spurt from his throat. A moment later he was calmly writing orders on the deck with a piece of chalk. God knows where that chalk came from. Another bomb hit us. Flying fragments hit both of Anders' hands. They hung there bleeding and he looked at them angrily. He couldn't write any orders. Somehow he got to his feet and he motioned orders with his bleeding hands. Mind you, only a minute had passed since that first bomb had fallen. Only a minute and our nice little Panay was a shambles. Only a minute had passed but the crew was functioning already at the machine guns, answering the bombing. There wasn't a trace of panic or nervousness on the face of anyone. Everyone was grim, mad as the devil because we were so helpless, but no one was afraid. We were all too mad to be afraid.

I ran back to the petty officer's quarters to get my camera. Sandri was lying there on the floor, stunned but unhurt. I told him to get below, that there was no protection there where he was. We started out. I climbed down the ladder, with him right behind me. I turned into the hatchway to go below. Then a spread bomb hit the ship and Sandri fell against me. He said, "I'm hit."

I dragged him into the engine room. He was conscious, though his side was lying open. He peered at his wound and then nodded thoughtfully. He knew that he was gone. He'd seen men die in Ethiopia. Doctor Grazier and Lieutenant Geist came into the engine room then, dragging two wounded men with them. Doctor Grazier went to work on Sandri, but there wasn't much that he could do.

I went out and began to take pictures. There was nothing I could do to help anyone. By now we all thought that we were done for. The bombs kept dropping and the Panay was listing badly. I stood there working and now and then I'd look around. Once I looked and found Jim Marshall standing there. You couldn't talk. No one could hear what you said. But by now Marshall and I were great friends. I mean, we knew each other so well that we could almost sense what the other was thinking.

He was smiling a little and those big eyes of his were saying, "What's the score, pal?"

I tried to smile back but it must have been a bum smile. Jim stood there hanging on to a stanchion with one hand and to his pipe with the other. The pipe had gone out and I knew that Jim was just waiting for the Panay to stop rocking and trembling, so he could light his pipe.

"Look out for yourself, kid," Jim said to me. I couldn't hear him, of course, but his lips framed the words and I nodded and told him the same thing. Then I went back to taking pictures. Anders was walking around. He couldn't talk and he couldn't write orders. Well, he knew his men so well and they knew him so well that all he had to do was to make a gesture with his bloody hands and they knew what he meant. I've never seen discipline or efficiency to equal what I saw during those first horrible five minutes. I don't want to get maudlin about this but I'm not kidding when I say that I was awfully proud to be an American then.

These men were shooting at planes moving two hundred miles an hour. They were shooting at planes that were dropping hundred-pound bombs on them. They were shooting with 1917 Lewis machine guns, which were never designed for anti-aircraft work. The clothes had been blown off some of the men by the shock of the bombs. They were all blue in the face. And they were as calm as though they were at target practice. Their commanding officer was lying unconscious. Their second in command was badly wounded. They kept on working. Listen, you would have been proud to be an American if you'd been there.

I noticed that the bombs were falling at regular intervals, one a minute. At first they had dropped helter-skelter. Now the planes were being more careful, more deliberate. The Panay was listing badly, obviously mortally hurt. Most of the superstructure was gone. Almost everything was gone—except those two big American flags that were stretched out. Did the planes see the flags? They couldn't miss seeing them.

Marshall Gets Ashore

Seventeen bombs dropped on us or alongside us in twenty-five minutes. Anders ordered the wounded taken ashore. The crew lowered the outboard-motored sampan and put several of the boys into it. Then it pushed off. A Japanese plane dove at it and released a bomb that just missed it. The boat kept on and then another plane dove at it and opened machine-gun fire. It wasn't fun to watch that.

Most of our lifeboats had been hit badly. The S. S. Meiping, an oil tanker, drifted alongside us. A bomb had blown the whole deck crew off the Meiping. Marshall leaped from the Panay to the deck of the Meiping. He rightly figured that there weren't enough sound lifeboats on the Panay to take care of everyone. Anders motioned to the Meiping to pull away. He kept on thinking clearly—Anders did. He knew that the Meiping was loaded with oil. A direct hit on it would ignite that oil and we'd go up too.

The Meiping drifted away. I saw Jim Marshall on the deck trying to lower a lifeboat. It isn't easy to lower a lifeboat alone. He'd work one rope and lower one end of it a bit and then go to the other side and work that rope. He was there on the deck all alone. The Meiping drifted toward shore. I didn't see Jim again, but I knew that he'd be all right. Sure, Hodge was on the Meiping too, and he'd take care of Jim.

Hodge and eight other sailors had been given liberty leave that day. They had been invited to visit the Meiping by the crew of that ship. They'd gone over for a glass of beer. Instead they got bombs.

They decided to beach the Meiping. A bomb hit it just as it reached shore. That was the one that got Marshall. It got him badly in the neck and not so badly in the arm and leg. But he got ashore. Hodge saw to that.

The End of the Panay

At 2:05 the command to "Abandon ship" was given. There weren't enough undamaged boats to accommodate us all. There weren't enough life belts either. You see, there were a lot of civilians on the ship. There were enough life jackets for the crew. But that crew didn't care about life jackets. I didn't have one on and one of the members of the crew named Huffman noticed it. He took off his jacket and threw it to me. You'd think he was casually tossing one a cigarette. I saw three other crew members, Williamson, Johnson and Adams, take off their life jackets and put them on civilians.

The ship was listing badly now. The motor sampan that had carried that first crowd of wounded ashore had returned. I got in that and we pulled away from the Panay. We hated to desert her. She had certainly stood up gallantly. There wasn't a bit of her that wasn't scarred.

We all did our best to help the wounded. Sandri lay there bleeding. He knew that if he stayed tilted to his right he would live a little while longer. Otherwise he would bleed to death in a few minutes. He knew this, so he lay there on his side, just thinking, I guess. Sandri was one of the original Fascists. He marched on Rome with Mussolini. He'd gone to Ethiopia to cover the war there. He was a great admirer of Mussolini.

The day after the bombing Mussolini made a statement. He said tersely that the Japanese had been correct in all of their actions. He didn't mention Sandri. Well, Sandri was dead then. It wouldn't have helped any.

We'd been on shore just a few minutes when we heard machine-gun fire. We looked out toward the Panay. A Japanese landing-party boat was approaching her and firing as it approached. The Japanese boarded the Panay and then after staying on board about five minutes left. The Panay sank a few minutes later. I looked at my watch. It was just 3:45. It was exactly two hours since Jim Marshall had said to me, "I feel lucky today."

I kept thinking about him. I wondered whether he had escaped unwounded. I didn't hear until two days later. I've never heard the real story of that walk from the river to Wuhu. I can imagine that big kid Hodge making Jim get on his back. I can imagine the kid laughing, "Golly, you don't weigh much, Mr. Marshall." Then I can visualize the kid insisting upon that Japanese army doctor cauterizing Jim's wounds. He probably would have killed the doctor had he refused. The Japanese don't like Jim Marshall. He's written too many unpleasant truths about them. If it hadn't been for Hodge I know that Marshall never would have reached Wuhu alive.

The doctors told me that when I called at the hospital to see Jim. They wouldn't let me see him, though. He was too ill then. I asked the doctors how Jim had reached the hospital.

One of them said, "A kid named Hodge brought him in."

Big Thrill

Continued from page 15

bartender to set up four more drinks and make two of the whiskies double.

"Fixed you up, didn't I?" Henry said triumphantly. "Dictated it all myself, in the baggage car!"

"You certainly fixed me up," I said under my breath.

WE HAD rather a quiet lunch.

As we were going out Maude took me aside and asked, "Honestly now—you're not going in this race, are you?"

"I haven't been disqualified yet," I said in lusty, devil-may-care tones.

"No. But I saw you take a tumble this morning. You've had your fun!"

She stood in the doorway laughing at me, and my heart did a backfire. She had the cap on the back of her head; the long-cut wavy brown hair hung down her cheeks and shook as she laughed. "Howard and I have to go and be photographed some more," she said. "How about watching the race with me?"

I told her to watch my form on the turns. Even then I figured on getting out of it somehow, without loss of face. But she spoiled my plans.

She looked at me seriously for a minute and then said, "Listen, Champ, don't overdo it. A joke's a joke."

She was close enough for me to have counted her eyelashes. "Say you won't!"

"Wait and see," I said.

"You wait and sober up!" she advised me as she departed.

Outside, the excursionists were waxing their skis for an afternoon's sport. I went up to Henry.

"I wish you had missed the train!" I said.

He laughed. "Remember the Rangoon Ski Club when you come down!"

"You're half cockeyed."

"No—just steamed up." He wrestled with the ten-year-old athletic clothes and started to put on his skis.

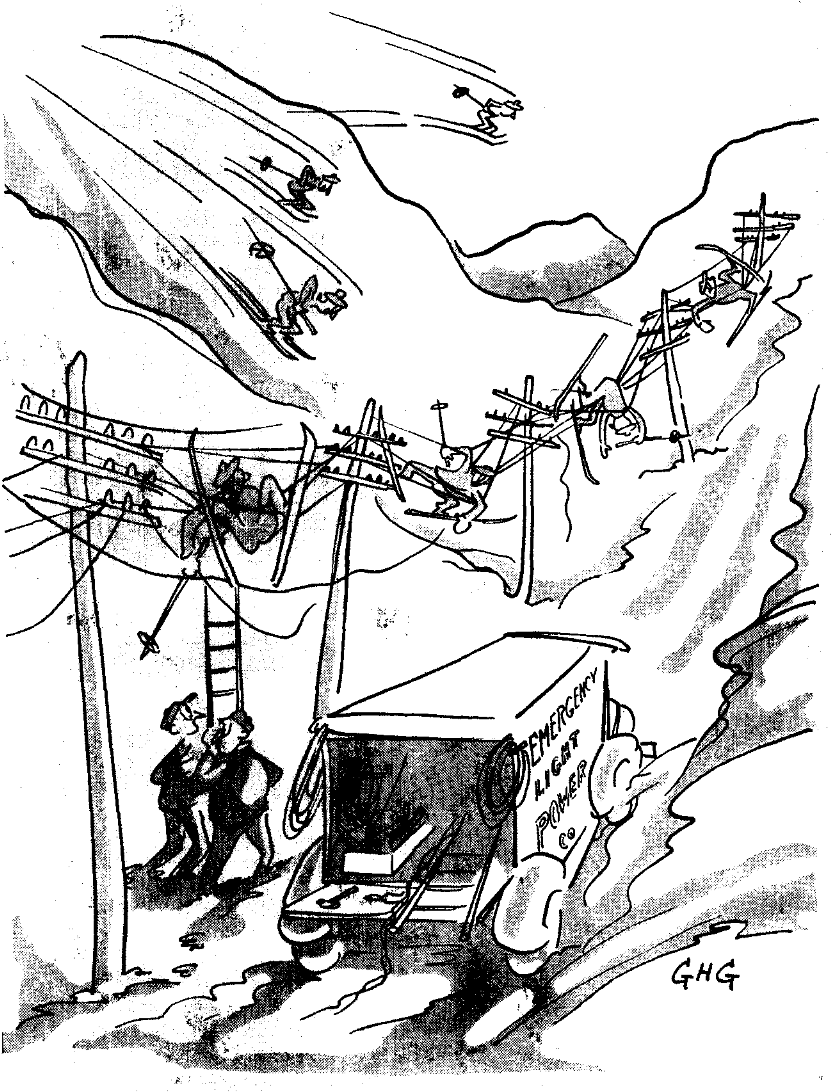
I asked him if the top of the hill was much worse than the bottom, and he said it made the last part look like a billiard table. With some difficulty he got his feet into the bindings and clamped the heel straps taut. Then straightened up gaily.

"Let's go!" he shouted.

I slipped my skis on in a hurry and followed him. We coasted down to the tow rope across the valley. There they told us the racers would come down one minute apart, beginning at three o'clock sharp. The record of their finishing times would show who had made the fastest run. I looked at the finish line, which lay between a pair of red posts, and saw the starter and timekeeper synchronizing their watches. An official stitched white squares of cloth with black numbers on our backs. Mine was seventeen.

After seeing the starter and Henry go up I stepped beside the running towrope and let it slide through my fingers. Then I leaned back and gripped. It hoisted me up as steadily as an elevator. People said "Good luck!" when they saw our numbers. Behind and in front rode a string of kibitzers going up to watch at the turn. This rope carried only as far as the trees; above ran a steeper one to the summit. Red flags marked the course.

Maude met me when I got off by



"Always something, ain't it? In summer it's hailstorms and lightning"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

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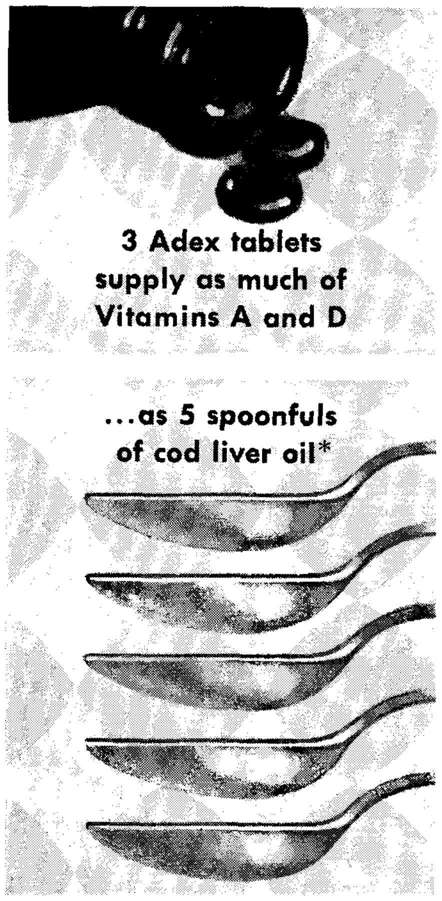

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the trees. I didn't let her see my number.

"Look up and down!" she suggested.

We were at the edge of a passage ten yards wide, with thick scrubby firs on either side and a stand of big pines above. Beyond the pines I could see a clear space, and a narrow track cut straight as a die up the slope's face. After diving down it, you would have to turn sharp left around the pines, then even sharper right to make the opening where we stood.

The S-turn. S for Simpson.

The ski tracks showed what it was like for fast work: they came into the first turn in narrow ribbons, but from there were lost in sweepings of furrowed snow. The lower turn was a steep spiral. But not banked—you would have to take another deep skid to change direction. Gashes in the snow showed where the skis had taken hold, right next to the trees.

"Some people have made it," I said, keeping my teeth wide apart so she wouldn't hear them chatter.

BELOW the second turn was a bump in the hillside, followed by the ditch. The tracks were deep on the take-off, then disappeared for about forty feet. Just a small jump, after the S-turn.

"Howard's coming first: they'll start any minute now," Maude said.

"Then I'd better get going."

"Don't be an idiot!"

I didn't feel like waiting, but I decided that I'd watch one man come down before I made up my mind.

"Where's your friend with the camera?" I asked.

She pointed. The little man was perched on a rock beside the big trees, with his camera in one hand and a watch in the other. I was looking at him when a shout echoed against the hillside.

Way up over the old man's head, at the top of the patch, a figure detached itself from the crowd and moved down—slowly at first. He seemed to break into full speed all at once, and then he took the whole chute in one motion. Not like a high diver—more like a man dropping out of a window. At the field's edge he swerved with a quick flurry of snow, and made for the corner. On skis Howard looked good, with the crouching legs firm, the skis so close together they looked like one, the poles jutting out behind into the snow dust.

He did a Christiania around the flag by the pines; leaned, swung himself and the skis around with no apparent effort, side-slipped to the edge. Then he straightened up for the dip before the last corner and whisked by us as silent and swift as an airplane shadow.

The corner looked like a dead end from here. He won't make it, I thought. He was low, charging at the trees . . . A swift right angle this time—or else.

It looked automatic: he rose from the crouch, then dipped suddenly, switching the heels of both skis to the left. He skidded halfway to the trees in a cloud of flying snow—and came out of it aimed straight for the ditch. Precise as a roller coaster. At the ditch he sprang—sailed through the air with his arms out and the skis horizontal. They cheered for him as he vanished.

"See what I mean?" Maude asked.

"Sure I do."

I felt as hollow as an electric-light bulb, but I knew that I had to do it. I knew also that I couldn't watch another and still go through with it. So I turned and said, "See you later."

"What—?" She saw the number and grabbed my wrist. "Are you *crazy?* Your friend said you never would."

"Let go," I said. "I want my picture taken."

And then she boiled over.

"You've just let yourself get kidded into this, you know you have."

There were a few flakes of snow on her hair. With her eyes narrowed and her cheeks getting pink as she bawled me out, she made me forget for a minute how scared I was.

"Little girl," I said, "this is nothing. In my time I've—"

She interrupted. "All right, all right." She let go of my wrist. "It's just the responsibility that gets me—you up here without mother or nurse." Then she slid off toward the photographer.

I found the trip up that second towrope a little longer than a solo transatlantic flight. It ran through the woods beyond the track, so I couldn't see what was going on. I could only hear.

Nobody cheered for the next man. Even through the trees I could hear voices say "Oh-h-h-h!" Then a momentary deafening silence—followed by a burst of talk.

As I rode up, my body almost horizontal but still perpendicular to the hillside, I realized that in less than ten minutes it would be over. Eight or nine minutes: the time it took me to shave. An instant. Then it would have happened—whatever was going to happen.

A posse of contestants, officials, and kibitzers was at the top, standing on the small level ledge below a cliff. The starter was ten yards off, at the line.

"Number seventeen?" asked the man.

"Yes—Goodrich," I said.

"Okay. Stand back, please. You're after this fellow."

My predecessor was alone in the center of the group, shuffling his skis back and forth. A skinny youth with a sharp nose and high cheekbones. No blood in his face.

Henry asked where I'd been. I told him and he smiled.

"Going to try it?"

"Got to, now I'm up here," I said. "That guy looks scared."

"He told me he's been in this race five times. Won it twice."

I sidled along to the edge of the level spot and looked down. No fun. The track didn't go downhill, just dropped away.

"Go!" yelled the starter.

The thin boy began running with short slides. Then he didn't seem to move but to grow smaller and smaller down the white ribbon until he almost disappeared. I saw him shoot out on the little field at the bottom and turn left. He went behind the trees.

AT THE finish way below was a little black aggregation of people penned on either side of the track. The boy slid into view in front of them—pushing with his poles to get more speed. He crossed the line and skidded to a stop, still upright.

"Look here," Henry said as I stumbled back up to the level place. "You don't need to get as far as the trees—just sit down!"

"I'll flop when I have to."

"Listen—track's a lot faster than it was in the morning. Hardened a little. And if you hit—"

"Shut up!"

I thought he was going to tell me what had happened to the boy who crashed in the morning—and that would be one too many. I turned around and scuffed the snow off my skis.

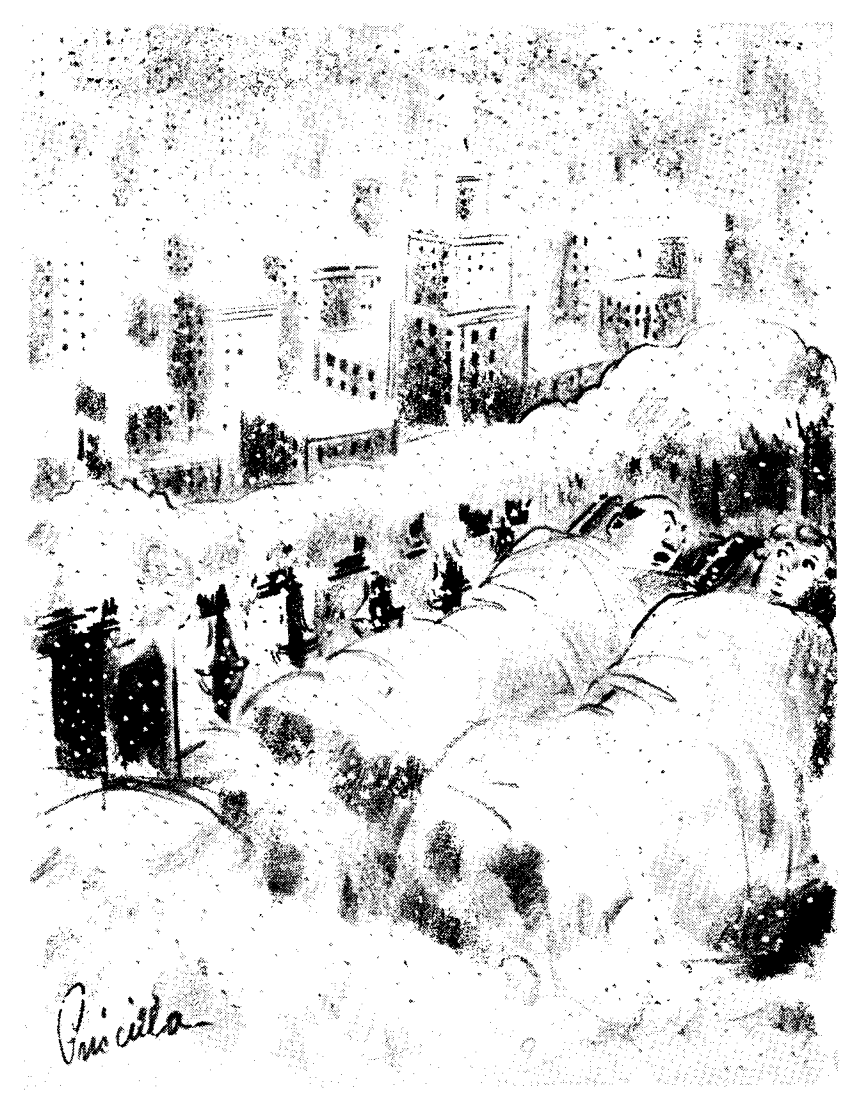
"Ready?" asked the starter.

I said, "Sure."

"Half a minute."

Thirty seconds, a minute, two minutes—and it will be over.

I twisted my feet to make sure that the harness was tight. Then shuffled some more: I was getting cold. What if they suddenly signal that it's all off? I asked myself. What if the starter drops dead?



"Just because we're paying for the terrace doesn't mean we must use it!"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

"Keep down low all the time. Remember," Henry said.

I noticed that a few thin flakes were falling.

"Go!"

I dug the ski poles in behind me and scrambled for the edge. No more time to be scared, the relief was instantaneous and complete. As I slid over, it looked even steeper than before. Purposely I leaned so far forward it seemed as though I'd fall on my face—but even at that the skis got going so fast they almost slipped out from under me.

I didn't think of anything but how to stand up from one second to the next. Touch and go for a second as I swayed. Then I got my knees bent and held the crouch. Steady, with one foot a little in front. The wind was like knives in my face. I was all right for a split second. But the field, which wasn't quite so steep, rushed up and hit me.

If I hadn't bent backward a little from fright I'd have taken a nose dive. Had to turn left, and twisted hard with my legs. The skis came around but I hadn't leaned in far enough. Almost went over, staggered, remembered to bend the knees, came out of it.

THE dip before the double corner. I picked up what little speed I had lost and rode toward it like a bullet out of a barrel. The woods came at me. I noticed the cameraman on his rock. I didn't look at him—just at the tracks of those who had gone before. Grazed a flagpole with one ski, and teetered. Then found myself diving at the turns. The trees were a wall.

In a flash I knew that I couldn't make it. I was losing control—drowning myself in the gulley. Got ready to crash. They all shouted.

Straight in front of me—at fifteen yards—the photographer tumbled from his perch and landed across the track. Looked as big as a house.

I swung left.

I thought I saw Maude as I went over —my skis out from under me, my head down. Shoulder first I went under the snow. Lay still for a second, I guess, then I tried to thrash to the surface. It was hard, with the feet high and the head low. And I felt foggy.

Finally they dragged me out of the way, spitting snow and rubbing my eyelids. I had snow in my ears and eyes and nose and down my neck. When I got to my feet, I was shaking.

Maude took my arm. "Are you all right?"

"I'd have made it but for that broad-jumper!" I lied through my icy teeth. "Did you see that?"

"You nearly hit him." She let out a heavy sigh.

The cameraman had made himself scarce already.

"Does he have epileptic fits?" I inquired.

"Not so far as I know. It's too bad; you were getting on fine."

She suddenly pointed uphill and I saw that all the people were looking that way. With their mouths open. And down came Henry deWitt Buck in all his glory.

The first thing I saw was his head jutting forward—off the course. He was coming out of a sharp turn above instead of below the edge of the field. Headed straight for a rock. The rock showed its head through a little mound of snow. I waved wildly to point it out. If he hit it, he would smash up; if he went beyond it he'd never miss the trees.

"Track! Track!" he screamed against the wind.

They gave him plenty of room. He crouched very low, then shot up, lifting his knees right to the chin—and hurdled the rock. . . . It landed him nearly on top of the tree trunks. He wrenched his left ski out diagonally and threw his weight on it, in a violent stem turn. The onlookers groaned as he caromed off—with inches to spare.

I had to see the end, so I chased right after him, along with some others. The last stretch, which had looked so bad in the morning, gave me no trouble. I was an old hand. The people were thick as flies around the finish; Henry was sitting to one side on the snow, rubbing his leg and fretting.

"How was I doin'?" he asked immediately.

"Pretty good. Who won?"

"Kane. I was third. That fancy turn slowed me up too much." He rose. "But if I'd had my own skis instead of these barrel staves I'd have won easy. What in Pete's name happened to you?"

I explained.

"We'll kill the photographer," said Henry.

We started for headquarters—he limping, I conscious for the first time of a slow ache in my shoulder. Two members of the vanquished visiting team.

I couldn't find the photographer but in a minute I saw Maude coming along behind us, all by herself, so I turned back.

"Hello. Where's your friend with the camera?" I said. "I want to ask him something."

"You scared him off, I guess."

"And what did you do with Mr. Howard Kane?"

"Through with him."

We laid a course for the inn. It was nice to plod safely for a change. I felt stiff and sore—but virtuous the way you do after a fight or a football game when you can decide that you weren't really scared at all, just nervous.

After a while she said, "Will you tell me why you went into that race?"

"For the thrill," I said. And then I broke down and asked her what all the photography was about; was she the Queen of Spain in disguise, or what?

"People are always curious about me," she said, digging her poles into the snow. "I'm a working girl, a model. These informal rags cost forty dollars a yard."

At that point I saw the light.

"Cigarettes?" I suggested breathlessly. "Haven't they tried your picture in cigarette ads?"

"Once or twice," she said.

I knew I had met her—on the back cover of a magazine.

Kane, it seemed, was the season's sensation on skis. "And so is this costume. My employers thought it would be smart to have them both in the same pictures."

WE HAD to do herringbone steps to get up the side of the valley, and we paused at the top for breath. I told her I'd like to take the costume home with me—if she went with it.

Just then we both saw the cameraman, and I started for him.

She grabbed my arm. "Let the poor man alone. He couldn't help it."

"I know. I just want to talk to him."

"Not now!" She had a strong grip. "I want to tell you something. Because if I don't he will."

I was swamped with intuition but just said, "Well?"

"He didn't fall—I pushed him." She drew in her breath and stepped close to me. "I felt the whole thing was my fault. For teasing you. And I was sure you'd hit the trees."

I let go of my ski poles and grasped her shoulders.

"You owe me a trip to Norway," I said.

"Try and collect."

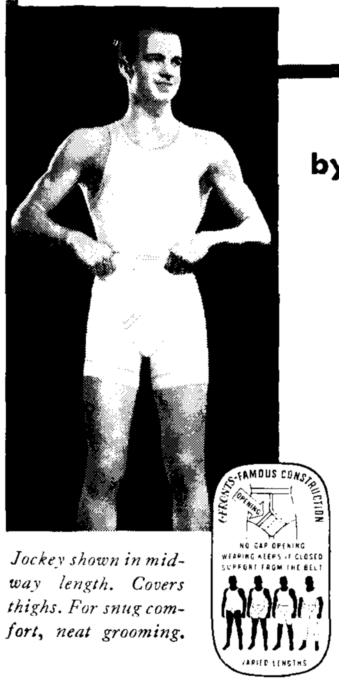
"Okay," I said.

I leaned over, slipped my arms around her, and gave her a kiss. It took considerable agility to do this with skis on, but I found it easier than making downhill turns. And just as exciting.

A Squeaky Chair

BETRAYS A

SQUIRMER!



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ASSOCIATED GAS & ELECTRIC SYSTEM

Castle Sinister

Continued from page 11

"Were that quaint house," he read, "to be given but for an hour the gift of words, what a romance it might weave for the visitor. It would tell some jolly tales of its former eccentric owner, the famous Robert Budge, who started as a dyer's apprentice and ended, in his own mind at least, with the self-made title of Lord Robert of the Isles. Despite the lapse of time since Lord Robert Budge held his mock court upon Smith Island, so many legends of this astounding character still abound in the countryside about that it is difficult to distinguish fact from fiction. But let us quote from the words of S. T. Grover from his beautiful and colorful volume, The History of Southdown, printed in 1885:

"'Starting with a series of speculations in depreciated Continental currency, Lord Robert Budge ended with a property of a hundred thousand pounds, a large sum in his day and one greatly embellished by his own imagination. He purchased Smith Island in 1790, then a simple cattle farm, built a magnificent three-story Federalist house, which he called his palace, and surrounded it by gardens containing a great many wooden images carved by a local Southdown artist who customarily made figureheads. These images were made to represent the Muses, the philosophers, soldiers, animals, and characters of all nations and were placed on pedestals with no particular order or relationship. In his spacious gardens to the rear of the house is still discernible his tomb, which he constructed in his lifetime and where he took his ease in the hot weather. His coach house is behind the tomb in very bad repair. Since his death in 1810 the island of Lord Robert and his "Palace" have been in several hands, but its isolated position in the marshes has long rendered it undesirable. The figures on their pedestals about the house have largely disappeared and only a few posts are left of white festooned fence which surrounded the gardens. It is said that the mantels and paneling carved to his order by Southdown shipwrights are veritable gems for some museum.'

"It is unfortunate that the place is now closed to visitors, but the house rising above its elms may be seen from the high ground across the marsh and the golden eagle upon its cupola, once loved and cherished by the lord of Smith Island, still glistens in the sun."

JOHN THORNE tossed the pamphlet on the floor, lighted a cigarette and took a paper from his pocket. The paper was written in a neat copybook hand, tremulously, but every letter was carefully formed.

"To whom it may concern," the paper read. "In view of consideration duly paid the bearer may spend what time he wishes to make measurements at Smith Island during the present summer, and this will be so whether I sell or rent the house or not. Symphorosa Savage."

John Thorne folded the letter and stood for a while by the open window. The lights of a side street showed that he was looking across back yards toward the rear of square white houses and he could see the stars through the elms. The silence of late evening had settled over the town, a half-mournful summer silence, which made it beautiful and sad.

There was a writing table near the window, and in the drawer, sure enough, were pens and paper and a spool of thread and buttons; there was also a little card with a message on it:

"Peace to you, Stranger, and Rest at ease in this your Inne."

In agate type beneath he read:

"Published by the Inne Association of America."

He picked up a piece of writing paper, tossed it away and picked up the card instead and wrote on the back of it:

"Dear Mr. Greer: This is the sort of thing you get me into. Antiquity is sweeping the country. The people I have to see are terrible and there shouldn't be any wings on art museums. I don't like early Americana any more, and I don't like art.

"I'll crack open Smith Island tomorrow. If there isn't anything inside that's worth the trouble I'll say I told you so. Give my best to Sue. Peace to you, stranger! John."

When he had finished he heard a sound outside the door. Someone was walking down the hall outside gingerly, as though he did not wish to be heard. The footsteps came nearer; then there was a silence and he heard a key in the lock, and he remembered what he had heard downstairs. The fellow in Number Twelve who wasn't quite right was opening the door next his, and he had been to Smith Island that evening.

IT GAVE John Thorne an idea that amused him, since it appealed to his sociable instinct. Without giving the matter any particular thought, he took the whisky bottle from his suitcase, put it in his pocket, stepped into the hall and knocked loudly on the door of Number Twelve.

There was a long pause after he rapped on the door. In fact, he had just raised his hand to rap again when the lock inside clicked and he heard a voice inside tell him to come in. When he opened the door, he saw that the shade of one of the imitation electric whale-oil lamps on the bureau had been turned back so that all the light was concentrated on his face. Its brilliance made him blink and he did not see anyone until he had closed the door. Then he found that a man was standing so close behind him that he must have been behind the door when he entered, a pale youngish man, with brown eyes that stared out of a haggard face.

For no good reason he reminded John Thorne of a steel engraving of Edgar Allan Poe; his eyes had the same intent, haunted look. His blue serge suit was a size too large so that it hung in uncouth folds over lean, sagging shoulders. At the time the position of the man's hands seemed peculiar. They were lean, bony hands and both of them were raised until each of them nearly grasped a lapel of his blue serge coat. Something about the pose of the man in Number Twelve made John Thorne's back stiffen, although he did not know just why.

"Hello," he said. "I just dropped in for a minute."

The guest in Number Twelve lowered his hands slowly and spoke in a level, expressionless voice.

"Yes," he said, "I see you did. Now you're here might I ask you to bolt the door, just in case someone else might drop in." He smiled faintly. "I'm confused by crowds."

John Thorne bolted the door.

"I can understand you," he said. "There's no need for either of us to put on an act, is there? Just as one connoisseur to another, we don't need to act as though we were going to cut each other's throats, do we? I brought some whisky. You'll need it, because you've been running around for nothing."

The stranger's deep-set eyes looked dreamily blank.

"Is that a fact?" he said.

"Yes," said John Thorne pleasantly,

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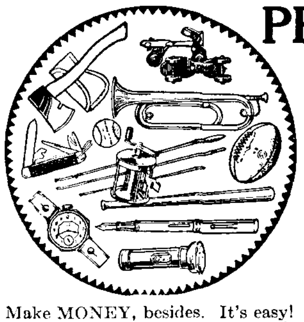

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"that's a fact. There's no use pretending I don't know who you are. I heard our genial bellboy, our guide, philosopher and friend, remark that you were asking about Smith Island. Then I knew who you were right off. There's no use sticking your head in the sand." John Thorne began to laugh in a friendly manner, but the stranger did not join him.

"Buddy," he said in that same soft, dreamy voice, "perhaps we'll both get along a whole lot better if you tell me exactly who you think I am."

"Certainly," said John Thorne. "You're from the Murphy galleries, Madison Avenue, New York. I was told that one of Murphy's boys might be around. You may have ripped the insides of the Hodgkins house right out from under our noses, but you're not going to get that dining-room wallpaper or the woodwork out of Smith Island, because we've got an easement on it—on the whole dining room, provided we replace."

THE stranger continued to look dreamily at John Thorne.

"Since you know who I am," the stranger said, "maybe you'll tell me who you are, or am I asking too much?"

"No," said John Thorne. "If you want me to tell you, if that's the way you like it—I'm working for Jim Greer, who's doing the American wing for Mr. Brindox. We're looking for a Federalist dining room with the original paper, and you won't get to first base on it, that's all."

The stranger's voice changed, and even before he spoke John Thorne had a fixed belief that there was something wrong.

"Are you telling me you're working for an art museum?" the stranger said. "Is that a fact?"

"It's a fact," John Thorne said. "I'm pretty good at it, even if I don't look it."

Then the stranger began to smile, a weary, patient smile. "So the house is as good as that, is it? And you're going there tomorrow?"

"Yes," John Thorne said. "The first thing tomorrow morning. You might tell me what it looks like since you've been there. Is the paper any good?"

The stranger's smile grew broader.

"You'd better pour yourself a drink, buddy," he said gently, "just for yourself, not for me. I don't think you're going to see that paper, buddy."

"Oh," John Thorne said, "don't you?"

"No," the stranger said, "I don't think so, buddy. The place was sold two weeks ago."

"We've got an easement," John Thorne said.

"Buddy," the stranger answered, "I wouldn't go out there if I were you."

"Listen," said John Thorne, "do you come from Murphy's or don't you?"

The stranger glanced back at him and his voice was low and solemn.

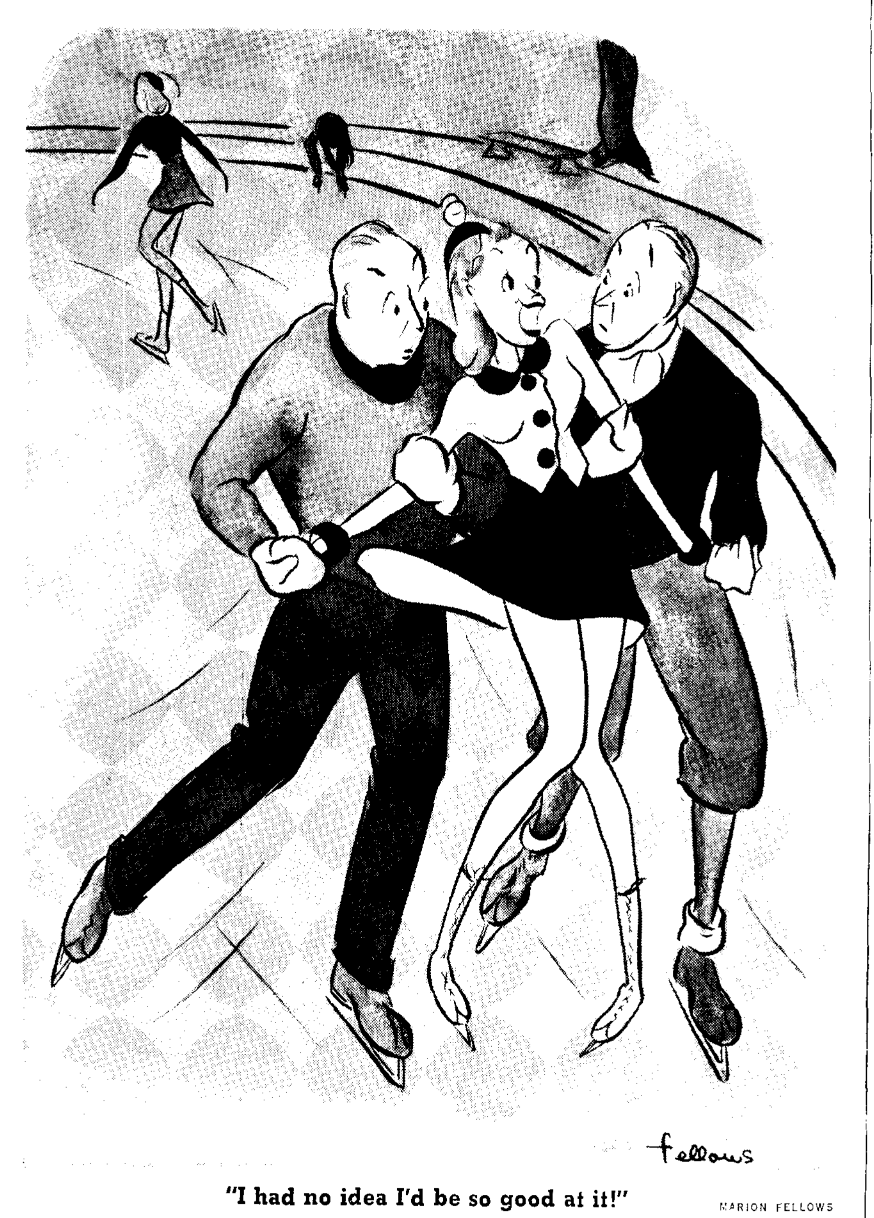
"No," he said, "I don't come from Mr. Murphy's, sonny. It don't matter where I come from, but what I said was the truth—I wouldn't if I were you, not for a couple of days at any rate. I just wouldn't."

Then just as he finished speaking, the stranger's arm shot out and his hand fell softly on John Thorne's shoulder.

"Get to the side of the room," he whispered. "Someone's coming up the hall."

"Look here," John Thorne began. The grasp on his shoulder tightened.

"Do what I tell you, sonny," the



"I had no idea I'd be so good at it!"

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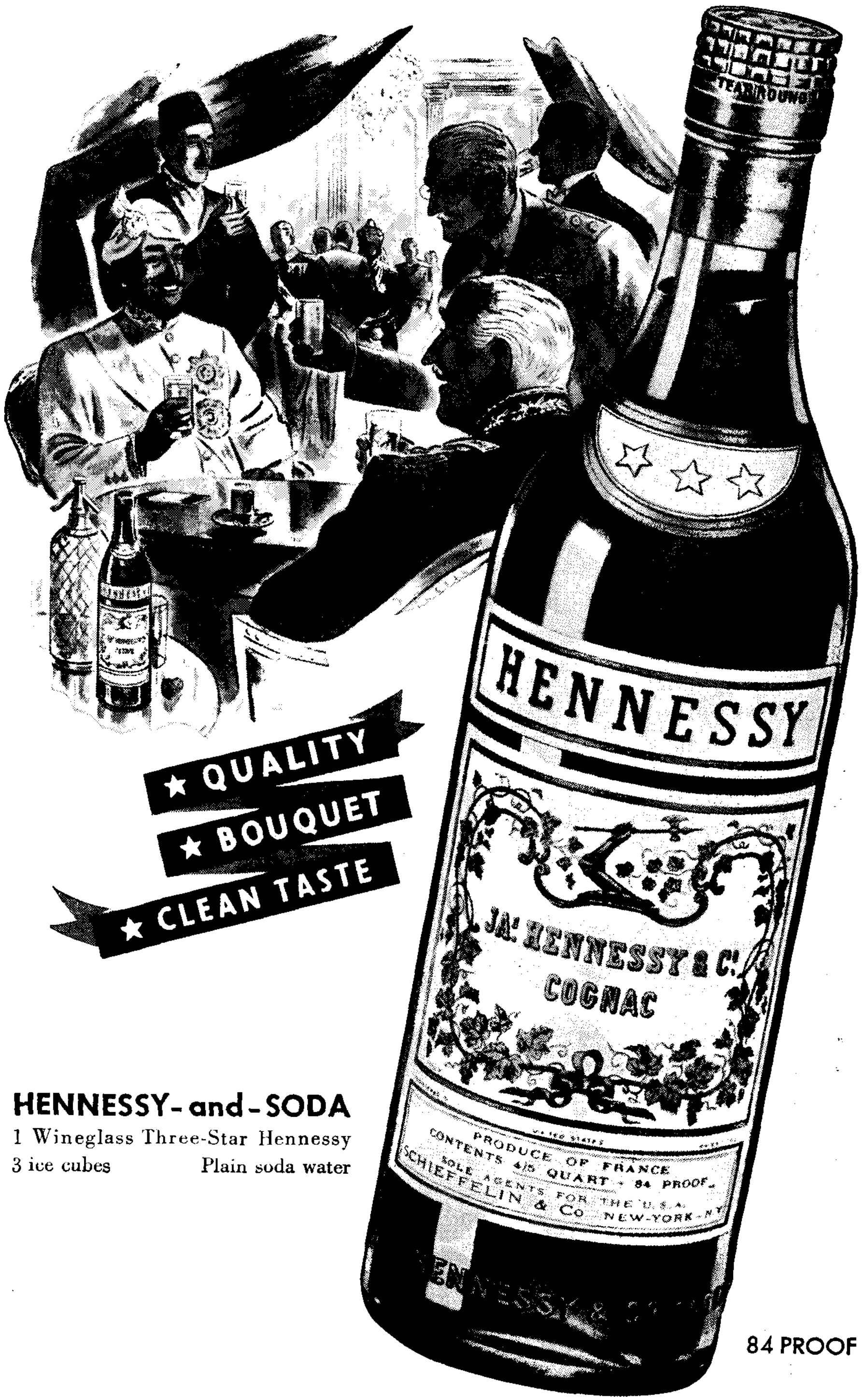
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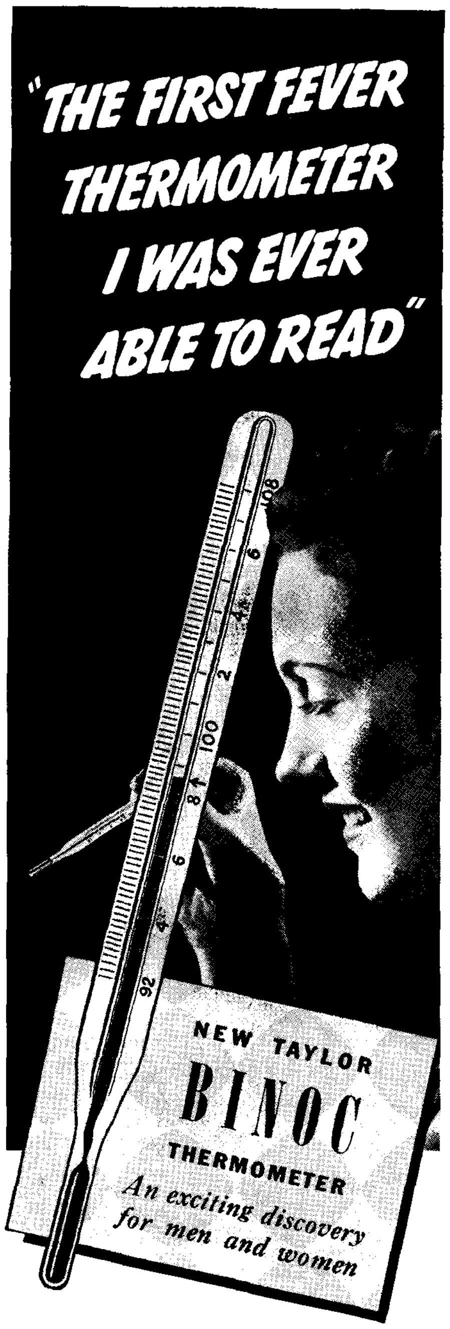
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stranger said. "Shut up and just remember I don't come from Murphy's gallery."

"Are you crazy?" John Thorne said.

"Shut up," the stranger whispered, and pulled him toward the wall. In his astonishment John Thorne did not resist.

No employee of an antiquary would have acted as his companion did: the man had drawn the bolt back and had stepped backward very carefully so that he did not obscure the light. He had shrugged his emaciated shoulders forward and had raised his hands again toward his coat lapels, but this time John Thorne understood the gesture. The folds of his coat had fallen backward before his companion could adjust them, but not before John Thorne had seen that the inmate of Number Twelve was carrying an armpit holster. In his amazement he was about to make a remark, some absurd, irrelevant remark, but he checked himself. Someone was knocking on the door.

"Come in," the man in the dark coat said softly.

Mr. Guffey was standing in the doorway, his glasses glinting in the light, his face suffused with a beaming smile.

"I do hope I'm not intruding, Mr. Jacks," Mr. Guffey said before anyone could speak. "I just came up on the impulse of the moment when I heard your voices from our room."

"Oh," Mr. Jacks said softly, "did you? Well, I hope it was a nice impulse, Mr. Guffey."

"Just an impulse of the moment," Mr. Guffey said again. "I see you know already what a distinguished guest we have with us tonight." And he beamed at John Thorne cordially. "It was so careless of me, Mr. Thorne," Mr. Guffey added. "The name on the register never registered a thing until I told Mrs. Guffey, but Mrs. Guffey knew right away. 'Why,' Mrs. Guffey told me, 'it must be, yes, it certainly must be, the Mr. Thorne who turns antique churns into cocktail shakers,' and I couldn't, I really couldn't, resist the temptation of finding out if Mrs. Guffey could be right—just on an impulse of the moment."

Mr. Jacks put his hands in his trousers pockets and looked more than ever like a steel engraving of Edgar Allan Poe.

"What is that you say he does?" he asked. "He makes what into what?"

"Churns into cocktail shakers," Mr. Guffey explained, "antique churns into cocktail shakers." The somber eyes of the occupant of Number Twelve fixed themselves upon John Thorne.

"Is that a fact?" he said. "Is that what you do for a living, make churns into cocktail shakers? What do you do it for?"

"SOMETIMES I wish I never had," John Thorne said. "I thought of it one night."

"And it was a bright idea, wasn't it, Mr. Jacks?" Mr. Guffey inquired. "To those of us interested in such things it was a very real inspiration. You have no idea how difficult it is to think of real, practical uses for American crudes. But I see we surprise you, Mr. Jacks. You have no idea really of the demand for such articles if they are old enough. If you think up a real practical use for them they turn into a gold mine. Now Mr. Thorne has patented his idea. We have one of Mr. Thorne's churns downstairs in the bar, and that's why I came just now. When I heard Mr. Thorne's voice I couldn't bear to wait till morning."

John Thorne found himself blushing with embarrassment.

"Is this all really a fact, or are you kidding me?" said Mr. Jacks.

Mr. Guffey chuckled appreciatively. "I don't blame your incredulity, really I don't," he said, "but it's a fact that there's a large trade just now in American crudes. No one should know it better than Mr. Thorne. He had the vision to realize their possibilities. He is a specialist in American crudes. And now I wonder, if I am not intruding, if I could ask Mr. Thorne a favor, just as one in the trade to another." Mr. Guffey paused and shook his forefinger playfully. "If you could just take the time to step downstairs for a minute, Mr. Thorne, I really think you will confess that Mrs. Guffey and I have stolen a march on you, and it's too late for you to do anything about it."

"How do you mean, you've stolen a march?" John Thorne asked.

"Oh, dear me, it's nothing serious," Mr. Guffey answered. "It was just an idea of Mrs. Guffey's. We've practically cornered the market on the comb-shaped cranberry scoop. I doubt if you can find one loose today on all of quaint Cape Cod."

"WHY should I want to find one?" John Thorne asked.

"If you'll just come downstairs, I'll show you," Mr. Guffey said. "We are putting legs on the cranberry scoops, and are selling them for magazine holders. The magazines are placed between the teeth. What do you think of that for an idea?"

"It's wonderful," John Thorne said. "Did you think of it, or did Mrs. Guffey?"

"I'm not up to such things as that," Mr. Guffey said. "Mrs. Guffey thought of it. Won't you come downstairs and see one? And perhaps Mr. Jacks will join us?"

Mr. Jacks rubbed the back of his head gently before he answered, and when he did so there was a new note in his voice, a thoughtful note.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I've run into some funny situations in my time. You got to live and learn, don't you? Suppose you let me live and you two learn. Mr. Guffey, I understand there's a one-o'clock train at the depot. Will you get someone to drive me there? I'm checking out tonight."

Mr. Guffey looked concerned.

"Checking out?" he said. "I do hope—" Mr. Jacks waved his hand.

"Nothing to do with the management, nothing to do at all. Just checking out. Hope to see you again sometime. Happy to have met you, Mr. Thorne. Get my bill ready, will you, Mr. Guffey?"

Mr. Guffey was surprised, but John Thorne said nothing, because there was nothing for him to say.

"I can't understand," Mr. Guffey said twenty minutes later. "Why should he have left? I thought he was going upstairs to bed. Have you any idea why he should have left?" John Thorne had no idea but he supplied an answer.

"Perhaps he was afraid the American crudes might give him nightmares," he suggested.

He did not add that there was an element in the situation that would disturb his own sleep. He could not rid his mind of an incongruous fact. In the midst of the absurdity of that place, oddly punctuated by its bad taste and by Mr. Guffey's unpalatable enthusiasms, there had been an element of grimness, and a hint of danger, and the vagueness of it made him uncomfortable. Mr. Jacks had been waiting for something, and he had not been waiting for a conversation about antique churns, and moreover something had been waiting for Mr. Jacks, something so serious that Mr. Jacks had carried a weapon, so serious that Mr. Jacks had nearly drawn it when he had heard a footstep in the hall. Whatever it was it had gone, now that Mr. Jacks had gone, but John Thorne could still remember.

(To be continued next week)

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What Are You Mad About?

Continued from page 44

singers call it when it is thoroughly eased up. Soon you'll be able to keep it relaxed all the time just by letting it go "blah" whenever you catch yourself setting it.

Now for your lips. Open your mouth like an opera star singing high C. Then pull in the edges of your lips. They are like the mouth of a bag and they have a muscle that acts like a drawstring—so pull tighter and tighter until the opening is completely closed. Then push your lips forward. Now stretch them wide open. Do this three or four times and you'll find it will tone up the whole lip area and help to wipe away the lines of work and worry.

No Infants Wanted

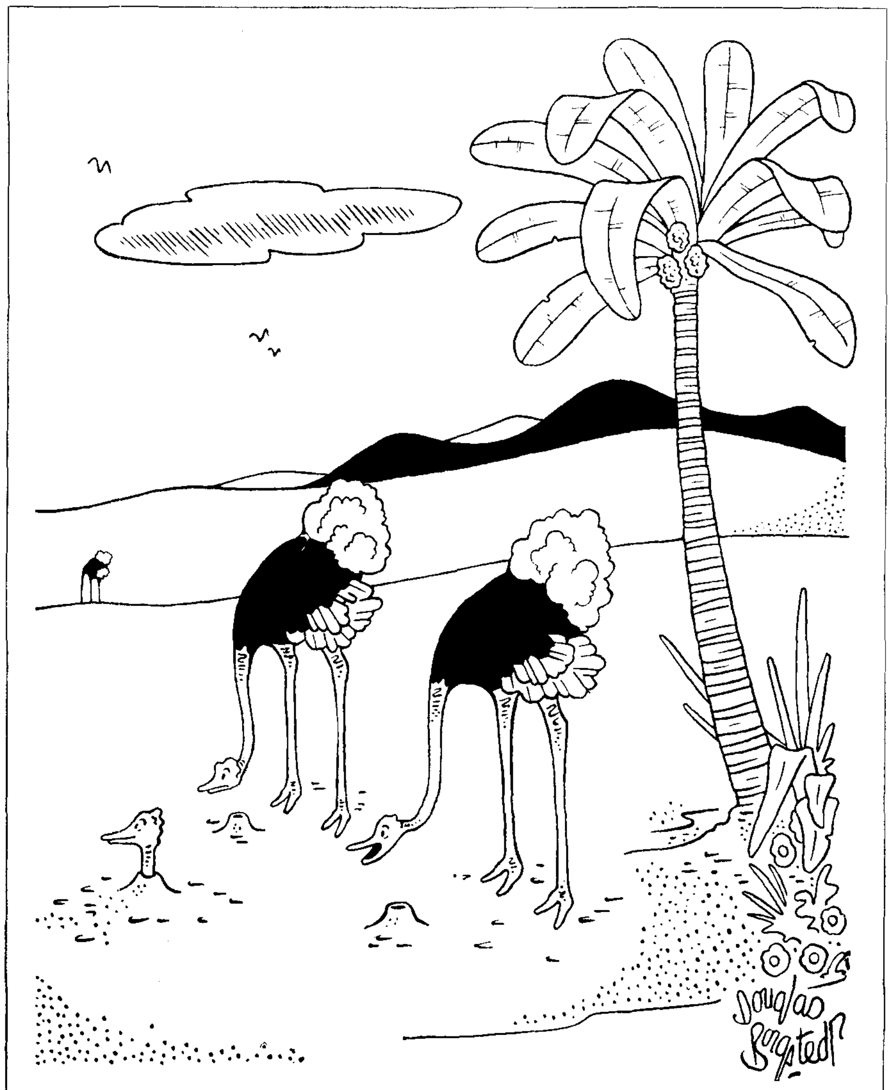
Now that you have smoothed away the traces of superficial strain, glance up quickly and take a good look at your reflection. Skip the usual check-up for powder and lipstick. And don't worry over the marks you've earned from dealing with the important problems of your life. The French claim that no woman is truly beautiful before she is forty—meaning, of course, that the contours formed by character are more interesting than the perfect lines of immaturity—and it's time we Americans took up with their idea instead of trying to wear a sixteen-year-old face right into the seventies. No, suffering, sympathy and self-control never detracted from anyone's looks. But when you take this close-up of that person in the mirror try to see her as if you were meeting her for the first time and find out what impression she gives you.

The hard-boiled business world knows the value of first impressions. The personnel manager of Warner Brothers, who hires thousands of ushers, doormen, ticket sellers and managers for theaters all over the country, claims that a pleasant expression outranks looks and even efficiency in getting you a job. It's no whim of the advertising experts that fills their copy with smiling faces. They know from cold statistics that if you want to sell your line of goods, whether it's cigarettes or radios, chewing gum or corn plasters—or just your own personality—it pays to look pleasant when you meet your prospect. Yet watch any woman stop to primp on her way to an appointment. She'll powder her nose, paint her lips and frown through the process.

So check up on the patterns you've been wearing into your face muscles before they become permanent. It's the scowls you get from constant fretting and fuming over your daily grind and the frowns from the busy little things you fuss about day after day that gradually bury your pleasantest expression right out of sight.

Don't be afraid to try out a few smiles on that face in the mirror. If you feel a bit foolish, remember that a smile is part of the stock in trade of every actor from Shirley Temple to Wallace Beery and your audience appreciates the sight of one of yours as well as theirs. Perhaps you may not be able to produce anything better than a Zasu Pitts smirk at first but don't give up.

The candid-camera menace may be a blessing in disguise. Even if your picture doesn't get any farther than the family album, some day your great-great-grandchildren will thank you for smiling out at them.



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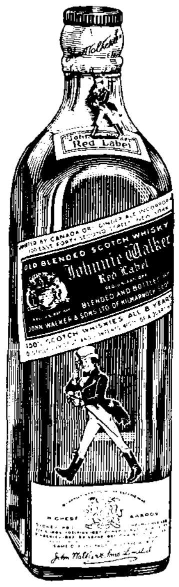

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The Lone Ranger

Continued from page 22

amateurs they were facing. But then they began to realize that Chabot was knocking that puck down very skillfully every time they peppered him; that big Ching Johnson was body-checking every stick-swinger who tried to get past him; that the forward line of the two Cooks and Boucher was being annoyingly accurate and fast. They turned on the heat. They growled and snarled and went to town.

Now Boucher in his Canadian days had always been known as a gentlemanly player, a trouble-dodger. He was clever and full of guile—but he wasn't the stick-raising kind of player.

"I was very small when I began playing," Boucher explains almost apologetically. "I couldn't rough the defense boys up or I'd get killed. I had to learn the tricks, had to outsmart the defense men to get by. That's why I got very few penalties."

But *tonight it was different. The Ma*roons began to gang up on Boucher. They rightly figured him as the playmaker, the apex of the Ranger attack. They did everything but hit him with a meat cleaver and then finally one of them, with amazing accuracy, whammed his stick down on top of the Boucher head.

A Veteran at Thirty-Six

Frankie forgot that he was the perfect little gentleman on the ice. He threw his stick away, pulled off his gloves and went after the Maroon like a hungry man going after a hamburger. The crowd screamed its approval and the two swung imprecations and fists at each other. The other players pulled them apart and the referee sent them both to the doghouse for five minutes. It was Boucher's first and last major penalty during his ten years as a Ranger.

Finally the Ranger front line completed the perfect play. The trick in scoring is to get three attack men down there against the two defense men. To do this, a front line has to be skilled in feinting. Dutton and Siebert, the Maroon defense men, were hard to fool. Bill Cook's drives were getting closer and closer. Clint Benedict in the Maroon cage was wearing an anxious look. Siebert and Dutton were crowding Bill Cook all the time. Boucher nabbed the puck at mid-ice, and feinted toward Bill Cook. Siebert and Dutton both scurried over to cover Bill. Then Boucher flipped the rubber to the unguarded Bun Cook, who started to amble down the ice. Siebert rushed over to cover Bun Cook. Bun feinted the puck toward Boucher and Dutton forgot about Bill Cook to cover Frankie. Bun flipped it to Frankie, who held it only a split second before he slipped it to Bill Cook, who was as free as a breeze in April. Bill, with the *nonchalance of a bored bartender throw*ing out a drunk, sighted and then flipped his wrist. The puck went past Goalie Clint Benedict with the speed of a kid going by a graveyard at midnight and the score was 1 to 0.

It stayed that way until the whistle ended the proceedings and the Rangers had fought their way into the hearts of the Garden hockey fans.

Bill and Frankie and Bun stayed there. Year after year that front line remained intact and no defense was strong enough to stop Bill and Frankie and Bun. Now they're gone, that gallant crew, but the hockey history they wrote is engraved indelibly in the minds of hockey fans in New York. They're gone—Bill Cook is managing Cleveland, a minor-league team; Bun Cook is the playing manager for the Providence Reds; Ching Johnson is a reserve member of the Americans; Lorne Chabot is running a dairy farm and Taffy Abel is

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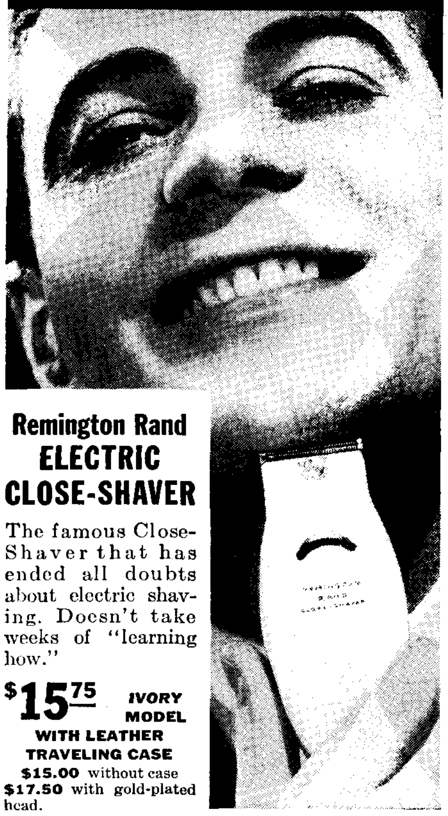

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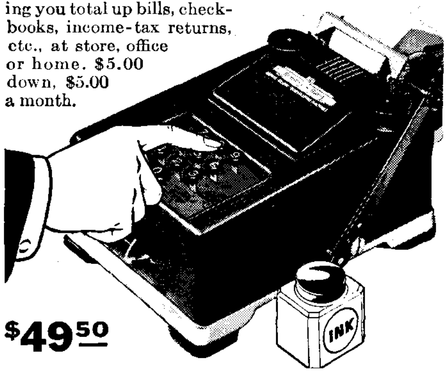

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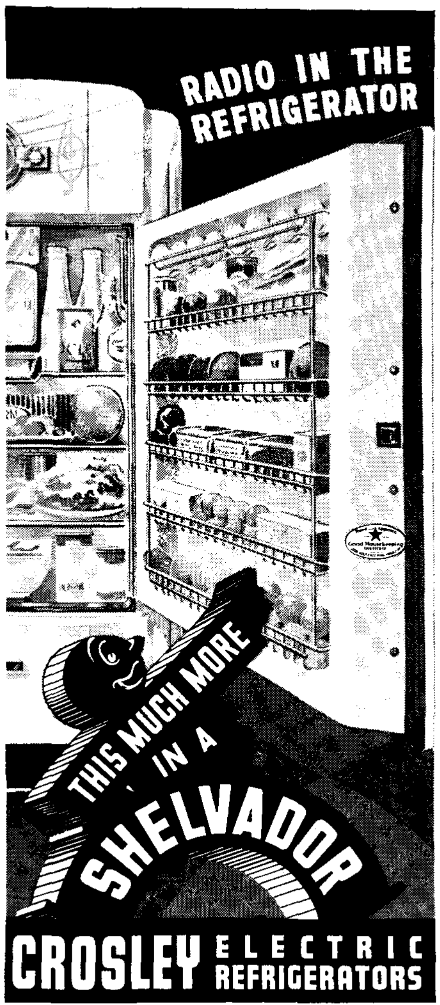
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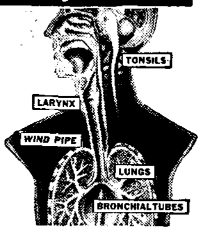

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running a pub in Sault Ste. Marie. Frankie Boucher is the lone Ranger left. He's been helping Lester Patrick manage the team and filling in when things were too tough for the new front line of youngsters the Rangers presented this year. Now the youngsters go to Frankie for advice, and in practice sessions you'll hear his cheery voice telling them what they're doing wrong. He's the grandest veteran in the game, Frankie is—and he's only thirty-six.

Of course he wasn't thirty-six when he started to skate. He was six and he lived with his family in Ottawa. He was the only one of the five Boucher brothers who didn't own a pair of skates, but one Christmas they decided that he was old enough. True, the skates had double runners but they were, after all, skates.

By the time he was ten, young Frankie was playing on kid teams and doing all right. His brother George was a really good hockey player now and from time to time he'd give young Frankie pointers.

He'd teach him how to switch a stick from one hand to the other without altering the speed or direction of the puck; teach him fast shots, low shots, high shots, "dew droppers," a hook, and a slide shot. He taught him how to make caroms and how to feint with his body without losing his balance. George learned the finer points of hockey not only by playing but also by watching religiously the members of the great Ottawa Senators and these fine points he handed on to young Frankie.

When the war came Frankie went to work for the Imperial Ministry of Munitions, and as an office boy in the Ministry he helped the Canadians to beat the Germans. This didn't interfere with his hockey, however. He was learning all the time, playing on junior teams and practicing in the Boucher back yard with members of the family.

Even at sixteen Frankie felt uncomfortable being out of uniform, so with the help of a gullible recruiting officer who looked the other way when he wrote down "eighteen" he joined the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. He was sent to Regina for training. It wasn't easy because the Mounties have to ride a horse and young Frankie knew nothing about horses except that a horse pulled the wagon which delivered milk to the Boucher homestead every morning. Life was very unhappy until he finished training and was assigned to the Lethridge Barracks. The Lethridge Veterans had a hockey team and soon Constable Boucher found himself playing defense for the Veterans.

Off on a Hockey Career

Young Frankie was getting to be a very good hockey player and finally he received an offer to play with the amateur team in Iroquois Falls, which is in North Ontario. Of course amateur players in those days were allowed very liberal expenses and very often amateur players refused professional offers because they were doing so well. Anyhow, the understanding Superintendent Pennefather, in charge of the Lethridge Barracks, allowed Boucher to purchase his release and now he was off on a hockey career.

In no time at all he was playing for the Ottawa Senators, with nobody playing beside him but his big brother George. Tommy Gorman had a great team that season (1921-22): Clint Benedict, Eddie Gerard, Frank Nighbor, Cy Denenny, Punch Broadbent, Sprague Cleghorn, King Clancy—it was hard for a youngster to break into that group. But Frankie was in his own home town and he knew that it was only a question of time before he'd be in there as a regular. However, an intricate league rule which said that no eastern professional team could sign up a western amateur player was invoked against him and he was shuttled off to Vancouver, 3,500 miles away, to play for Frank Patrick's Maroons in the Western League.

"I hated leaving home," Frankie says now, "but it was the best break I ever had. Now I really began to learn hockey. Frank, like Lester Patrick, knows hockey from the ice up. He concentrated on speed and puck handling, open crafty play. I had speed all right and I fitted in well with the Maroons as soon as I picked up some tricks from Frank."

The Maroons won the championship of the Western League and they had to meet Ottawa for the championship. Frankie was nervous. He would have to play against his brother George. George was twenty-six and Frankie had always looked up to him. The thought of playing against him, checking him, trying to fool him, gave him the jitters. He confessed his fears to Frank Patrick.

"Listen, kid, I've played against my brother Lester lots of times," Frank said. "He is my older brother too. Now the first time we faced each other I gave him the works just to show him I wasn't afraid of him. That's what to do."

Checked by Brother George

Frankie still wasn't convinced. The game was only seconds old before Frank found himself down near the Ottawa net in a mad scramble for the puck. He got it and then reeled, spun halfway around as a defense man gave him a heavy check. Down he went and there out of the corner of his eye he could see brother George snaring the rubber. It was brother George who had given him that check.

"I'd learned so much from George," Frank says now. "That made one more thing. When you play hockey you have to play hockey and not think of individuals who are playing against you."

A year later when the Maroons faced the Montreal Canadiens for the Stanley Cup, not one but two Boucher brothers were waiting for Frank. There was brother Billy and also brother Bobby. Before the face-off Frankie skated over to his two brothers and said, "Look out for yourself. Mom can't save you now."

It turned out to be a short series, thanks to Billy Boucher, who checked in with five brilliant goals and one assist. Even young Bobby counted once to help the Canadiens win almost a complete Boucher victory. To make it worse, Frankie's schoolboy chum, Aurel Joliat, completed the carnage with three big goals.

Each year found Frankie a bit more crafty, a bit more experienced. He was playing center now and from there he could "set up" the scoring plays. He was one of the fastest skaters in the league and he was as durable as he was smart. Finally, the 1926 season began and there he was with the already mentioned Rangers.

As long as hockey is played they'll talk about the 1927-28 season when the Rangers, battered and bruised, staggered through the schedule to meet the Montreal Maroons for the Stanley Cup. The Stanley Cup is a fifty-dollar silver mug that was put up by Lord Stanley of Preston, Governor General of Canada, in 1894. The idea was born in Montreal and, ever since, the Montreal fans have felt very bad when the cup went somewhere else.

"We had just played the Boston Bruins," Boucher says recalling it, "for the privilege of meeting the Maroons. In the Boston series I got slashed badly over my eye but I was all right when they stitched me up. Murray Murdoch also had to go to the seamstress when he got cut in the same spot. Harry Oliver's skates tore a gash across Ching Johnson's face from ear to jaw. It was

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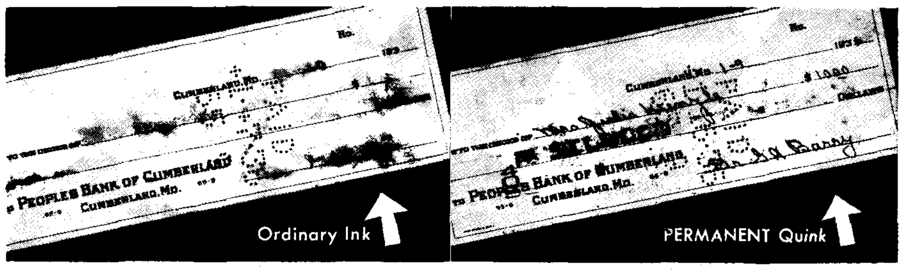

Checks written by Dr. G. X. Barry, Cumberland, Md., photographed after being water-soaked in flood.

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like that, but we won, and we went to Montreal."

The Stanley Cup goes to the team that wins three games in the five-game series. Montreal won the first game 2 to 0. The battered Rangers were far below their best form. It was the second game that they still talk about. The second period had just begun when Nels Stewart sent a lightning shot toward the cage. It was high and the puck struck Goalie Lorne Chabot smack in the left eye. It tore the lid off and exposed the eyeball. The doctor hurried to him and he said calmly. "Patch it up, Doctor."

The medico took one look and said tersely, "Maybe we can save the other eye."

They hurried Chabot to the hospital and then the Rangers realized that they were without a goalie. That situation had arisen before and it was the custom to borrow a goalie. Alex Connell of Ottawa was in the stands and he offered his services. The Maroons sent word, "Nothing doing." They added, "We have a spare goalie, Walsh. You can borrow him if you wish."

Lester Patrick couldn't see that. Neither could the players. What to do? Someone had to go into the crease and the Rangers didn't have a man who had ever played goalie. Suddenly Boucher looked up. He spied Patrick. Patrick could teach you how to make a shot, how to defend against shots, how to—why, Patrick was hockey. He could do anything that any of his players could do. Boucher hurried over to Bill Cook and whispered excitedly. Bill's face lighted up and then the two of them turned to Lester.

"You put on the pads, Lester," Boucher said. "You can fill in at goal."

Lester looked his amazement. "I? I'm forty-four. I can't play goal. I can't . . ."

"We'll stop those guys before they get near the cage," Ching Johnson shouted.

"We'll play our heads off for you, Lester," Bill Cook pleaded.

"There's nobody else," Frankie Boucher said quietly.

They Were His Team

They gathered round the gray-thatched Patrick and he looked at them. They were battered and they were stitched together and it looked as though they were licked—but they were his team. He'd made this team and now they wanted *him* to be not only their boss but one of them. They wanted him to fight not from the bench but alongside them. That must have given the ol' silver fox a tremendous feeling of pride.

He said, "All right," and picked up the pads they had ripped off Lorne Chabot.

The Rangers skated out on the ice to renew the battle. The entire arena arose to give Lester Patrick the greatest ovation any hockey player ever received. They remembered that, two decades before, he had led the famed Montreal Wanderers to two Stanley Cup victories. But that was 1907 and 1908.

"We went out there resolved to break our necks or theirs if need be," Boucher says now. "We wanted to show Lester what we thought of him. After all, he had made us. But for him we wouldn't be fighting for that cup."

The Maroons peppered Patrick savagely with pucks, but someone had turned the years back. Someone had given this forty-four-year-old veteran the eye of a twenty-year-old youngster just for the night. Someone had put elasticity into his legs and his arms so that he could move with lightning speed. And he had the knowledge and lore of forty-four years to call upon.

During the third period, Bill Cook managed to rifle a goal past Benedict and the Rangers led 1 to 0. Five minutes to go now and the Rangers tried desperately to hold that margin. Nels Stewart was the villain of the piece. He sent a waist-high shot flying past Patrick and now it was 1 to 1.

The regulation period ended that way. One minute of rest and then came the toughest of all periods, the "sudden death" overtime. Whichever team scored first would win the game.

"We were so tired that we couldn't play our usual subtle game of trying to feint the defense away," Boucher says now. "It was slam-bang, knock-'em-down hockey and everything went. Lester was crouching there, stopping everything that came his way."

The Men of the Hour

Seven minutes and five seconds went by and then Frankie smashed in the winning goal. The Rangers had evened the series and Patrick and Boucher were the men of the hour. For the third game Patrick got hold of Joe Miller to tend goal. He had been discarded by the Americans earlier in the season. When a goal is scored in hockey a red light flashes on above the net. The hardened New York fans had christened Miller "Red-Light Joe." But he was the only goalie the Maroons would allow Patrick to use. He was nervous in the third game, which went to the Maroons.

Boucher won the fourth game. He scored the only goal of the contest and now the series was even, two games each. They came up for the final game patched together like an old-fashioned quilt. Joe Miller had received a bad gash on the face in the preceding game. Bun Cook's leg, slashed by a skate in a previous game, was buckling badly.

As they skated out to begin the game, Bunny looked down at his leg in disgust. "Hey, fellows, this thing has come undone; get a doc to sew it up again."

The team went out to start the game while the doctor, an expert by now, got out his needle and did some hemstitching. Then the leg was wrapped tightly and Bun Cook rushed out to play.

Before the game was half over Boucher had won it for the Rangers. His goal didn't look big when it was made but the inspired group of Patrick men protected it to the end. Miller played like a demon in the nets, making saves that had the crowd gasping. In the final period Frankie scored again to make it 2 to 0. The frantic Maroons ganged up on the weakened Rangers. In desperation they threw body checks and curved hockey sticks around Ranger necks, but these weren't ordinary hockey players tonight. Their skates were tipped with magic that added speed. Their legs and jaws, held together by stitches and surgical clips, refused to give way, and when the whistle finally blew there it was, still 2 to 0 on the scoreboard and the Stanley Cup was on its way to New York for the first time. They've called that the Boucher Series ever since.

Today Frankie doesn't play very much. He sits there alongside Lester Patrick watching every move the team opposing the Rangers is making. Occasionally he'll turn to Lester and say something and Lester will nod. They've been through a lot together, the gray-thatched Patrick and the youthful-looking Boucher. And now and then Lester will say something and Frankie will climb over the rail and start to skate out there to do battle. Then that old familiar cry will ring from the rafters of the Garden, "Come on, Bushy," and the lone Ranger will take his place there on the front line, and he'll forget that he's thirty-six; he'll forget that every man on that original Ranger team is out of big-time hockey. He'll be Frankie Boucher again, as fast and canny a center as ever snaked a puck through an enemy defense.

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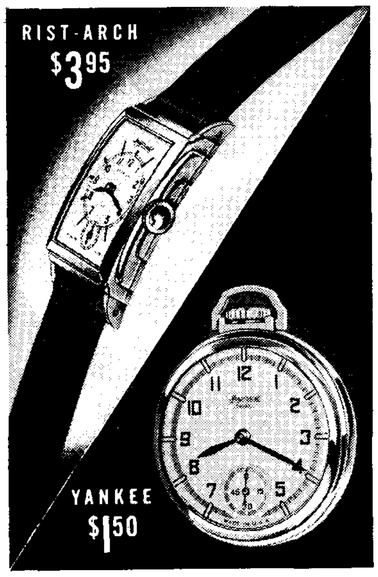

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It's been a Great Show

Continued from page 16

with my own eyes, I have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord?

I was born in the little prairie town of Emporia, which held at the time of my birth probably seven or eight hundred people. My father was a pioneer doctor. Emporia was getting too big. In my first year my father bundled his wife and baby and moved southwest to a smaller town, a wide place in the dusty road where the caravan of young soldiers was passing all day long and most of the night—young soldiers from the Civil War with their young wives and new babies pushing out of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and the Eastern seaboard states, looking for the new free land that Uncle Sam was giving to his defenders in the War between the States.

When the Railroad Came

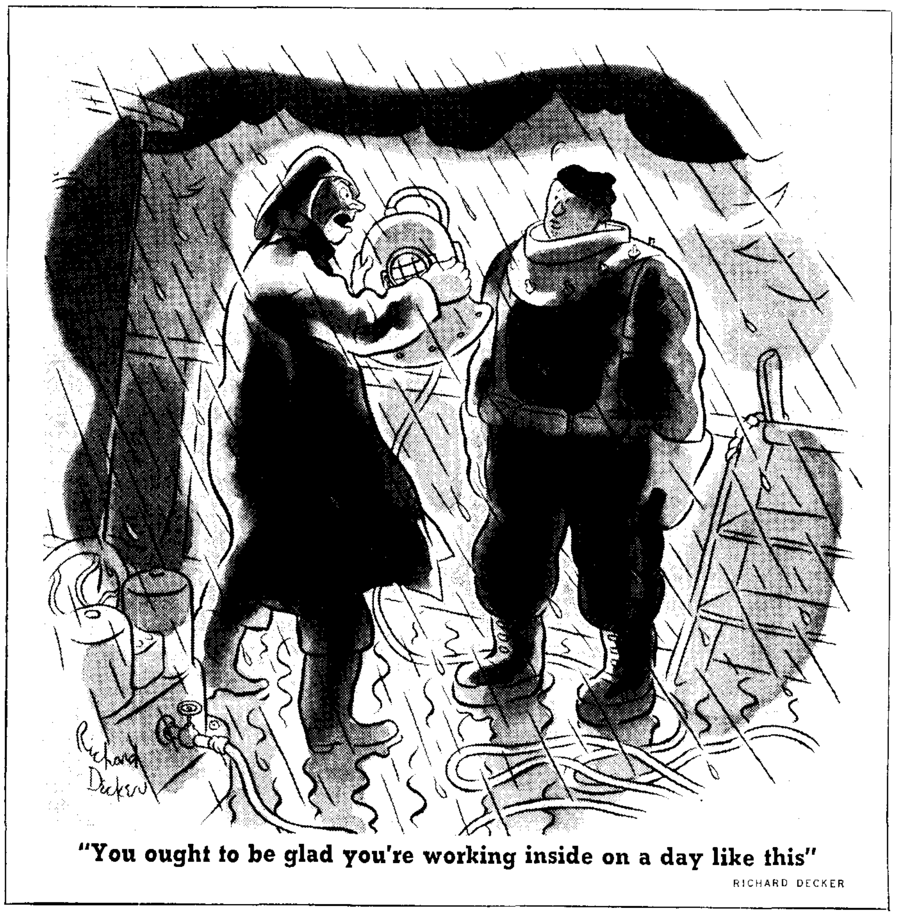
I grew out of infancy watching that caravan pass our house, with the unceasing rumble of the wagons in my ears and with my mother forever grumbling about the dust the movers made. Americans were opening up an empire, the trans-Mississippi empire, in the decade of the seventies, and in our Kansas land they were coming equipped about as my grandfather was equipped when he left Massachusetts and something like all humanity had been equipped in every trek since recorded time. But in the late and middle seventies a new thing came into our prairie life: I was nearly ten years old when I first smelled coal smoke. The railroad was headed our way.

With that acrid smell of coal smoke in my nostrils I seemed to associate the rising of the curtain upon a new world. Everything changed in the little town when the railroad came. The caravan of movers stopped. The town and county were already filled up with newcomers. All sorts of new machinery appeared on the farms, in the blacksmith shops, in the hardware stores, in the tin shops. The month my father died he was about to install a bathroom. He was a well-to-do man in his town, a doctor and a druggist who also operated in real estate, and he rated a bathroom. But it certainly created scandal and he was accused of putting on airs.

Before he died my father told me of the telephone. It had not come to Kansas then—and he took me on a hundred-mile journey to see the first electric light that shone in the street at Topeka on a tall pole fifty feet above the ground, where a purple white light sputtered. It was supposed to illuminate a wide neighborhood and was called an arc light. My father didn't think much of the electric light. Gas illumination was his ideal. But swiftly, after his passing, our town swelled to a village of two or three thousand and was voting bonds for an electric-light system. In less than a decade after his funeral we had a water-supply system and the telephone was webbed across the little town.

Electric streetcars were seriously considered. We had two railroads and ten houses flaunted porcelain bathtubs. The hired girl quit eating at the table with the folks and became a servant. The hired man on the farm discarded his boots with the yellow-and-red-spangled tops, began to wear brogues, sold his "quarter" horse and bought himself a buggy. He became a swell.

In town we built the opera house. America was sending across the vast network of the new railroads a peripatetic theater which reached down into villages of some three to five thousand. The city library was established. The new high-school building was erected. In the late eighties and early nineties American culture was sinking its foundations into our communal life. We had conquered the continent, blocked out our states, dotted in our cities, laid the rails, strung the wires and erected a new civilization. In it the old order of the individual hearthstone as a center of sweetness and light, the individualistic order which had built America around the home—a fortress and a beacon of light—that order had begun to pass forever.



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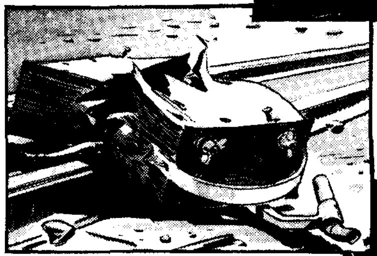
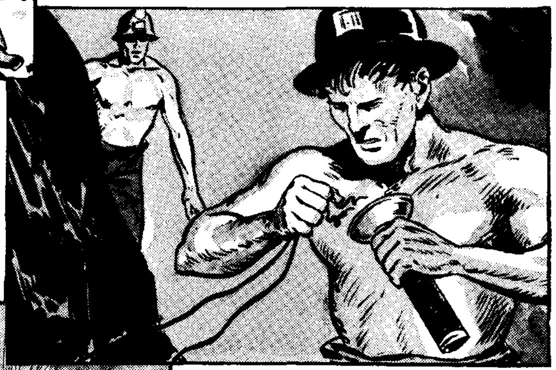
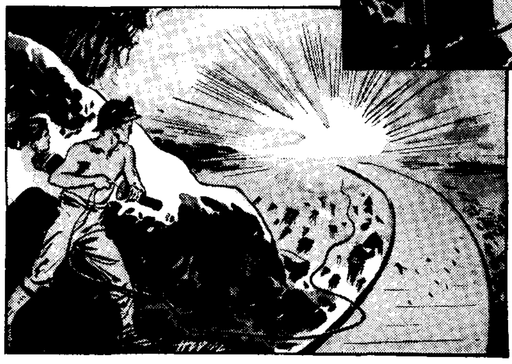


"A huge boulder lay in the path of the rescuers. We had to blast. We worked furiously... minutes might mean life or death. And then, with the blast ready...

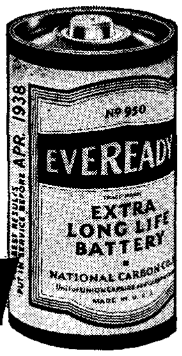
"We found the push-down generator (which furnishes spark for the charge) wrecked. In the excitement some one had pushed a mine car over it.





"But the shift boss kept his head. He ran to the dynamite magazine, where we always kept a flashlight, and brought it out on the double. He unscrewed the lens and bulb, flipped on the switch. Then he plunged the ignition wires in... and—

"The blast let go... the boulder was shattered... we got the men out, and not a second too soon. They were up to their armpits in water, with the air so bad their miner's light had gone out. No doubt about it, *fresh* DATED 'Eveready' batteries saved these two lives. Signed P. Donald Ziemke"



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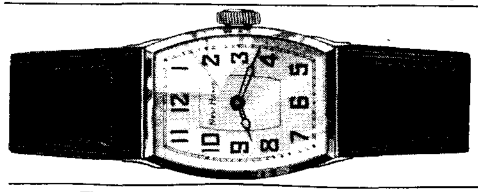

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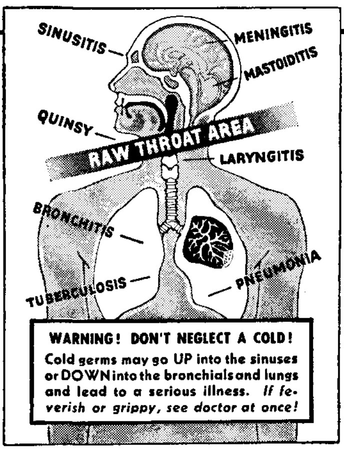

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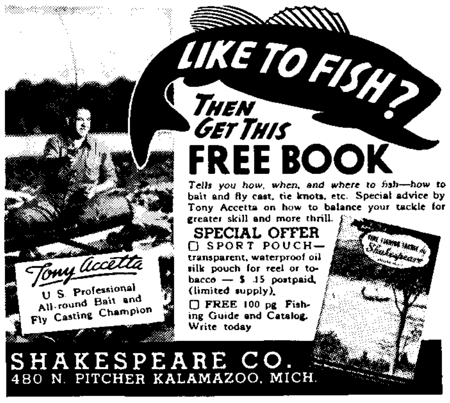
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i-bath FOR THE EYES

The ancient home, with its cow and calf, hen and chickens, sow and little pigs, the family mare and capering colt—the home with its smokehouse full of cured meat, its cellar full of pickled pork, corned beef, mincemeat, smoked sausages, with apples, potatoes and turnips in the bin, with its glowing base-burner as a family altar, was doomed. We did not know it. We still made obeisance to it. But the railroad, the electric light, the town opera house, the telephone, the city library, the new imposing high-school building and the sewer system had begun to wreck the ancient fortress, were slowly extinguishing the lovely beacon of the home, and were welding us into a communal life—the American people.

Another thing that reduced the individual man's possessive and acquisitive power was a curious change we made in the ballot box in those last decades of the century. I can remember as a child and as a boy on election day seeing the long queues of laboring men standing around the polling booths, each man holding his ticket in his hand so that a checker could see how he was going to vote. If he put his hand down and raised a doubt whether the ballot he put in the box was the same he had shown the checker, the laborer didn't get the dollar for his vote. Ballots were not publicly printed in the middle quarters of the nineteenth century and any combination of tickets could be issued by interested parties and distributed to venal voters.

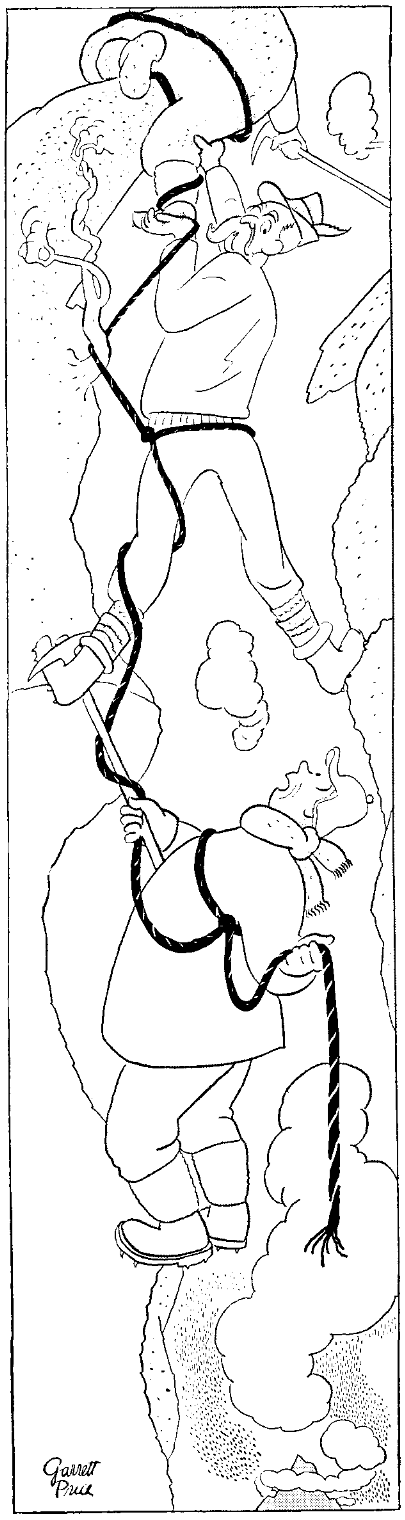
Gunning for the Greedy

Swiftly the change came. The secret ballot, publicly printed and carefully guarded, appeared in America. After that came the Australian ballot, upon which the names of all the candidates of all parties were printed on one sheet. Election laws prohibiting corruption followed in a rush. By the end of the old century, elections in America were fairly honest, so far as crass venality was concerned, and the rich man lost much of his power. But he still controlled the party system through the party convention. If he controlled railroad stocks, he could issue passes to politicians *ad lib.* and so insidiously direct their actions. In the first decade of the new century the antipass law and the direct primary system cut the hamstrings of what Theodore Roosevelt called "aggrandized wealth" and we took another step toward the socialization of American life.

After fifty years of playing around in politics with no desire for office, but with a desire to make my private opinion become public opinion, about the best I can say of the evolutionary development of American politics in this long time is that our government has broadened its police power fast enough to keep well in hand the predatory powers of men. But it has been a great game, this exciting sport of gunning with government for the greedy through these seventy years. One continuous, fighting strain has been bred in our politics—the Greenbackers, the Grangers, the Populists, the Bryan Democrats, the Theodore Rooseveltian Progressives, the followers of Wilson, the Senate Progressives of the third decade led by the elder LaFollette, the Farm Bloc and the Rooseveltian New Deal.

It is interesting to note that the political sinews of this fight have come largely from that new empire settled after the war by the young soldiers of the Northern armies—roughly, the territory between the Arkansas River and Canada, between the Great Lakes and the Pacific Coast. Reporter and editor, sometimes in a small way manipulator of politics in a limited area, I have known ten Presidents: Cleveland—virile, so masculine that you could almost smell him, honest, rugged and sometimes ruthless; Harrison—quite the gentleman, a little man intrenched behind a carefully trimmed beard, the last beard we have had in the White House.

Harrison was a President's grandson: proud of it, erudite, capable of heat without warmth, whom politicians have hated and history has unjustly ignored. McKinley—smooth, suave, conventional, kindly, but perhaps more bland than purposeful, a politician chiseled out of soap to look like a statesman and later encased in bronze for purposes of heroic ornament. And Roosevelt. There was a man! Of all the figures whom I have known in public and private life, he was most lovable. I did not say admirable, for he demanded affection or nothing. Theodore Roosevelt was virile—a hickory man reinforced with steel, wide in his interests, catholic in his tastes, a statesman always ready to compromise on unessentials and never afraid of a fight—a man's man, like Grover Cleveland, but what a man! Taft followed him—a kindly, high-visioned, careless man who gave a false impression of indolence—even-tempered, well-mannered, with an iron purpose sweetly sugar-coated, with a deceiving smile and directed by not too much political gumption. Yet he had enough courage to make a balanced character.



"Look! He had the cigarettes, too!"

GARRETT PRICE

Wilson, who loved men in the mass and lacked faith in any man. He conceived and understood great movements. He probed the deeper issues of his day and shook hands like a man offering his acquaintance a ten-cent mackerel just out of the brine. Wilson was profoundly right in his ideals and was cursed with a seven-devil lust to cast off old friends who differed with him. Harding—warm, impulsive, affectionate, nobly aspiring at times and deeply sordid at other times, who strikingly exemplified the fact that our profession as politicians in ancient days must have learned its trade from the oldest profession in the world.

Coolidge — self-centered, self-contained and sentimental as a schoolgirl, who ruled by avoiding the big problems, who never did either today or tomorrow or the day after or ever what could be postponed until a crisis—a regular partisan who believed that duty to his party was loyalty to his country. Hoover—a hard-working, hard-thinking, hard-headed, deeply earnest, nobly patriotic, oversensitive, affectionately loyal, acutely serious man who would never tolerate fools gladly except me, who came to the White House four years too late and was never understood and whom history will accord the acclaim that the people have denied.

To have lived and worked, boy and man, while these men ruled, and to have known them in their day of power—what a great privilege for any man! They led us and governed us in that gorgeous epoch—the last two decades of the old century and the first three decades of this—when machines were doing their wonders. Machines were piling out of their hoppers mountains of things—manufactured things, things made by mass production, things to wear, to eat, to see, things to know and to enjoy, things to make life easy and beautiful, things to change deeply the environment of man.

How a New World Began

The machine age was here. The old times were gone. A new world was building itself in which by some miracle of distribution of these machine-made things they were coming to seventy per cent, perhaps eighty per cent, of our people, brightening and lengthening their lives, shortening their hours of labor, easing their burdens, widening their horizons, lifting their faces from the earth and releasing their spirits to some approximation of joy, to some appreciation of beauty, and to some softer sympathy with those who suffered the injustices which society was imposing upon that twenty per cent that did not fairly share the blessings of the new era.

The automobile came, trailing behind it a million gay ribbons of highways. Electric power revolutionized homework for women. The mechanical processing of food released women from the traditional drudgery of their mothers and grandmothers back to Eve. So a new woman appeared. My mother, daughter of an illiterate Irish peasant weaver, worked her way through Knox College, taking ten years to do it and earning money to pay her way in all trades that a woman could decently follow. She cooked, she was a practical nurse, a seamstress and a milliner. When she left college at the end of her sophomore year, she was a "schoolma'am."

Those trades encompassed women's work outside the home when I came into the world. But this new woman, released from her household routine by machines, plunged into life, entering into competition with men at every desk and every workshop—a new creature in the world, one of the innumerable things ground out of the hoppers of the machines of the new age. She demanded the ballot and got it. She demanded emancipated dress and got it. She demanded control of the number of babies she would bear and in that contention, the woman revolting at the biennial baby, she got her way when she really wanted it if she lived in the privileged middle class.

Here was a new civilization. It all rose out of that acrid-smelling coal smoke that blew across the earth in the three decades that followed the War between the States. That smoke was the breath of a genii—the genii of steam, who was the father of electricity, who wrought great works on this planet.

In this long lifetime, while I have earned my money as a reporter and as a country editor, and have spent some of my earnings in politics, I have written a dozen or fifteen books and have had more than a casual interest in literature. As a little boy, when I was sick, my father brought "A Tramp Abroad" to me and also "Tom Sawyer," by a new writer who was in bad odor with the pious. So I saw Mark Twain rise to his power and glory and pass off the stage. As a youth I read William Dean Howells' Boston novels and as a young man saw him climb to the zenith of his fame and literary leadership. He was my friend.

I saw Rudyard Kipling flash like a meteor across the sky—a kind of Lindbergh of letters—in the late eighties and early nineties, and I saw him glow there for two decades, the most distinguished figure in English literature. Finally I saw him, sad and disillusioned, old and unhappy. Barrie came and went in my day, and Arnold Bennett and John Galsworthy.

Reporters of the New Day

In our own land I knew and loved James Whitcomb Riley and worked on the same paper where Eugene Field started to his fame. Now they are two old-fashioned verse writers, but I knew them when fame was wooing them, when their books sold in carload lots! To have known these old writers or to have lived with them in their hours of glory is a source of keen delight and a faith-renewing balsam to my declining years.

These writers — Mark Twain and Howells, Riley and Eugene Field here at home, and Galsworthy and Arnold Bennett in England—were the reporters of the morning of the machine age. Their stories and poems will reproduce for historians in other generations an accurate, vivid picture of that gaudy, bawdy, triple-plated golden age of the new century. How the machines grew in the third decade in the period between the close of the World War and the collapse of the boom. How they piled up mountain-high their great packages of material goods and how those goods were hurried over the world and distributed.

It was not an equitable distribution, of course. Human justice is always approximate. It was still the highest approximation of economic justice that a complex civilization has ever achieved. The eighty per cent privileged became the ninety per cent. There was indeed some relation, even if hazy and inexact, between a man's service to his fellows and the size and value of his reward. The rich rapidly grew richer but the poor did not grow poorer. The differences between the food and housing and clothing, between the amusements and diversions and between the general takings of the rich and of the poor from our commonwealth were more obvious than real. For Americans wore about the same kind of clothes. We all lived in fairly comfortable houses in which were installed something like the same kind of plumbing. We all ate the same packages of prepared foods. And the rich could not eat any more than the poor.

The rich had the first chance at the bright, new, shiny cars, but in a few months they traded them in and the poor got more mileage for their money out of the discards. The radio came and drew the world together, as princes and paupers fingered the common dial. Man began to sprout wings and to see across the world, in television growing new eyes! It was a gala day. I wouldn't have missed that second act, that big second act in my life's grand show, for anything. How sorry I am for those who had to leave before the curtain rose at Versailles.

Man—a Creature of Science

I have seen an old era in the progress of mankind pass out and a new age march in. In this new modern age applied science has so profoundly affected man's life that he is in some degree a new creature who never before trod this earth—the social-minded man. He does few things absolutely for and by himself. In most of his daily walks and works he moves not as an individual but as a man in a mass. He is controlled by wires and pipes, wave lengths and group psychology, streets and highways.

The span of his years has been increased nearly half a decade since the new day dawned. Medical science regiments him on all sides. Socialized medicine has chained many of man's old enemies. Typhoid fever, pneumonia, smallpox, yellow fever, the old-fashioned diseases of children, malaria, diabetes, cholera, typhus and half a score of other less important diseases no longer terrorize mankind. Man's mental attitude toward physical disaster is changing something as it changed when the fear of hell-fire passed from his religious concept. From the stuff in laboratory test tubes man has rejuvenated himself and is starting out a brave young pioneer in a new, wonderful world. If my father, who died more than fifty years ago, could come back to earth today his staggering amazement would be at the new spirit of man; how it has been made over, welded into some sort of social unity.

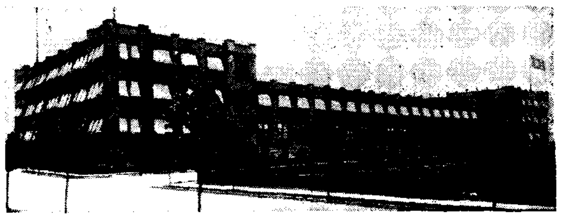
In many spiritual concepts the new knowledge that has come rushing upon humanity since my father left the earth has done something to human relations—has given man a broader sense of justice, for one thing. I feel that the spirit of the new man in modern society is brave, kindly, clear and wise. It is that new spirit, and not the material things out of which that spirit has grown, that makes me gaze bug-eyed at the world into which I have survived—I who, as a child, saw the shadow of the stone age fade from this continent! Terrible injustices still linger. But—we see it now. Once we were blind to it. Man's evil, possessive and acquisitive forces are organized as well as his noble, creative, beneficent forces. But if social, economic and political inequities cry to high heaven here—and surely they do—these evils are relative; less than in other days, much less than in other lands.

The battle for social and economic justice is not won. It never will be won. The fight gaunts us down, keens our edge, measures our progress.

Well, here I am, at threescore years and ten, sitting on the edge of my chair eagerly watching the show, the big show, the laughing show, the colossal combination of all former consolidations of the earth's great spectacles, from Rome to Ringling. What a show I have seen, what a grand show! I am so proud to have seen it and so happy that I don't care if pretty soon I shall have to slip out quietly to catch the five-fifteen!

CAPTAIN EDDIE RICKENBACKER FOLLOWS THE COUPON HE MAILED TO SCRANTON YEARS AGO

I.C.S. is proud of you, Captain

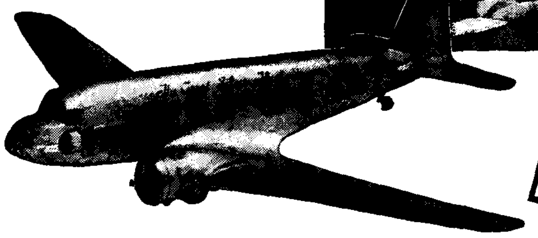


Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, General Manager of Eastern Air Lines, and a former I. C. S. student, greeted by Ralph E. Weeks, President of International Correspondence Schools, at Scranton.

"I am deeply indebted to the early training I received from that I. C. S. Engineering Course," Captain Rickenbacker said.

Home office and Administration buildings of I. C. S. at Scranton, Pennsylvania.

Typical Douglas DC-2 fourteen-passenger twin-motor plane operated by Eastern Air Lines.



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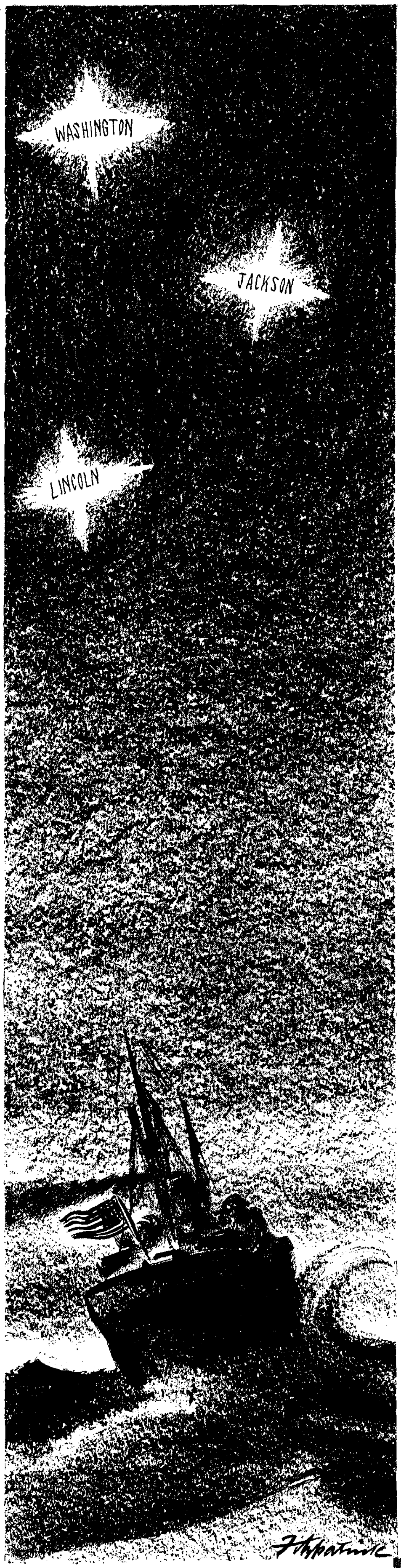

Stars that Guide Us

WE ARE a practical people. The heroes we remember are those whose usefulness continues. We have just three major political saints, George Washington, Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln. Their memories are kept green because of their very present utility to the politicians of yesterday and today.

Of them all George Washington is invoked most frequently. In the fighting phrases of today George Washington unquestionably would be classed as an economic royalist. He refused to be king and he abandoned the presidency with avowed relief but he was probably the richest man in the new republic. He was an honest conservative.

Washington's remark concerning the wisdom of avoiding foreign entanglements has been an exceedingly effective argument in endless political controversies. It played its part in the fight against Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations. It was also used to defeat President Roosevelt's advocacy of our participation in the World Court.

It has been convenient to forget or to ignore much of Washington's other teachings. His pleas that we avoid partisan politics and sectional rivalries have been generally disregarded. But all subsequent generations have been eager to use his immense renown to fortify the particular causes they upheld.

By a curious twist of destiny Andrew Jackson rather than Thomas Jefferson became the favorite hero of the Democratic party. If you measure them by what they said or what they did in the public interest, Jefferson completely overshadows Jackson.

Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, acquired by purchase the vast territory included in the Louisiana Purchase and so added states to the Union and expressed more clearly than any of his predecessors or followers the basic ideas upon which democratic government is built.

For many years, however, Andrew Jackson has been the legendary figure around whom the Democratic politicians assembled. Jackson was an unforgiving politician. He was loved for the enemies he made regardless of the arguments as to specific issues.

His treatment of the Indians is one of the saddest chapters in American history. His financial ideas have certainly not been pursued by any Democratic President from Grover Cleveland through Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

But somehow Jackson has been the very symbol of a passionate spokesman of the masses. Not for what he did or said or wrote, but rather for the position he came to occupy, is Jackson remembered. It is desirable for any political leader to be the articulate representative of inarticulate men. So year after year the Democrats seek to recover the fierce popularity which Andrew Jackson achieved.

Lincoln has become our world hero very largely because of the surpassing nobility of a few of his letters and speeches. Politicians did not like Lincoln's policies. He barely managed to obtain re-election in 1864.

Radical congressmen completely disapproved his program of conciliation for the South. Andrew Johnson, his successor, was impeached and all but removed from office for adopting Lincoln's policy of conciliation. Johnson now is honored chiefly by the attachment of his name to a motor road in Tennessee. But Lincoln's is a name with which to conjure.

Republicans, Progressives and Democrats all try to dip into the pool of his fame. Washington consolidated the colonies into a union and Lincoln at the immense cost of civil warfare preserved that union. Lincoln, through the ordeal of office, became the eloquent and penetrating spokesman of justice tempered by mercy. He has been the expression of the generous ideals which so many admire and so few find it convenient to practice.

We have had other great men among our political leaders. Benjamin Franklin was an old man by the time of the Revolution but he is still regarded as one of the wittiest and shrewdest Americans. We read his writings in school but his ideas are not useful in present political controversies.

Theodore Roosevelt achieved great popularity and on the Republican side came into an attitude somewhat similar to that given Andrew Jackson, whom ironically he counted among the enemy. Woodrow Wilson's program is still so much obscured by the fury of continuing controversies that his permanent place in American history is yet to be written.

Washington, Jackson and Lincoln are the fixed stars in our political skies. Washington and Lincoln belong to all classes. Jackson is regarded definitely as the property of the Democratic party.

The survival of these three reveals much of our enduring character as a people. For certainly we approve, whatever our practical way of life, the qualities we celebrate in them.

Even in these days of swift change the past determines the future. The ideas we absorb and are taught as children, in the family, at school, at church and at work, influence profoundly the decisions we render concerning the newest issues. We measure the future by our estimates of the past.

We are fortunate in the characters of the men we like to remember. Washington and Lincoln surely would have been outstanding leaders in any nation. Jackson, partisan though he was, had a robust sincerity and an honest competence that the vigorous men of any generation can appreciate.

Whatever our opinions with reference to present controversies, we find perspective and reassurance in recalling the struggles through which these great men passed. We know the answers to the problems they solved but all too often they were discouraged, weary and uncertain of the outcome of the conflicts they led through to solutions.

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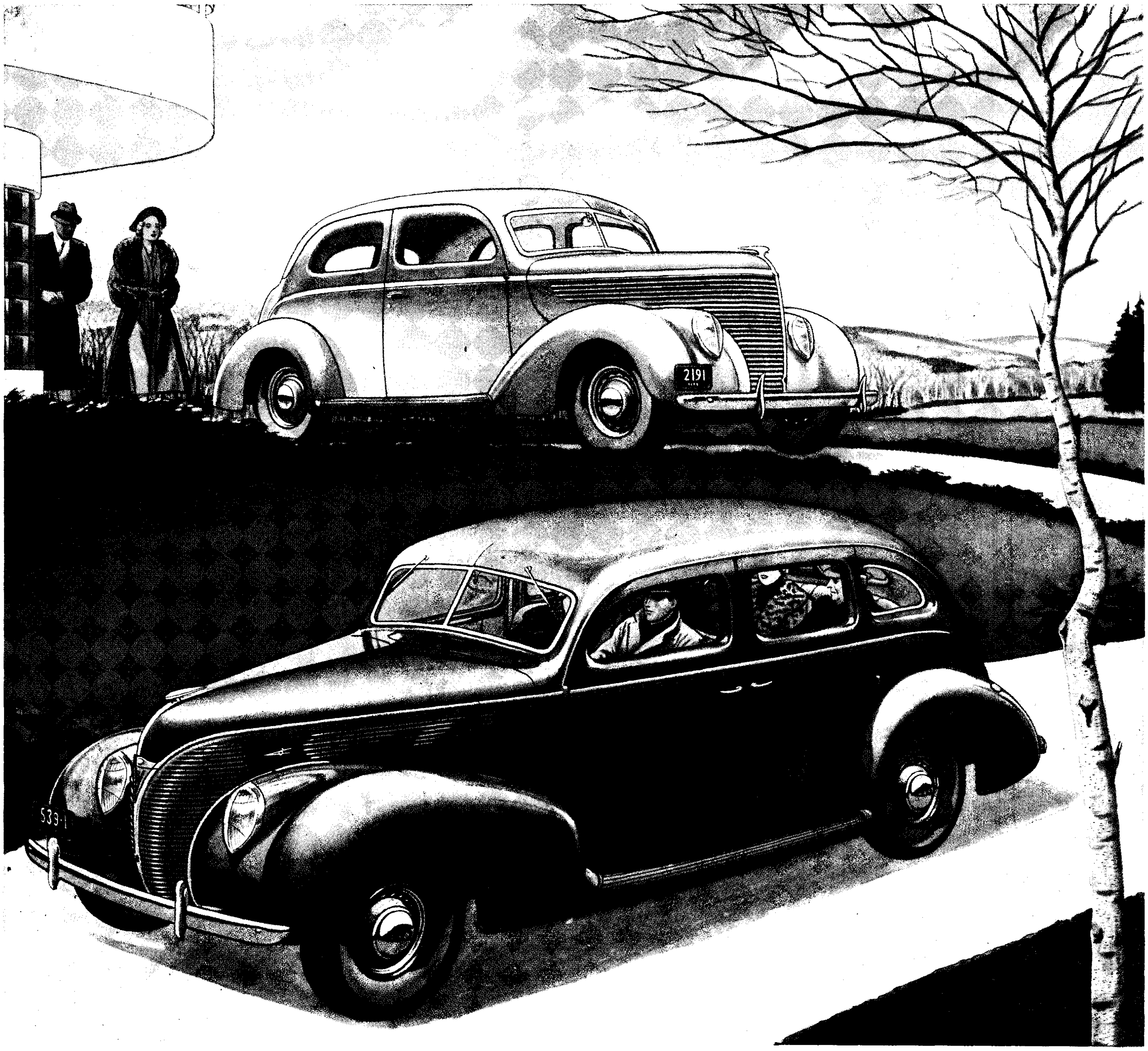
Both of the new Ford cars are priced low. And both include, without extra charge, the equipment you need for driving comfort. Pick the one that meets your personal preferences, and step up to the V-8 class! . . . There's a Ford dealer near you.



Above, the Standard Ford V-8 Tudor . . . *Below,* the De Luxe Ford V-8 Fordor

THE TWO NEW FORD V·8 CARS FOR 1938

REG CARRINGTON ASKS COMMANDER ELLSBERG—

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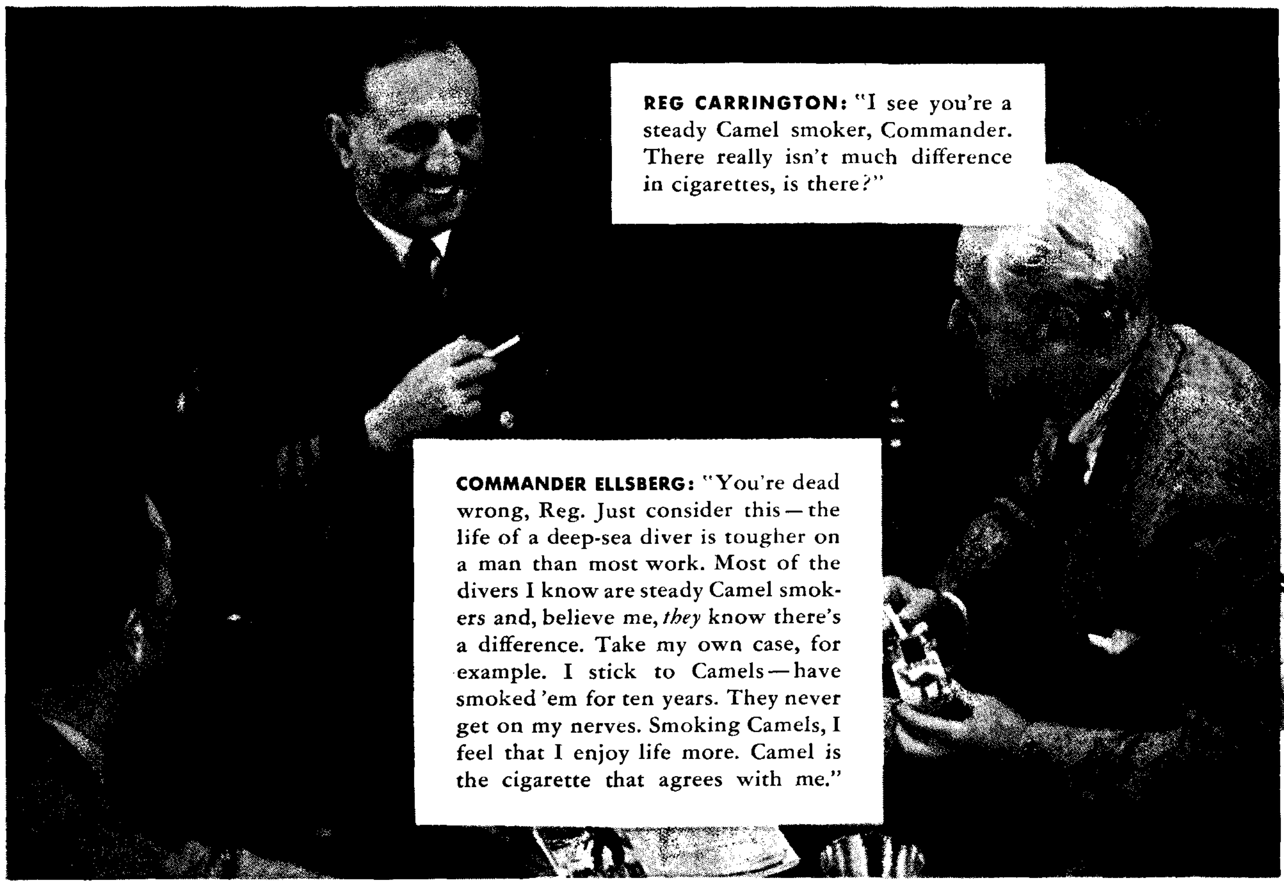

REG CARRINGTON: "I see you're a steady Camel smoker, Commander. There really isn't much difference in cigarettes, is there?"

COMMANDER ELLSBERG: "You're dead wrong, Reg. Just consider this—the life of a deep-sea diver is tougher on a man than most work. Most of the divers I know are steady Camel smokers and, believe me, *they* know there's a difference. Take my own case, for example. I stick to Camels—have smoked 'em for ten years. They never get on my nerves. Smoking Camels, I feel that I enjoy life more. Camel is the cigarette that agrees with me."

CLUB ROOM CONVERSATION (*above*) so often swings around to cigarettes—an interesting topic to smokers generally. "I can tell the difference in Camels," Commander Ellsberg says. "That famous saying, 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!' expresses how enthusiastic I am about Camels myself."

"Yes—absolutely!" says Commander Edward Ellsberg. And millions of other steady smokers, too, *know* there is a *distinct difference* in Camels. That's why Camels are the largest-selling cigarette in the world.

A MAN OF ACTION! (*above*) Commander Ellsberg was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for being the first man to dive to a depth of 20 fathoms. He shares under-sea danger with his men. He says: "The last thing a diver does before going down—and the first thing after coming up—is to smoke a Camel. In work like this men really appreciate the way Camels hit the spot."

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OF COURSE an Annapolis man likes to sail! (*above*) And Camels are right beside him! "Camels fit in with my leisure hours, too," he says. "In all my years of smoking I've never known them to jangle my nerves. That means a lot—because I smoke a lot!"

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ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER.. "Camels agree with me"